

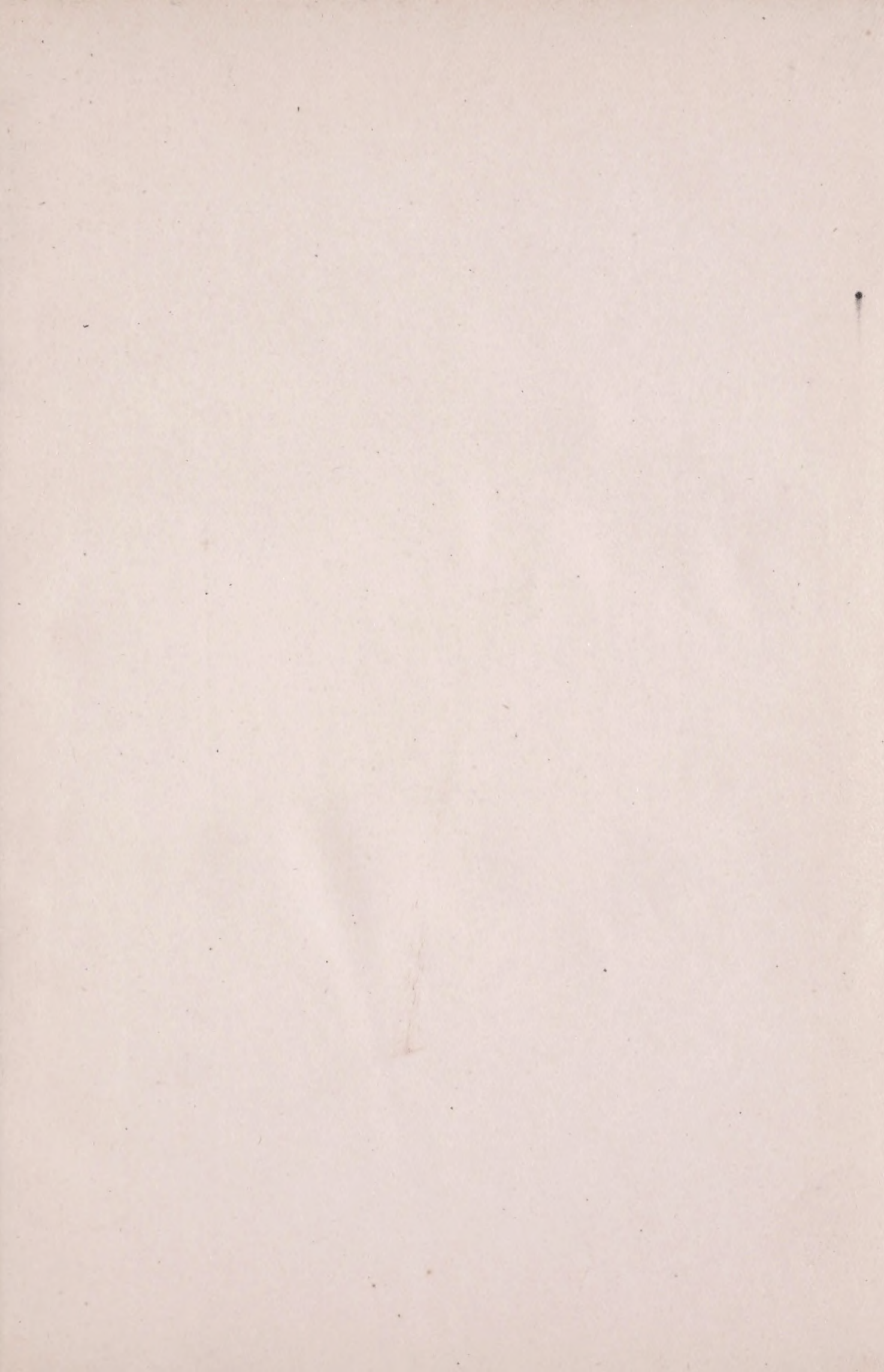


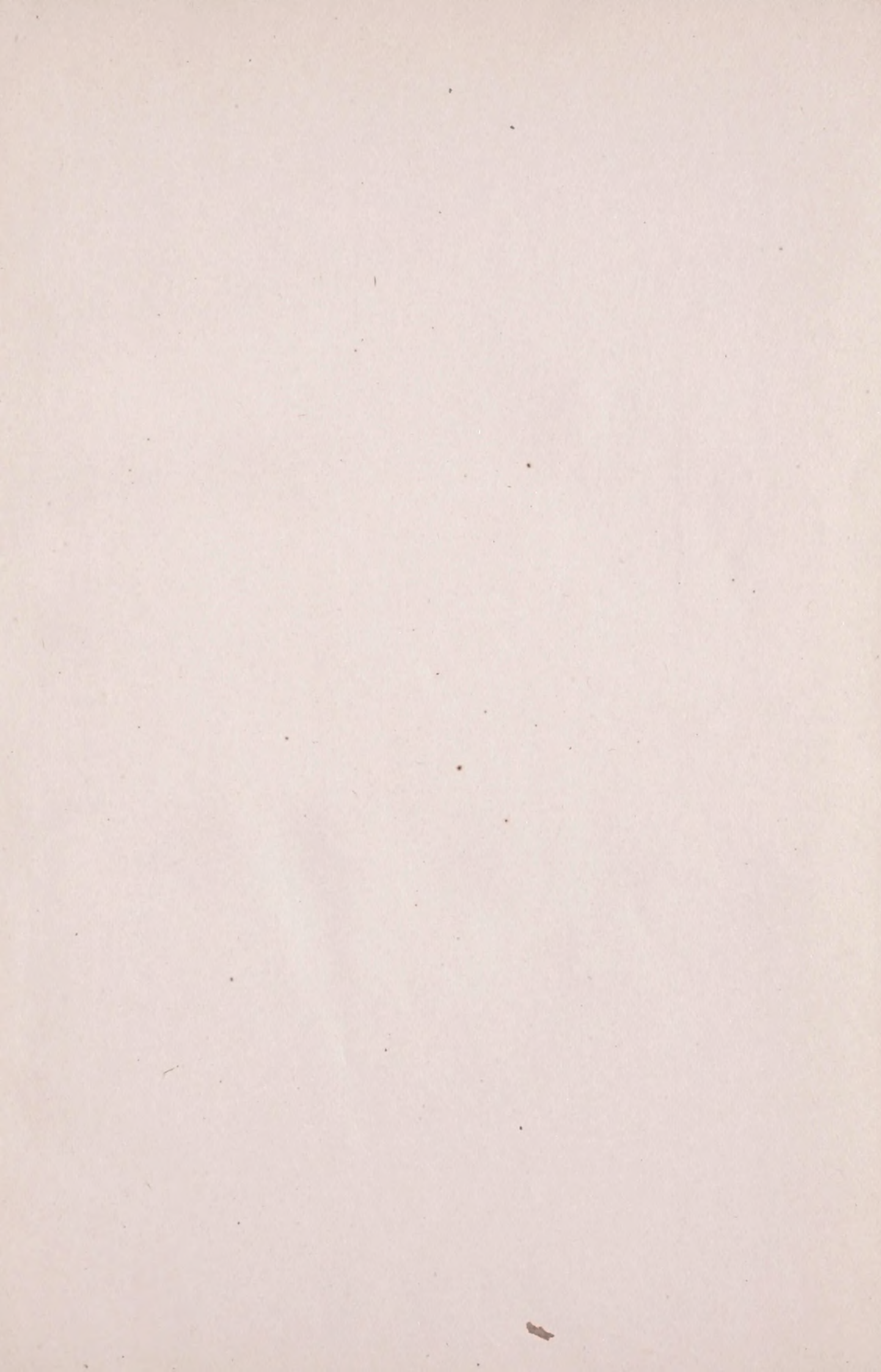
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EARLY in my detective life, when I was more ready than now to accept business which might lead me far from home, I was commissioned by a New York mercantile house to go to St. Louis first, and “anywhere else thereafter on the two continents” (as the senior member of the house *fervently* defined my latitude) where my thread might lead, to work up a subtle case of forgery to the amount of about fifty thousand dollars, out of which the house had been defrauded by one Charles Legate, a Canadian by birth, but combining in himself all the craft of an Italian, with the address of the politest Frenchman, and the bold perseverance and self-complacency of a London “speculator.” The task before me was a difficult one, and at that time more than now I craved “desperate

jobs," entering into them with an enthusiasm proportioned to the trials and dangers they involved.

After a thorough study in every particular of the correspondence between Legate and the house, which covered a long period of time, and in which was disclosed to me, as I thought, a pretty clear understanding of the man in all his various moods and systems of fraudulent pursuit, and having gathered from the members of the house every particular in regard to the personal appearance of Legate, of which they could possess me, I started on my mission. The house had been unable for some time to get any word from Legate, or any tidings of his recent whereabouts from others; so we felt certain that I should not find him at St. Louis, the point from which they had last heard from him, and where they had evidence he had for some weeks resided; so I was even unusually particular in my inquiries of the firm as to Legate's mode of dress, the peculiarities of his manner, and all possible personal indices. Legate was one of those men whom it is difficult to describe, being of medium height, having black eyes and black hair, a nose neither large nor small, mouth of medium size, teeth the same, nothing peculiar about his cast, and his complexion sometimes quite light, at others "reddish." There's nothing more difficult to determine by inquiry from others than a man's complexion, no two persons seeing it alike. He dressed neither gaudily nor carelessly, and though my informants all agreed that he was a man of consummate address, yet none of them could by imitation give me any definite representation of his manner.

Almost in despair of learning anything at all definite about his personnel, which might enable me to identify Legate, I finally said, "Gentlemen, almost everybody is in some way deformed or ill-formed — nose a little to one side — one foot larger than the other, leading to a habit of standing on it more firmly than on the other — one shoulder higher than the other — an arm a little out of shape — hand stiff — fingers gone, or something of the sort."

"See here," exclaimed Mr. Harris, a junior member of the firm, interrupting me, and resting his face pensively for a half minute on his hand, the elbow of which was pressed upon the table at which we sat. "Ah, yes; I have it. You've hit the nail on the head. I remember noticing once, when Legate dined with me at Delmonico's, that the end, or about half, of his little finger of the left hand was gone. He doesn't show it much. I remember I looked a second time before I fully assured myself that what I first thought I discovered was so. He is as adroit about concealing that, as he is in his general proceedings." I felt great relief to learn so much, and bidding my employers good day, found myself, as speedily as I well could, on the way to St. Louis, taking my course up the river, and on viâ the New York Central Railroad. I suppose that it is the fact with every business man when travelling in the pursuit of his occupation, either as a merchant going to the big cities to buy goods, the speculator hunting out a good investment somewhere in real estate,—no matter what the business,—to be more or less occupied in thought regarding it. But no man has half or a tenth part so much occasion for constant weariness about his business as has the detective officer, whether he be in pursuit of an escaped villain, working up a civil case, searching for testimony in a given cause, or what not; for however deep his theories, or well laid his plans, some accident or incident, apparently trifling in itself, may occur to give him in a moment more light than he might otherwise obtain in a month's searching and study—a fact which is ever uppermost in my mind when in the pursuit of my calling, and I endeavor to turn everything possible to account. It so happened, that when along about Syracuse on the cars, I overheard some men, who were evidently enjoying each other's society greatly in the narration of stories and experiences, saying something about "home" and St. Louis; and I fancied they were, as proved to be the case, residents of that city; and I became consequently quite

interested in them, hoping that something would occur on their way to allow me, without obtrusion, to make their acquaintance; for they were both men who apparently know "what is going on around them," and very possibly might know Legate, or something about him, which might serve me. Indeed, I half fancied that one of them might be Legate himself; for he would answer the description given me of that person as well as anybody I should be apt to find in a day's travel; and I was more than half confirmed in my suspicions, as you can readily surmise, when I discovered that the traveller was lacking the little finger, or nearly all of it, on the left hand! Of course, thus aroused, I became very watchful, and devised various plans of getting into the acquaintance of the gentlemen as soon as might be. But the cars rolled on and on, and no chance occurred to place myself in their immediate presence, although I walked up and down the aisle of the cars, occasionally lingering by this or that seat, and passing a word with the occupants; but somehow I could not get at the men in question in this or any other like way; but I kept myself as much as possible within hearing of their ludicrous, comical, or exciting stories, over which, at times, they laughed immoderately.

Eventually, as the cars were starting on from a station at which we stopped for a moment, there came on board a fine, brusque, jolly, but courtly-looking man, of that class who bear about them the unmistakable evidences of good breeding, frankness, and honor, and whose associates are never less than respectable people, and who, as he brushed down the aisle of the car in search of a seat, accosted the man upon whom in particular I had my eye, —

"Ah, Mr. Hendricks! I am very glad to meet you," extending his hand and giving him a cordial grasp and "shake" which assured me that the man Hendricks was a very different character from the Mr. Legate in search of whom I was making my journey; and so my "air castles," founded upon suspicion, came to the ground. I know not

why, but I really felt a relief to find that it was not Legate, after all, notwithstanding it would have been a happy circumstance for me, had Mr. Hendricks really been he.

But I listened still to the St. Louisians' story-telling, which grew more and more loud as we moved on, in consequence, I suppose, of their occasional attention to a little flask of wine which each gentleman carried; but they did not become boisterous. Mr. Hendricks was narrating to his friend, — whose name by this time I had discovered to be Phelps, — what was evidently an intensely interesting story to the latter, when he, striking his hand very heavily upon his leg, exclaimed, "That Legate was one of the most accomplished villains — no softer word will do — that I ever heard of."

"Ah, ha!" I thought to myself, "now I am in the right company to get a clew to the fellow. But stop; he said 'was,' not *is*. I wonder if Legate is dead: perhaps he is; and I became quite fearful that he might be, and so my mission prove entirely fruitless. But I could see no chance to break in upon their conversation here, or make their acquaintance. "*That Legate*," too, might also be another than the Charles Legate, whom I was seeking. What shall I do? and I pondered over the matter. Finally I made the bold resolution to interrupt the gentlemen at the first half-favorable opportunity, my seat being one back of theirs, on the other side of the car, and so near that I might do so quite readily. While talking of this man Legate, their conversation was, in the main, more subdued, and as if half confidential, than upon other topics, which made it the more difficult for me to interpolate a query, for I had by this time resolved upon my plan.

Presently I heard Mr. Hendricks say, "The last I heard of him, he'd gone to Mexico." I fancied this must relate to Legate, and began to think that my journey might indeed extend "over the two continents," according to my conditional orders on starting. Presently I heard the name Legate, and as Messrs. Hendricks and Phelps were at this

time in the height of their jolly humor, I fancied they wouldn't mind the obtrusion. I stepped from my seat to theirs, and said, "Gentlemen, you'll pardon me, but I am somewhat interested in the genealogy of the Legate family both at the west and east; and just hearing you speak the name Legate, it occurred to me that perhaps I could get a new name to add to my list. Is it a gentleman of the western branch of whom you were speaking?"

"O, no, sir," replied Mr. Hendricks; "the man we were speaking of doesn't belong to the United States at all. He was (and is, if alive) a Canadian, who lived for a while at St. Louis. Are you a Legate, sir, or a relative of the family? allow me to ask."

"No, sir; simply a general genealogist. You know all men have their weaknesses: genealogical studies are among mine."

"I asked," said he, "because, if your name was Legate, you might have been offended, if I had told you that the Legate we were talking about wouldn't add any grace to your family list."

"Ah, ha! then I infer that he might have been at least a man of bad habits — perhaps a dishonest one."

"Well, the public opinion in St. Louis is, that this man Legate wasn't very honest, however good his general habits may have been."

"I am sorry," said I, "that any member of the Legate family anywhere should bring disgrace upon the name; but we can't always help these things — a pretty good family generally throughout the country, I find. Permit me to ask, what was this Legate's first name? perhaps I have heard of him before."

"Charles," said Mr. Hendricks; "or familiarly, among his old acquaintances, 'Charley Black Eyes Legate,' to distinguish him from a blue-eyed gentleman by the same name. His French friends, too, — there are a great many French-speaking people in St. Louis, — called him 'Charley Noir (Black — short for black eyes.)'"

Having learned so much, I was not anxious to press my inquiries, at that time, beyond simply asking if he was still residing in St. Louis, and was assured that he had departed—nobody knew to what point—nine months before. I managed, before we arrived in St. Louis, to make the further acquaintance of these gentlemen, without letting them at all into my business; indeed, so cordial had they become as to insist on calling on me the next day after my arrival at the Planter's Hotel, and giving me a long ride about the city.

During the ride I referred to Legate, and learned from them that he was a swindler and a gambler; that for a while he moved in the best society in St. Louis, and was thought a "pink of a man," possessing good manners, and being an unusually interesting colloquist and story-teller. He was considerable of a "romancer among the ladies," said Hendricks.

"Better say necromancer; that would be nearer the truth," suggested Mr. Phelps.

"O," said I, "a man given, in short, to wine, women, and cards, you mean?"

"Yes, exactly; but a man might be all that, and not be a Legate," responded Hendricks. "The fact is, sir, this Legate is a most unscrupulous villain—a man who would hesitate at nothing. If I am rightly informed, he made a murderous assault in New Orleans once upon an old friend who happened to cross him in some way. It was in that encounter, Phelps, that he lost his finger, I've heard."

I could no longer have any doubt that I was on the right track, and I felt that there could be no danger in confiding my special business in St. Louis to these men, who might be able to give me great assistance, possibly. So I told them that I was hunting this same Charles Legate, of the frauds he had perpetrated upon the New York house, and that I wished to find him within a given time in order to secure a certain amount of property in Canada, which, after a certain period, would be so disposed of as to be of no

avail to my employers, and that I was willing to give any reasonable amount for information which might enable me to reach him.

My friends told me that they thought my case an almost hopeless one, that Legate's sagacity could outwit the very d—l, and that he was the most uncertain man to "track" in the world; but they would do all in their power to find out who were his principal associates, during the last of his stay in St. Louis, the time, as near as might be determined, when he left, and what course he took. They had heard that he had gone to Mexico; but that was probably only a "blinder."

I staid in St. Louis five days, prosecuting my inquiries; but all I could learn of any import was, that the last which was known of Legate in St. Louis, he was constantly with a certain pack of gamblers, of rather a desperate order, and that, with his quick temper, it was possible that he had got into a fight (as some had suspected), and been made way with—possibly thrown into the Mississippi. This was not decidedly encouraging, and I was on the point of writing back to my employers that it was useless to search for Legate longer at that time; that they would have to trust to some future accident to reveal him, if still alive, indeed. But having another affair on hand at the same time, which necessarily called me to New Orleans before returning to New York, I thought better of the matter, and merely wrote to my New York friends, that having gotten all possible clew to Legate in St. Louis, I should take boat next day for New Orleans, from which point they would hear from me duly.

The next afternoon I took the steamer "Continental," after having made all arrangements with my new friends in St. Louis to apprise me if ever Legate "turned up" in that city; and down the mighty Mississippi the proud boat bore me and a large number of the most cheerful, genial, and hearty men and women I ever travelled with. There's a certain frankness and generosity about the western and

southern people which captivated me, when I first went among them, at once; but though I had often been in the west, I had never encountered a finer class of travellers than departed with me that day from St. Louis, on board the well-tried steamer *Continental*.

Nothing special, save the usual jollity, mirth, good living, copious drinking, and lively card-playing, which characterized a "voyage down the Mississippi," especially in those days, occurred, and being not over-well, I kept my berth considerably — until our arrival at Napoleon, Arkansas, where we stopped to "wood up" and take on passengers, accessions of whom we had had all along our course, at every stopping-place. At Napoleon quite a concourse came on, mainly of not well-to-do people, mostly migrating to Texas in order to better their worldly condition, as they thought. Poor fellows! I fear many of them found themselves doomed to disappointment. But to my story. Among the on-comers at Napoleon were three men of marked individualities. They came aboard separately. One of them was quite large and comely, neatly dressed, in the style then prevailing at the North; nothing about him but certain provincialisms of speech to indicate that he might not be a northern man. The other two wore long hair, and beards, and slouched hats, and had the air of well-to-do planters of middle age. One of them was accompanied by a negro, the most obsequious of all his race, and who, whenever ordered by his master to do anything, always took great care to indicate his willingness to obey by saying, very obsequiously, "Yes, Massa Colonel," or "Yes, Massa Jacobs;" by which fact I of course learned what the negro supposed, at least, his master's name to be; but there was something about this man's appearance which excited my suspicion, at first, that he might not be a planter, after all.

It was near nightfall when we departed from Napoleon, and it was not long after the cabin was lighted up that the usual card-playing was resumed; and these three men

crowded, with others, round the tables, to look on at first, and of course to take part when occasion might offer. Jacobs was particularly observant of the games as they proceeded. Although I saw that he had peculiar talents for the gaming-table, I wondered why he lingered so long before taking a hand. But he was biding his time. The bar, of course, was pretty well patronized, and the finest looking of the three men in question grew apparently more and more mellow. The stakes at this time were not large, but the players were waxing more and more earnest, when this man — assuming to be slightly intoxicated — exclaimed, “Gentlemen, I say, I say — do you hear me? — that this fun is rather slow. Is there anybody here that wants to play for something worth while? See here,” said he, “strangers, please let me draw up my seat,” pushing his chair up between those of two players; “see here; there’s a cool two thousand, that I want to double or lose to-night,” and poured from a red bag a heap of gold, over a portion of which he clapped his large hand. “I am in for it. Is there anybody that wants to make this money?”

“Well, stranger,” said Jacobs, “when these players can give us room, I’m your man; that is, till my pile’s gone. ’Tain’t so big as yours, and it ought to go for a new nigger down to Orleans. I must have another hand; but your challenge is rather provoking, I must confess, and I don’t care if I try you.”

The players, moved by that curiosity which such a proceeding between “strangers” would be apt to excite, politely made room for the combatants, and in their turn became lookers on. The large man played well, but he was (apparently) intoxicated, and now and then “bungled,” giving the game into Jacobs’ hands at times. My curiosity about Jacobs was, I know not really why, constantly increasing, and when the third of that trio had entered the lists with a partner, I managed to slip out down to the

lower deck, where Jacobs had ordered his servant, and fall into conversation with him.

"Are you Mr. Jacobs' nigger?"

"Yes, massa; I'se Massa Jacobs' body sarvant."

"Your master's a jolly fellow — isn't he? He's a planter, I suppose — has a great number of "hands" — hasn't he?"

"No, Massa Jacobs don't plant. He's a banker, or a specumater, as they call um up there."

"Up where?"

"Little Rock — we lives about five miles wess of Little Rock."

"O, then he don't plant. What do those speculators do? I never heard of them before."

"O, massa, you's quare — ain't you? You never knows about the specumaters? That's quare."

"But tell me what they do;" and the darky, turning up the whites of his eyes in a most inimitable manner, and cocking his head to one side, while he put his big hands into the attitude of one about to shuffle cards, went through the motions of dealing off cards with a celerity that indicated that he, too, might be a "specumater," as he doubtless was, among the darkies, having taken lessons in his master's office.

When he had finished this exhibition, he whirled about on his heel in true negro style, and with great glee shuffled a half dozen steps, and ended with an air of triumph, which indicated to me that he thought his master a great man. The slaves used, despite all they might suffer from a cruel master, to take great pride in him if he excelled in anything, or was a noted man.

"Your master's a great speculator, then? I reckon I had not better try him, eh?"

"Tell troof, massa, I reckon dare's nobody on dis heah boat that can beat massa;" and he looked very serious, and spoke low, as if kindly warning me.

I had learned enough, and proceeded to the cabin, and

watched the play. For a while Jacobs played with the large "stranger," sometimes losing a little, sometimes winning more, and at last gave up the play, having won quite a sum.

Noting Jacobs' success, and the "stranger," too, having ordered on sundry glasses of liquor during the play, and having become apparently more heedless, others anxiously sought his place. A party of four was made up, and the large "stranger" and the third one formed two as partners. Jacobs posted himself where he could signal to the large "stranger," who, with his partner, went on now winning great successes. Frequent charges of "cheating" were indulged in by the losers, and Jacobs was appealed to to decide the points in issue, which he always did favorably for the large "stranger." But as the losses grew heavier, the suffering parties became incensed, and charged Jacobs as coöperator with the large "stranger" and his partner; and finally some one on board declared that he knew Jacobs and the large "stranger" to be chums; that they travelled together up and down the river, swindling everybody they could "rope in" to play. This, being whispered about at first, became finally talked aloud; and then commenced fearful criminations and recriminations among the parties. Pistols and knives were freely brandished, and a grand melee seemed on the point of breaking out; and it did break at last, fearfully. All the while my eye was upon Jacobs. I could not, for some reason, avert it. Somehow he seemed to me to wonderfully resemble the description I had had of Legate; but there was this difficulty in the way of my suspicions. Jacobs wore upon the little finger of his left hand a large seal-ring, and there was unmistakably a full-formed finger, which articulated at the joints properly, and I must be mistaken. During the earlier part of the disturbance, which the officers of the boat tried in vain to quell, the big "stranger" had been the chief centre of abuse and attack; but suddenly some one exclaimed, "That black-muzzled wretch is worse

than the big one," and the whole party of sufferers turned instantly upon him. Jacobs was a brave fellow, and with cocked revolver in hand breasted the whole, and swore he would kill the first man who laid hands on him, standing then on one side of the cabin with his back to the door of a state-room. Suddenly a passenger, who had retired for the night, opened the door behind him, and Jacobs, being stiffly braced against it, "lurched" for an instant, when an agile, wiry fellow of the angry crowd suddenly jumped forward and grasped his revolver, turning its muzzle upwards, when off went the pistol — the first shot, which was a signal for a desperate conflict, in which Jacobs struggled hard for the possession of his revolver, but was overpowered, and most severely beaten, so much so, that he had finally to be carried to his berth; and I followed the crowd that bore him there. He was speechless and nearly dead, I thought, and they laid him in his bunk. I noticed that the ring had gone from his finger, and with it, lo! the end of the finger also, leaving only the first joint and part of the second. I examined the stump, and saw that it was old. No further doubt rested on my mind that Jacobs and Legate were one and the same, and I immediately called the attention of the passengers to the loss of the ring and the finger, and caused search to be made for the same, which we found evidently unharmed, having somehow fallen into the state-room, the opening of the door of which first threw Jacobs off from his balance. I took charge of the finger, which was made of hardened wax, as my trophy, and some one, I knew not who, took the ring.

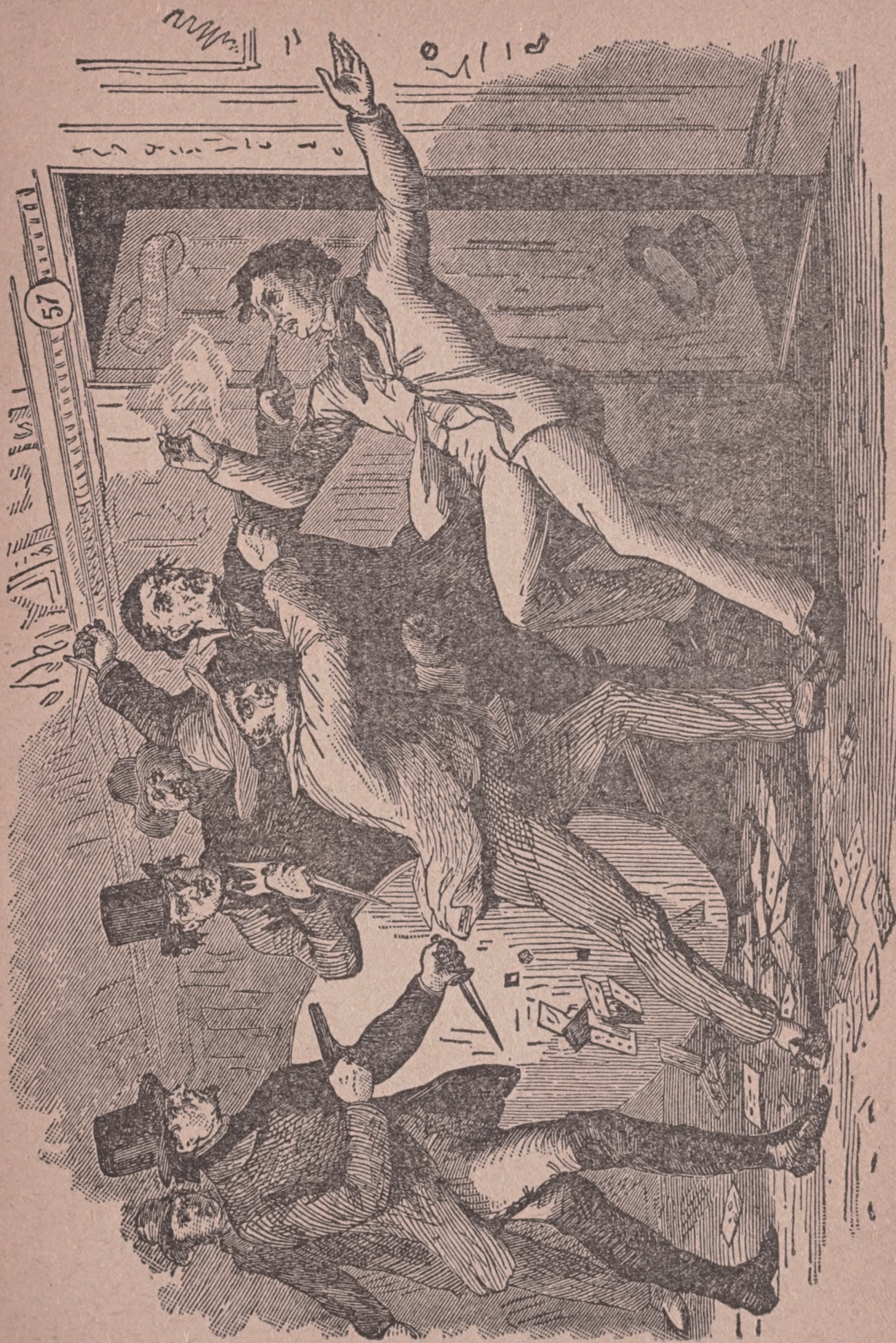
The big "stranger," who was badly bruised too, was not so much wounded that he could not be about next day, but kept aloof from poor Jacobs, probably because he had protested utter unacquaintance with him, and the next night, with the third "stranger," got off the boat, it was supposed, at the point where the boat stopped to wood, for the next day they were nowhere to be found on the boat; but poor Jacobs was so severely handled that his life was

despaired of by a doctor on board, and we took him along to New Orleans. Meanwhile I had made my suspicions and business known to the captain of the boat, and we took means for Jacobs' detention on board after the rest of the passengers should leave. But, poor fellow! there was hardly need in his case for so much caution or prevision, for when we arrived in the city, Jacobs could not have left the boat had he tried, so weak and sick was he. I left him on board, and hastened to the office of a friend of mine, once a detective in New York, and told him the story, asking his counsel how best to proceed.

"Why," said he, "this is a strange affair; but I think I can put you in the way at once of identifying this Jacobs as the very Legate whom you are after. Indeed, rest assured that he *is* your man, without doubt." Going to his drawer, he produced and showed to me an advertisement of a year before, offering a reward of two thousand dollars for the arrest of one "Charles Legate, alias Charles L. Montford," giving a description of his person, but pointing especially to the fact that he was wanting a portion of the little finger of the left hand. "You see," said my friend, "that *we* have an interest in the fellow as well as you. If he is our man, *we* are all 'hunky-dory,'" said he, "for he is very rich, as we have found out — know where his money is."

"Rich?" asked I. "Why, then, does he continue to lead the life he does?"

"Why? Why, indeed, such a question from an old detective like you astonishes me: it wouldn't, though, if a woman, or a fool, asked it," said he, giving me a curious wink. "Don't you know yet that the Mississippi is infested with old gamblers rich as Jews, and who can't give up their pious trade to save their lives? Come along." And he took me down St. Louis Street a ways, and stepped into a side street, and standing before a door a moment, said, "Give me the finger, and follow me." We mounted a couple of flights of dirty stairs, and my friend opened a door into



THE WAX FINGER DISCOVERED.

a sort of anatomical museum of old gypsum and wax casts, and all sorts of small sculptural devices.

"Mr. Cancemi at home?" asked my friend of a weird-looking lad, whose hands were besmeared with the plaster he was working. "Si signore," (yes, sir), was the reply; "but my fader is much sick, questo giorno" (to-day).

"But I must see him a moment. Won't you go ask him to come down?"

The family, it seemed, occupied rooms in the loft above. The boy hurried off, and presently the father came down with him, almost too feeble to walk.

"Cancemi," said my friend, "you are sick; but I've brought you some medicine that will cheer you up at once."

"Ah, Dio," exclaimed the old Italian, "I vish it be so. I am much ammalato (sick). What have you brought? — Tell quick."

"See here!" said my friend; "did you ever see that before?" producing the finger. The old Italian seemed a new man as his eyes dilated at the sight with wonder, and he went into raptures over the matter, the reason for which I could not understand, and in his broken English muttered a thousand exclamations of surprise and joy. Of course he identified the finger as the one he had made for the "villain-scoundrel Legate." Legate, I found, had never paid the Italian for his skillful handiwork, and he had been promised a portion of the reward, if my friend should succeed in earning it — hence his joy.

We left the old Italian soon, and proceeded to the boat, where we confronted Jacobs, and made him acknowledge his identity with Legate. My business was made known to him. He lay on the boat for two days, until her return trip, when we had him carefully taken to a private hospital, where he could, beyond possibility of escape, be confined, and awaited his slow recovery under the best medical and other attendance we could procure. I telegraphed to my parties in New York, one of whom came on directly,

reaching New Orleans within ten days from that time ; and before two weeks had passed from the time of his arrival, we had settled matters with the now penitent, because caged, Legate ; and the New Orleans parties who had offered the reward were now called in by my detective friend, and settled their affairs with him by accepting a mortgage he held for twenty-five thousand dollars on a sugar plantation in the Opelousas country, paying the reward to my friend, and losing nothing in the result.

Only for the advertisement in the New Orleans paper, probably Legate would never have thought to procure a false finger ; but for which I should never have been able to satisfy myself that Jacobs, in his bruised and battered state, was the identical Legate, and might have left him without further investigation on the boat.

The old Italian recovered his health speedily in his joy over Legate's capture, and was not forgotten by my friend, who, by the way, but for this old artist, would of course have never known of Legate's attempt at disguising the only peculiar mark about him, and would not, therefore, have been so sure of his identity when I told him my story. "Straws show which way the wind blows," and "fingers," though they be inanimate and waxen, may "point," you see, unmistakably to a villain.

LOTTERY TICKET, No. 1710.

▲ DIGNIFIED REAL-ESTATE HOLDER, VERY WEALTHY, LOSES SEVEN THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS — OUR FIRST COUNCIL AT THE HOWARD HOUSE — VISIT TO HIS HOUSE TO EXAMINE HIS SAFE AND SERVANTS — A LOTTERY TICKET, NO. 1710, FOUND IN THE SAFE — HOW CAME THIS MYSTERIOUS PAPER THERE? — CONCLUSIONS THEREON — VISIT TO BALTIMORE, AND PLANS LAID IN CONJUNCTION WITH THE LOTTERY AGENT TO CATCH THE THIEF — THE TICKET “DRAWS” — THE NEW YORK AGENCY “MANAGED” — TRAP TO IDENTIFY THE THIEF — THE SECURITY AND “SOLITUDE” OF A GREAT CITY — A NEW YORK BANKER — MR. LATIMER VISITS A GAMBLING-HOUSE IN DISGUISE. — IDENTIFIES THE SUSPECTED YOUNG MAN — THE AGENT AT BALTIMORE WAXES GLEEFUL — HIS PLAN OF OPERATIONS OVERRULED — MEETING OF “INTERESTED PARTIES” AT THE OFFICE IN BALTIMORE — A LITTLE GAME PLAYED UPON THE NEW YORK AGENT — MR. WORDEN, THE THIEF, IDENTIFIES THE TICKET, AND FALLS INTO THE TRAP OF A PRE-ARRANGED “DRAFT” — DISCLOSES SOME OF THE IDENTICAL MONEY STOLEN — WE ARREST HIM — EXCITING SCRAMBLE — THE MONEY RECOVERED — WORDEN’S AFTER LIFE.

“YOUR name is ——, I believe, sir?” asked a tall, gray-haired gentleman of me one evening, as I was stepping out of the Carleton House, a hotel then on the corner of Broadway and Leonard Street.

“Yes, that’s my name,” offering my hand to receive the already extended hand of the gentleman.

“I have sought you,” said he, “at the suggestion of my friend and lawyer, James T. Brady; who tells me that you are able, if anybody is, to help me in my loss.”

“You’ve had a loss? Well, sir, you wish to tell me about it. Shall we go in here, or where shall we go to talk it over?”

“Can we not walk up Broadway, and I tell you during our walk?”

"Probably that would not be the best way," I replied, "for it is doubtless as a detective that you need me, and we might meet somebody who knows me as such, and who might be the very last person whom I should like to have see us together," I replied.

"You are right, sir," said he, smiling. "Your caution shows me that you understand your business; but it is too late to go far up town to my house.—I have it. I'll call at the Howard House, take a private room, and you follow, in half an hour, say, and finding this name on the register with my room, come up. Here's my card. Come directly to the room, and say nothing."

"That's a good plan, sir. I will be there;" and he left, and I, having finished my business at the Carleton, wandered slowly up Broadway to kill time, wondering what such a stately, dignified, cool-headed sort of a looking man as he—a real estate holder to large amount, a man whom everybody knew by reputation as one of the most quiet in the city—could have for me to do. I suspected forgery, arson, or some attempt at it, and a dozen other things. But I drove them all out of mind in a few minutes, for it is never well for a detective to indulge in anticipations in such a juncture of affairs; and meeting just then an old friend, beguiled a few minutes with him along Broadway, and finally taking out my watch, saw I had only ample time to get to the Howard at the time appointed, and so "suddenly recollected" an appointment, excused myself to my friend, sought the Howard and the gentleman there, whom I readily found in waiting for me.

"You are here on the moment," said he, as he closed and locked the door on my entry. "Take this seat, if you please, and I'll try to be short with my story."

"Go on, sir," said I; but please don't be in too much haste. I have plenty of time; but tell me all your story as you would, and probably did, to Mr. Brady."

"Well, sir, day before yesterday morning I missed from my safe, at my house, seven thousand two hundred and

fifty-five dollars, which I placed there the night before, having received most of it that day, at an hour too late to make deposit of it in bank ;” and here he paused.

“ Well, sir,” said I, “ who took it ? That’s the question, I presume, which you wish to solve.”

“ Yes, that, of course, is the point ; but I can’t fix my suspicions upon anybody.”

“ You say that most of this money was received after banking hours. Suppose you tell me next where and of whom you received it, and in what amounts, for I infer that you did not receive it in a lump.”

“ No ; I collected it partly from rentals due, and some came to me from the country, — notes due, — and some from the sale of a cargo of pressed hay over at Jersey City, and I did not get around in time to put it in bank, such as I had, before closing hours,” looking at memoranda.

“ Well, I am glad you have memoranda of the amounts. Now tell me where you received these, each one ;” and he went on to tell me, in detail, where, and who was near by, if anybody, in each case where a tenant or other debtor paid him money. I listened intently, and could get at nothing worthy of note till he came to the hay transaction at Jersey City. It appeared that there were several persons standing about at the time of the payment of the money to my client (call him Latimer, for further convenience), mostly working-men, some dealers, loafers, and two or three well-dressed, but rather dashily-dressed, young men. Mr. Latimer had been obliged to take out considerable money from his own purse, in order the better to arrange it to put in the amount then received ; and feeling that he had quite an amount of money, even at that time, and he added some before he reached home, put his purse in his inner vest pocket, thinking of nothing worse than possibly encountering pickpockets, or losing his money by accident on the way. In his vest pocket he thought it

secure, and secure it was to take home, but not secure for keeping.

The result of our conference was that evening, that I should be obliged to go with Mr. Latimer to his home the next morning, when he would call at my office for me. I could not go that night, and perhaps it was as well; for I had a business appointment which led me, not an hour after parting with Mr. Latimer, into certain haunts where I fancied, — it was mere imagination, if it were not instinctive perception, in which I do not much believe, although many mysterious things have occurred in my life which seemed to be governed or directed by some subtle law, which the human brain is not yet strong enough to discover, — where I fancied, I say, that I saw some of the money which Mr. Latimer had lost, displayed, and distributed in dissipation. In short, I imagined that I had stumbled upon the thief, and had I known the character of the bills, which Mr. Latimer, however, could not tell me much about, I might have seized my man then and there.

But the next morning I visited Mr. Latimer's house in an up-town street, which was not then, as now, compactly builded; at least, in the portion of it where he dwelt. I examined everything about the premises, concluded where a thief might have gotten into the house without much trouble, and finally commenced questioning Mr. Latimer about his family, the servants, etc. None of Mr. L.'s family, except his wife, were at home. Two boys, or young men, were at school, rather at college one of them, and both far away, and the daughters were at the female seminary in Cazenovia. As to the servants, in whose honesty Mr. Latimer had the utmost confidence, I had them called into my presence, and questioned them about the condition of the house on the night of the robbery. One of them heard some slight noise, at some time between twelve o'clock and four in the morning; was not definite. The others slept soundly; heard nothing. They did not seem to me likely to be connected with anybody, or to have

lovers who would be apt to be of the class who might have robbed the safe. Besides, nobody, not even Mrs. Latimer, knew that Mr. L. had deposited any amount of money in his safe that night. He was of the order of men who attend strictly to "their own business," too strictly, sometimes, when evidence is wanted especially. His bedroom adjoined the room in which the safe stood, and was so situated in regard to a pair of "back stairs," that if the robber had come in from the back (on the theory of his possible complicity with the servants), he could have hardly gotten into the room without disturbing Mr. and Mrs. Latimer, unless on that night, which was probably the case, they slept with unusual soundness. I concluded that the robber must be an expert one, and somehow I constantly referred in mind to the fellow whom I have alluded to before as having been seen liberally dispensing money. He seemed to me competent for the business; but there was one thing which I left to the last, which arose in my mind at first on my interview with Mr. Latimer at the Howard; but I said nothing of it then, for I had learned that the best way is to approach the most serious troubles softly; as often the "course of things," as they take shape in an interview, will better point out how this or that mystery occurred than all the attempted solutions which one might, *a priori*, project for a week, and that one thing which perplexed me was, How did the robber unlock that safe? He must either have been familiar with the house and the safe, and perhaps had a key to it, or he must have carried about him, probably, several safe keys, one of which happened to fit (and the key to this safe was a small one, fifty of the like size of which would not much trouble a burglar to carry), or he must have gotten possession of Mr. Latimer's key. But his key was in his vest pocket, and his clothes were on a chair at the head of his bed, he said, on my inquiring, — there's where he left them, and there was where he found them in the morning, — and he was sure he locked his safe securely

after putting the money in. I finally, as the concluding portion of my examination, asked Mr. Latimer to let me see the inside of his safe, and to show me where he deposited the money. He unlocked and opened the safe, — a simple lock concern, proof really against nothing but fire, perhaps; for although it was supposed that the keyhole was so small, and the safe so constructed, that burglars could not get sufficient powder into it to blow it up, yet it would not have stood a minute against the skill and power of professional burglars; but to open it, as they would have done, would have necessitated noise enough to have awakened Mr. Latimer, especially as the bedroom door was open. Mr. Latimer had put the money into a little drawer in the safe, and turned the key of that, which key, however, remained in the drawer lock. But the drawer was tight, and we tried a dozen times to pull it out without making a creaking noise, without avail; so I concluded that, on the whole, Mr. Latimer and his wife *had* slept that night pretty soundly.

We were about closing the safe again, — I having made due examination, and asked all necessary questions, — when Mr. Latimer, thinking to arrange a half dozen or so papers which had been thrown loosely upon the bottom of the safe, took them up in one grasp of the hand, and commenced to put them in file, when out of his hand dropped a little white card with figures on it, which arrested his attention. He picked it up, looked at it with astonishment, and said, "That's a curious thing to be here," handing it to me. "You will perhaps think me a sporting man, a devotee of the Goddess of Luck; but I don't know who put that here." "Who has access to your safe besides yourself?" "My wife; she has a key." "O," said I, "perhaps she's put it here then." "Not she," said he. "She'd turn pale with horror if she had found that here, in fear that I might be trifling with lotteries. A brother of hers spent a good-sized fortune in lottery tickets, and died of disappointment and chagrin over his

course. Not she!" "Yes, I know," said I; "still she may have put it there, if not for herself, for one of the servants, perhaps; for you know many servants have a mania for 'trying their luck.'" So Mrs. Latimer was called, and asked about the lottery ticket. There was no mistaking her seriousness when she said that if one of the servants had asked her to lock up the ticket for safety, she would have taken it and torn it to pieces before her eyes. I was satisfied. But how came the ticket there. "No. 1710, Great Havana Consolidated Lottery," to be drawn on such a day, through the house of Henry Colton & Co., Baltimore. This is as near as the notes of my diary of those days, much worn, permit me to recount the words and figures of the ticket as I took them down in pencil. I studied the ticket, and saw from a note at the bottom that some days would elapse before the drawing was to come off. It was a fresh ticket then, evidently. But how did it get there? Mr. and Mrs. Latimer knew nothing about it—that was clear. It had not been there long—that was equally clear. I questioned Mr. Latimer about the condition of the loose papers in the bottom of the safe. It appeared he did not observe much order in them, so I could learn nothing by that query. Finally, I concluded that perhaps in pulling out the drawer the robber experienced considerable trouble, and that if he had the ticket in his vest pocket at the time, in bending over, and exerting some force to pull out the drawer, he might have dropped it on the floor, and perhaps his curiosity led him to pull out the papers too, some of which fell from his hand, and he picked them up, the ticket along with them. I settled upon this, and there was a clew to the robber, if nothing more. But how did he unlock the safe? This question remained unanswered. Perhaps with a false key, as I have before suggested; but this lock was one supposed to need a special key, none other exactly like it in the whole world. After we had finished our examination, Mr. Latimer closed the safe door, gave a turn to the knob, and

jerked out the key. I do not know what led me to think of it, but I asked, "Have you locked it?" "Yes," said he, "that's all you have to do to lock one of these safes," at the same time taking hold of the knob, and pulling it, to show me how securely and simply it was fastened; when, lo, open came the door! Mr. Latimer was confounded, and I confess I was greatly surprised. It might have been that the robber that night found as easy access to the drawer as Mr. Latimer then. We examined the working of the lock as well as we could, and found that something must be deranged, for although it would, on turning the knob, give a "thud," as if the bolts were driven home, it did not always put them in place. Mr. Latimer had his safe repaired after that, and found some "slide" in the lock-work a little out of place.

But I had gotten the ticket, and I told Mr. Latimer that we must work out the problem with that, or fail; and I sent Mr. Latimer about to his debtors, who had paid him the stolen money, to see if any of them could remember the denominations of the bills, and by what banks issued, which they had given him. He found something in his search which seemed likely to serve me. I gave Mr. Latimer my theory of the case, and pointed out to him the course I should pursue, and we concluded that a week would probably bring us to the determination to try longer, or would put us on the clear track of the robber or robbers, for there might have been more than one. Mr. Latimer authorized me, in case I saw fit, to offer a reward of five hundred or a thousand dollars for the robbers, or double these sums for the robbers and the money.

My first step was to go to Baltimore, where I learned that the ticket was genuine, but I could not learn the name of the person to whom it was issued. I had obtained it, I represented, of a man who never bought tickets, and was curious to know of whom he got it: but it was of no use to inquire. They kept faith with their customers. I could have inquired, with perhaps more success, of

the agent in New York, but I dared not venture to see him. Some special friend of his might have bought that number, — "1710," — and he would tell him of the inquiry, and the robber might suspect that he had lost it on Mr. Latimer's premises. The New York agent had fortunately made his report to the "general office" in Baltimore a day or two before. I left the lottery office, baffled for a moment, but I soon laid a plan. If this ticket wins, — and I shall know by the drawn numbers as published in the papers immediately after the drawing, — then I will "lay in" with the ticket agent, with the bribe or "reward" of five hundred or a thousand dollars, to help me detect the robber; and if the ticket fails to win, I will make the ticket agent my confidant, and have him despatch a note to the person to whom this ticket was sold, saying that "1710" has drawn a prize, to be paid on presentation of the ticket; and in this way get the man into my clutches. So thinking to myself, I concluded to stop in Baltimore till after the drawing, which occurred three days from that time.

As fortune had it, the ticket — "1710" — was lucky, and drew a prize of three thousand dollars. I went to the agent, and putting him under the seal of secrecy, with the prospect of five hundred dollars, and one half of the money drawn by the ticket besides, we arranged to catch the robber, if possible. The New York agency would claim the privilege of paying the three thousand dollars itself, for this would help to give it the reputation of selling lucky numbers, and increase its sales, and consequently its profits. Of course the New York agency was alive to its interests; but where was the ticket? The man to whom it was sold was expected to present it at once at the New York agency; but it didn't come, and he was advised of its having drawn a prize. But it was lost, he said; and the New York agency, desirous of making capital for itself, ordered the payment of the prize money through it, advised with the home office. It was finally

concluded that the buyer might make affidavit, before a notary public, of the fact that he purchased the ticket No. 1710; that he had not transferred it to anybody else; that he had lost it, and when. And it was suggested that, as possibly the ticket might yet be presented by somebody who might have found it, it would be well for the buyer to state whether he had given it any private mark — his initials, or something else, — which is often done. This was done to excite the robber's memory about it, and drew forth from him a statement that he had not marked the ticket, but remembered that it was "clipped" in a certain way, cutting into the terminal letter of a line across the end; which was just what we wanted, as it identified him, beyond a doubt, as the real purchaser. He swore he had not transferred the ticket, but had lost it somewhere, as he alleged that he believed, on such a day (which chanced to be the very day on the night of which the robbery occurred), somewhere between the corner of Fulton Street and Broadway (where was located then a day gambling-saloon) and Union Square. This was indefinite enough for his conscience, I presume. Of course a name was signed to the affidavit, but how could we know that it was correct? Together with this came the agent's affidavit that he sold to such a person the ticket. We arranged that payment should be made to the affiant if the ticket was not presented by somebody else within a month; and if it were presented before that time, he should be informed, and the proper steps taken to secure him his money. This was communicated to the New York agency, and I left for New York to find out who was this "Charles F. Worden," the purported purchaser of the ticket; and the Baltimore agent came on to see the New York agent, and adroitly draw out of him a personal description of this "Worden," for we suspected that the agent and he were special friends. The Baltimore agent had no difficulty in executing his part of the work, and indeed effected an interview with Worden, whom, with the New York agent, he

treated to a superb supper at the Astor House. When he came to give me a detailed account of the fellow's personal appearance, I recognized him, especially by a curious bald spot on the left side of the head, and which he took some pains to cover by pulling his long hair over it, — which, however, did not incline to stay there, — as the young man whom I had seen in the gambling saloon on the night that Mr. Latimer first consulted me at the Howard.

I now felt quite sure of my game; but was confident enough that I should find that the young man bore some other name than "Worden." Suffice it that it was the work of a couple of days only before I had my man in tow, knew all about him, his antecedents, etc. His family was good. He had been prepared for college, at the Columbia College Grammar School; was a young man of fair average capacity, but by his dissipations managed to make himself an eyesore to his family. His father, who was a well-to-do, if not rich merchant, doing business in Maiden Lane, had, in order to "reform" him, "given him up," and ordered him to shirk for himself, something like a year before this. He went into a grocery store, being unable to get work elsewhere, and had done very well for three or four months; but there was a private room in the back of the store where liquor was sold by the glass — one of those places which are now known by the felicitous name, "Sample Rooms," the disgusting frequency of which all over New York, and in many other cities, is so remarkable; places which are really worse than the open bars of hotels, or the regular "gin mills" (if I may be permitted to use the vulgar phrase), because in these sly, half-private places is it that most young men learn to drink, and here it is, too, where many a man, too respectable to be seen frequenting the open liquor stores of his vicinity, steals in and guzzles his potations, on the sure road to a drunkard's fate — failure in business, ruined constitution, and final poverty and disgrace. Here the young man, "Worden," as he now called himself, had fallen in with genial

company, who came to his employers to "buy groceries," and to drink, and among them had made the acquaintance, in particular, of a down-town "banker," who boarded in the vicinity of the grocery, which was on the corner of Bleeker Street and ——. This banker was a fascinating fellow, and young Worden soon fell in love with him. By and by he found out what sort of a "banker" was his new-made friend—the same who kept the day gambling-rooms on the corner of Fulton and Broadway. It is astonishing how little one may know of the business of his neighbors whom he meets every day in New York, unless he takes special pains to find out. The "solitude of a great city" is no mere Byronic fancy. One could hardly be more solitary in the dense woods than a man may be in the midst of the throngs of men and women he may meet in New York. He sees them—that is all. His heart is closed to them, and theirs to him, as much as if they were in China, and he the "lone man" on some island of the West Indies. So that "banker" passed for a rich, active, business man, in the vicinity of Bleeker Street and ——, within less than a mile, perhaps, of this nefarious den. Young Worden was easily led on till he got to neglecting his business when sent out on errands, or down town to the wholesale grocers; and finally the grocer discharged him for neglect of business; and how he had lived since then was a mystery to his old companions, who found him afterwards always better dressed. The secrets of his history, from the time of his discharge up to the time of the robbery, as I finally learned them, would form an interesting chapter by themselves, but are out of place here. An incident in his career, however, may yet find place in these papers, because it was interlinked with an extraordinary case which at another time I worked up, and of which I have made note, in order, if my space permit, to recite it in this work. It must suffice now, that despair, resulting from the loss of money at the gambling-table, and which he was not for some days able to win

back, though he hazarded his last dollar, drove the young man to commit a small robbery, or theft, from the purse of one of his fellow-boarders, when the latter was asleep one night. The full success of this hardened him, and led him on. If detection could always follow the first offence, the number of criminals would be far less. But few will "persevere" beyond a detection, if it comes early enough in their career.

I had made sure of my man. But he was not caught yet, by any means; besides, the Baltimore agent and I had something further to do together. Upon him depended much. I had the ticket in my possession, and the young man had sworn to it — identified it in his affidavit, to be sure; but he would insist that he lost it, and that somebody who found it must have robbed the safe, if we should pounce upon him now. So I went to Mr. Latimer, and managed to take him, in proper disguise, to a gambling saloon, which this young man frequented, and he thought he recognized him as one of the persons standing near him on the day the money for the hay was paid him in Jersey City; and before we left the saloon, — staid half an hour perhaps, — Mr. Latimer was quite willing to swear to the young man's identity as one of those present at the hay transaction. But this would not be enough to convict the young man, unless we could find some of the stolen money upon him, or among his effects, which I felt sure we should do, for I saw that he was gambling those days sparely, like one who means to win, and keep what he wins. I reasoned that the robbery had given him a snug little capital; that he felt his importance as a "financial man," and that perhaps he was resolving to gamble but little more, give up his old associates, and with what he had, and what he would obtain from the lottery, go into business, and perhaps win his way back into his father's favor. And I reasoned rightly, as a subsequent confession of the young man proved.

In his investigations among the creditors who had paid him the sum stolen, Mr. Latimer had found out a fact on

which I was relying for aid in the course of the work, as I have intimated before; and resting on that becoming important in the line of evidence, I repaired to Baltimore, and told the general agent that I thought it time now to draw matters to a close. We arranged our plans. The New York agent was informed that the ticket had been presented at the general office, and the prize demanded; that it would be necessary for the young man and himself to come on to Baltimore to meet the presenter of the ticket, and that he was to call again in three days. The general agent was in great glee over the matter; for I had arranged with him that he should have the whole of the three thousand dollar prize as his own, if he would not demand the five hundred dollars reward of me, in case the matter worked out rightly, and we managed to get back a good share of the money stolen from the young man. He was for attacking the young man at once, as soon as we could get him into the private office, and charging him with the robbery of Mr. Latimer's safe; overwhelming him with the history of his being that day in Jersey City, and showing him the trap we had set to get him to identify the ticket so minutely, etc.; but I feared that the young man might not be so easily taken aback, and we agreed to wait for something else which might, in the negotiation, turn up. I had not informed the agent yet of what Mr. Latimer had discovered in his investigations about the kind of money paid him, but had arranged with the agent that if things came to the proper point he should offer to pay the young man by a draft on New York, and should say to him, that if it would be convenient he would rather make the draft for three thousand and five hundred dollars, and let the young man pay him five hundred dollars, as that amount would draw out all his deposit, and close account with the bank in question, he having determined to do his business with another bank. So much I had asked which he said he would do; and duly the young man and the agent came on. We had a private conference; I be-

ing disguised, with spectacles and all, as the legal counselor of the lottery men. The agent from New York was present. I had asked the young man many questions about the ticket, heard the New York agent's story, and given my advice to the Baltimore man to pay it to him, but to send for the "other man" who held the ticket, and who was said to be waiting the result of things. So the New York agent was politely asked to take a note to a man quite a distance off from the lottery office, and whom the agent had informed that he might receive a note that day, and instructed what to do in such case. The man was a store-keeper; was very polite to the New York agent; bade him be seated in the counting-room, and he would send his boy out to bring in the man indicated in the note. The New York agent was told to be sure to get the man, wait till he could bring him along with him, "if it takes three hours," said the Baltimore agent, as the New York man went off.

"Yes, yes; depend on my doing the business right," responded the New York agent, as he went off on his tom-fool's errand.

Papers were given the young man to read, and we chatted together a little; the lottery agent having gone to work at his business desk in the next room. A half hour passed, and then—"This is dull business. I must go to my office, and come back if needed," said I to the lottery agent, as I opened the door into his room. "When shall I return?" "Stay; he'll be back soon." "No," said I; "I'll go, and return." "Well, please don't be long away,"—and he gave me a significant look, which the young man, of course, did not see. I went off, and returning in about a quarter of an hour, called the agent into the private room, and said, "See here! a new phase in affairs. I found that man waiting at my office to consult me about the ticket. He said he knew I was your attorney, and would advise him what was best; he didn't want any fuss about it. This was after I told him I was quite sure that the ticket was the property of young Mr. Worden here; and

the matter is left entirely with me. See ! I have the ticket here ; do you recognize it ? ” asked I of Worden, presenting it to him. He started up, looked at it, and with a face full of joy, exclaimed, “ The very same : don’t you remember how I described this slip here in my affidavit ? ” “ Well, Mr. Worden, as the matter is left with me, I have no doubt the ticket is yours ; and of course the agent will pay you the prize. “ Yes, of course,” said the agent ; “ stay here, since you are here, and I’ll make the due entries, etc., get the money, and be back.” He closed the door behind him ; and as it was a late hour, drawing near closing time, told the clerks he’d give them a part of a holiday ; and bade them to be on hand early next morning. “ A good deal of work to do to-morrow, you know,” said he, as he smilingly bowed them out.

Presently, after a delay, however, which I was fearful would excite the young man’s curiosity, if nothing more, the agent came into the room, and told Worden that he found it would be inconvenient to pay the three thousand dollars that afternoon in money, and then proposed to him to take the draft on New York, of which I have before spoken. Worden compliantly fell in with the suggestion ; said he would cash the draft for the balance. He was anxious, he said, to get on to New York as soon as might be ; and, “ by the way,” said he, “ where’s my friend, Mr. — ? ” — (the New York agent.) “ Ah,” replied the Baltimore agent, “ he’s waiting at the place to which I sent him for the man.” “ Well,” turning to his watch, “ there’ll be time to send for him before the next train north, after we have settled the matter.” He went to his desk, drew the check, came in and handed it to Worden, who, laying it on the table, proceeded to take out his wallet, which I noticed was heavily loaded. He selected five one hundred dollar bills and handed them to the agent, who stepped into the next room, as if to deposit them in his safe, saying, “ I’ll be back in a moment, Mr. Worden. Step in here, ‘ Counsellor,’ ” said he to me, “ and tell me how I am to make

this entry" — for the want of something better to say. I followed, and he showed me the notes. We "had" the young man! Four of the notes bore on their back, in writing, the business card of one of the men who had paid Mr. Latimer money on that day; the notes were of the Bank of America, such as he had told Mr. Latimer he had drawn that day from bank, and he had indorsed his card on them not an hour before he paid him. His account was new with that bank. He had no other than *six* of those one hundred dollar notes, so I saw our game was sure, and I said instantly, "Go in and ask Worden if he can't give you two fifties, or five twenties for this note," taking up the one not bearing the business card. He did so, and I followed, and instantly that Worden drew his purse to accommodate him, I suddenly knocked the purse from his hand, and caught Worden by the throat — "No noise, you villain! You are caught! You are the scoundrel who robbed Mr. Latimer's safe. I've traced you, and you are splendidly trapped!" I exclaimed.

He made some exertions to get from my grasp, but I held him firmly; waited a moment or two that the first flush of excitement might pass from him, and led him to a chair; gave him his history in brief; and in a short manner showed him how he was caught. Meanwhile the agent, at my request, was searching and counting the money in the purse which he picked up as I knocked it out of Worden's hands. "Here's another one hundred dollar bill with Bordell's card on it," said he. (The card was "Rufus Bordell, Optician, and Mathematical Instrument Maker, 173 Bowery, N. Y.," as my notes read. It was not an unusual thing in those days, though I always thought it a foolish one, for men to indorse all the new bills that came into their possession with their business addresses, as a mode of advertisement. Poor Mr. Bordell! He was an Englishman, and was making a trip to England to visit his relatives on board the ill-fated Pacific steamer in her last trip out, which went to sea, and was never heard of after.) Well, Worden saw

that he was caught, and there was no escape for him. We found he had over three thousand dollars in money with him, and he agreed to go to New York with us and get what remained of the rest, which he said was all he had taken except six or eight hundred dollars, and he thought he could manage to raise that amount too, if I would not prosecute him. The vision of State Prison was too much for his nerves. He wanted to go unmanacled; and so I insisted on the agent's accompanying me to help watch him. However, he could never have got away from me alone, for I should have felled him at once to the ground had he tried, and I was sure he had not been in the business long enough, or done enough at it, to have "pals" to assist him. In fact, he said he never had any comrades in crime.

The agent arranged his affairs; sent word to the New York agent that he was suddenly called to New York, and would see him there the next day, and we left Baltimore for New York by the next train. The young man kept his promise to us; not only got the money left out of his robbery, but raised of a "friend," whom we all visited, seven hundred and ten dollars, which we found was the deficit; gave up the lottery ticket to the agent (who had the honor, however, to pay him back the sum he paid for the ticket), and we let him go.

I hardly know whether I ought to state what I am about to or not; but it may encourage some reader of this who may be inclined to a life like that which young "Worden" was then leading, to reform. "Worden" saw the situation of things, thanked us for our kindness, and begged me to never mention his real name. (I had not communicated it to the agent or to Mr. Latimer, and have never since told it to either or to anybody). He promised to reform at once, and go to work, however humble the situation. He did so, and in two or three years won his way back into his father's smiles, conducted business in New York for a while after that, and is now a prominent and wealthy man of Chicago. I met him not over ten months



SEIZURE OF YOUNG WORDEN IN BALTIMORE. — "No noise, you villain! you are caught."

ago from this writing, and enjoyed his hospitality. "You saved me," said he. And that was all that was said between us about the robbery.

The Baltimore agent drew the prize for No. 1710, and it was none of the Lottery Company's business that he pocketed it.

When I carried the money back to Mr. Latimer, he was astonished, and insisted that I take the reward of one thousand dollars, which, as he was rich, I did accept. I never told him *how* we let the fellow escape, but satisfied him on that point.

"But," said he, "you haven't told me what you learned about how he got into the safe."

"No, for the scamp was in as much doubt about it as we; he thought that the lock turned easily, if it turned at all. He pulled, and the door came open, and afterwards, on looking at the key he tried it with, thought it curious that it could have raised the spring. Probably the safe was not locked."

"But how did he get in, and do it so secretly, my wife and I lying right there?" pointing to the adjoining bedroom.

"O, he says you were both snoring away so that nobody in the house could have heard him if he'd made ten times the noise he did."

"I — do — not — believe — it," said Mr. Latimer, with an emphatic drawl, and more seriousness of face than I had seen him exhibit over his loss even. "I never caught her snoring in my life. She says I snore sometimes. I'll call her, and tell her the story."

Mrs. Latimer came in; the snoring matter was settled in a joke, and I was made to stay and take a private supper with them, which, in due time, was served in superb order; and I left that house to go home at last with a firm friend in Mr. Latimer, who has never failed to send me business, when he could command it, from that day.

He is ignorant of the young robber's real name to this

day; and, indeed, said he did not care to know it; when, four years after the occurrence, as he was one day badgering me to satisfy his curiosity on that point, I told him the man had reformed, and was made a good citizen of, indirectly through the facts that the safe was probably unlocked that night, and that he and his wife snored so loudly.

LEWELLYN PAYNE AND THE COUNTERFEITERS.

AN IDLE TIME — A CALL FROM MY OLD "CHIEF" — THE CASE IN HAND OUTLINED — I DISCOVER AN OLD ENEMY IN THE LIST OF COUNTERFEITERS, AND LAY MY PLANS — TAKE BOARD IN NINETEENTH STREET, AND OPEN A LAW OFFICE IN JAUNCEY COURT — MAKE THE ACQUAINTANCE OF MRS. PAYNE, LEWELLYN'S MOTHER, AND FINALLY GET ACQUAINTED WITH HIM — HE VISITS MY LAW OFFICE — I AM INGRATIATED IN HIS FAVOR — I TRACK HIM INTO MY ENEMY'S COMPANY, AND FEEL SURE OF SUCCESS — LEWELLYN FINALLY CONFESSES TO ME HIS TERRIBLE SITUATION — CERTAIN PLANS LAID — I MAKE "COLLINS'" ACQUAINTANCE — VISIT A GAMBLING SALOON WITH HIM — A HEAVY WAGER — FIFTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS AT HAZARD, PAYNE'S ALL — THE COUNTERFEITING GAMBLERS CAUGHT TOGETHER — A SEVERE STRUGGLE — PAYNE SAVED AT LAST, AND HIS MONEY TOO — A REFORMED SON AND A HAPPY MOTHER — TWO "BIRDS" SENT TO THE PENITENTIARY.

THERE had been a lull in business for a time with me soon after I had left an organized force of private detectives, and with the promised assistance of some friends, mercantile and otherwise, whom I had served more or less, under the direction of the chief of the corps to which I belonged, had taken a private office, and was beginning to wish that I was not so much "my own master," and had more to do.

During those days I tried to divert my mind with much reading, and one day, poring over De Quincey's "Opium Eater," I was half buried in oblivion to all particular things around me, though wonderfully aroused to a sweet sensuousness of all things material, when my old chief entered my office. I was not a little surprised to see him, for it had been weeks since I had met him, and that casual

meeting was the first time I had seen him since my resignation from the corps.

"Good day, my boy," said he, giving me a hearty grasp of the hand. He looked weary and worn. I thought he looked vexed, too, about something, and I asked, "Well, what's up? What ails you? Are you unwell?" "No," said he, "not unwell; in fact, never in better health; but business annoys me. I've been on a scent for some parties for quite a while, and I can get nobody to do what I want done. Report of failure to find out what I want has just been rendered an hour ago, and I have come down to see if you can't help me out."

"Tell me your story," said I. "But I don't suppose I can accomplish anything for you if Wilson, Baldwin, or Harry Hunt" (detectives of rare ability on his corps) "have failed."

"They have," said he, "signally; but I believe the matter can be worked out readily, though you will have to take your time at it. The case is this: There's a lot of blacklegs and counterfeiters, some of whom you know, whose den I want to find out. That's all. They are passing more or less counterfeit money these days. What I want is not to detect any one of these by himself, but to capture the whole of them in their den—gobble them all up at once, and break up their gang; and now I think I have a key to their hiding-place, which, if I can get anybody to work it well, will open in upon them."

"Well, give me the particulars, and your general instructions, and I'll try it."

"You know," said he, "that some of it may be desperate work, and that's one reason why I want you—steady hand, and cool head, and time enough, must succeed in this business. Here is a minute description of five of the gang. Look it over," pulling from his side pocket a paper. "There, you know this first one, Harry Le Beau. We dealt with him, you know, two years ago; and the

next I guess you don't know. In fact, I reckon you don't know any of the rest."

I was studying over the personal descriptions; meanwhile the chief went talking on, I paying little heed further to what he was saying. Coming to the last on the list, "Mont Collins!" — "Mont Collins?" — I don't know the name, but the description just suits another person; rather, just suits the character himself, for I knew, of course, that "Collins" was one of any number of aliases. "This is a particular friend of mine," said I. "His name used to be Bill Blanchard, and — and — well," without saying any more, "I'll undertake the job; and, by Heavens!" said I, "I'll succeed," for I had been warming up out of my opium reverie from the instant my eye fell upon the description of "Collins," with an indignation and a hope of revengeful triumph over this villain, who had now taken a step in counterfeiting, or in passing counterfeit money, where I could, if successful, get him confined within the walls of a prison, and pay him for his vile iniquities.

"You have encountered this scoundrel before, it seems," said the chief, noticing the glow upon my face.

"No, not I; but a relative of mine. I can't tell you the story now. I'll follow him to the death. No stone shall remain unmoved in this business."

"I am glad you have a peculiar incentive, and I feel that you are sure to succeed; but I have not given you the key yet. May be it will serve you. Perhaps you can get a better one, and won't need to use it," said the chief.

"Give it me," said I, "by all means. A straw, even, might serve to point the way; and if the rest are as desperate and cunning as 'Collins,' I shall need all the help and advice possible to work up the job," said I.

So the chief went on to say, "It is very evident that these fellows have an important victim in a young man, by the name of Lewellyn Payne, from Kentucky, who came to New York some months ago, reputed to be very

rich, and had always at first about him money enough; but he has become reckless. He's a fine-looking fellow, of good address, and how he allowed such a vile gang to get hold of him, I don't see" —

"But I do," said I, interposing. "Collins is as keen and genteel a villain as the city holds," said I.

"May be," said the chief; "but the rest of them are only cutthroats, without a particle of grace to save them."

"But they cannot be worse at heart than he," I responded. "He has chosen his crew for his own purposes — fit instruments for his style of villany."

"Well, you think you know him. I hope you do, and can manage him; but I'll tell you about this Payne. They have drained his purse, I think; in fact, I've had him watched, and have found out that he is greatly in their debt. They hold his notes, and he is about to sell property in Kentucky to meet them. At least this is my translation of Hunt's report from him. Hunt "cultivated" him for a while, but we couldn't find out anything from him in regard to the gang's rendezvous."

"Well, what am I to do? Where does he live, this Payne?"

"In West 19th Street, No. —, corner Sixth Avenue. He and his mother board there."

"O, ho," said I; "his mother! Does she know anything about her son's dissipations?"

"Yes; it was she who came to me first about him, — says her heart is broken, and that something must be done to save her son. She can learn but little from him; but says he's away a great deal all night, and sleeps mostly during the day; that she fears he's gambled away most of his property, etc."

"Then she can be approached upon the subject. Well, I see the way clear. I must make his acquaintance without his knowing why. I may make such use of your name as I please?"

“Certainly.”

Before night that day I was fortunate enough to secure board at the house in 19th Street, though I did have to accept a room a little farther up toward the sky than I desired, with the assurance that I should have the first vacant room below. My first business was to effect a meeting with the lady, Mrs. Payne, which I found but little difficulty in doing. The poor woman, who was a model of elegance and matronly character, was greatly moved when she came to tell me of her son's wanderings from the strict path of morality in which she had tried to rear him. Young Payne's father had died some twelve years before, and she had taken her son Lewellyn to Europe to finish his education. Being of Scotch origin herself, and most of her relations residing in and about Edinboro', she had taken him to the university there, whence, after leaving college, she went to the Continent with him. Finally, spending a season at Baden Baden, young Payne caught there the fashionable mania for gambling, which was proving his ruin. She was ready to spend liberally of her means in order to reform him, and wished me to spare no expense necessary in the course which I pointed out to her. I found it necessary to take an office or desk as a lawyer in Jauncey Court, out of Wall Street, and had some cards struck off, announcing myself as an attorney at law. Three or four days passed before I thought best to make the acquaintance of the young man, the mother having stated to me, meanwhile, a legal matter of hers in Kentucky, on which I had taken advice, so as to be able to talk learnedly to the son.

All being arranged, the mother told the son that she found they had a lawyer in the house, and had thought best to consult him regarding the matter in Kentucky, and was pleased with his advice, but would like him (young Payne) to talk with the lawyer also. Through this means I made the acquaintance of young Payne next day, and invited him down to my office. He said he should have

occasion to go into Wall Street that very day, and would call about three P. M. Of course I was there, received him, spoke of the library, which was quite large, as mine, and played the lawyer to the best of my abilities. We went out to a restaurant together, and I allowed myself to accept his treat to a little wine; and, in short, before reaching home that evening, for we went up town together, I felt very certain that I had properly impressed young Payne with my consequence, and with the notion, too, that I was no "blue-skin," but ready always for a little "fun."

Mrs. Payne looked a degree or two improved that evening when she saw how swimmingly her son and I were getting on in our acquaintance.

After supper, young Payne said he had an engagement out, and would bid me good evening. But I said, "I am going out too; perhaps our paths may lie along together for a while. I am going down town."

"So am I," said he, "and I should be pleased with your company as far as you may go."

I left the house with him, and we proceeded to Broadway, and turned down, talking over many things, and managing to agree pretty well upon them all. At last, as we neared 8th Street, I thought I saw that young Payne was a little uneasy, as if wishing to shake me off; and I said to him, "Well, good evening, Mr. Payne," offering him my hand. "My course leads this way," pointing to the left, and turning in that direction. "I suppose you keep down farther."

"Yes," said he, "I am going on farther," and bowing me an "adieu, for the while," he passed on, and I kept a good look out for him, for I "scented" that he expected to meet somebody not far from that point. Dropping into a saloon near by, where a friend of mine was engaged, I left my "stove-pipe" hat, and pulled from my pocket a thin "slouched" hat, which I carried for occasion, and taking the opposite side of the street from Payne, kept him in

sight till he passed into the New York Hotel, when I crossed over, and entered. I had hardly done so before he, returning from the back portion of the hall in company with another, passed by me. His companion was evidently telling him a funny story, for he laughed quite loudly, and was hitting Payne, as if in glee, upon his shoulder. I knew my man, both by his voice and face, which was partly concealed by the manner in which he, at this moment, had fixed his hat upon his head. He was unmistakably Blanchard, alias "Collins," and my blood was up. Blanchard, the villain, had ruined the husband of my cousin Elizabeth ——. "Bettie," as we familiarly called her, was one of the sweetest women I ever saw, — my most cherished cousin, of whom I was proud in every sense, — and the griefs which bore her down, in the ruin of her husband, pierced my heart, and I resolved to be avenged, if possible, upon this villain Blanchard, who had worked her husband's downfall, and robbed him of every dollar. The husband had been at one time in the enjoyment of a lucrative trade, as a merchant of woollen goods, and had a fine standing with some of the best manufacturers in Rhode Island and elsewhere, and was on what seemed the sure road to a great fortune, when he unluckily fell into the clutches of Blanchard. Indeed, I too had suffered by Blanchard, to no small extent for me, having been indorser of some of my cousin's paper, which went to protest, and which I had at last to pay. I do not allow myself to cherish enmity against my fellow-man. The detective soon learns to not be surprised at finding the man of the best reputation frequently involved in crime, and he comes to look with charity upon the faults, and even the crimes, of his fellow-men. Comparatively, men do not, in society, differ at heart so greatly as the uninitiated might imagine. But few men are proof against the wiles of "circumstances." No man can really tell what he would have done, or would not have done, had he been placed in these or those circumstances by which some other man

has been led on to a career of crime, or to some dark deed. But I could never wholly suppress my longing for vengeance whenever Blanchard came into my mind, and on this occasion my temper was quite as intense as I could well control.

I turned when Payne and his friend had passed a proper distance on, and taking the sidewalk, followed them near to a house in Houston Street, which I saw them enter. I did not know the character of the house then, but was satisfied that it was a "hell" of some sort — a genteel one, for its outward appearances indicated as much; but I made myself acquainted with the probable character of the place before I returned to my boarding-house that night.

The next day Payne was not up till two o'clock in the afternoon, and I feigned illness enough to delay me at home that day, in order to make further study of him. When he came into the general parlor, I saw that there was a peculiar haggardness about his countenance, not such as over-drinking or ordinary mere dissipation gives. To me it was a tell-tale haggardness, and I felt I knew full well that he was on the last plank, and just about to be submerged beneath the waves of irretrievable ruin. So he looked, so he felt, too, of course. I entered into conversation with him, drew out some of his experiences in New York, and gradually led him on to the disclosure of some pretty serious confessions. At last he told me that he had run a wild career, but had made up his mind to reform, and find some useful employment. "But," said he, "I've promised myself to do so a thousand times before, and have failed as often to make a beginning."

"I know your case," said I. "I've known a great many such. There's always ground for hope, I assure you, so long as the desire to escape exists. But each case has its peculiarities. One case is never an exact representation of another, of course."

We carried on the conversation for a while longer, till we came to a point where Mr. Payne, in giving me a

description of some friends whom he had made since he came to New York, spoke of his friend "Collins" as a very "brilliant, dashing fellow," who was a nondescript for him, otherwise, in character. I was, of course, more interested at this point than at any other, which must have been manifest at once to young Payne. He told me of some of his and Collins' adventures. In all these I could clearly see the workings of the villain Blanchard, and I was several times on the point of uttering my full views to Mr. Payne, but I thought it an hour too early in our acquaintance to do so, and so delayed to do it.

Another day came. I was out all day away from the house, but not idle, for I managed to learn more of "Collins'" or Blanchard's proceedings for the last few months before, of his places of resort, etc.; but when I returned at evening, before Mr. Payne's usual hour for going abroad, I found him in great dejection; and having opportunity to converse with him, approached him, and was soon invited to his room. It was not long before our conversation took such shape that I was able to breathe to him some of my suspicions. Payne listened with surprise; but I drew Blanchard's modes of proceeding, his general character, etc., so accurately, that Payne became more than half convinced that "Collins" and Blanchard were one. In short, I got down into Payne's heart before our conversation concluded that evening. It was necessary for him to go forth again that night, or, I think, he would have held me in his room all night, reciting his adventures and running over his mistakes. I saw that he was utterly ruined, beyond all hope, unless I could manage to get out of the hands of his captors a large number of collaterals, which he had for the space of three months past left in their hands, as security for promissory notes to a large amount which he had given them, and to pay which he was looking to the sale of some property in Kentucky, and for some dividends on stock in a manufactory in Cincinnati, which, however, was itself pledged. These were debts of honor, as

he, up to that moment, had regarded them, and must be paid, no matter if paying them more than bankrupted him. Indeed, he had played and lost far beyond the sum of his actual property, so desperate had he become in the matter; and the gamblers, his elegant friends, were willing to show their gentlemanly confidence in him, and trusted him more,—the well-bred scoundrels. But I pointed out to him the fact that he had (which was evident enough to me) been victimized by villains who never play an honorable game of hazard; indeed, who never play a game of hazard at all, since all is in their hands and under their perfect control. When he came to see this, and reflect upon each step, and saw how the thing had been done, and also that, as his memory, now excited, called all vividly before him, when he had lost heavily with the gang they had, without doubt, in every instance played a false game, the dark shades deepened in his face.

Mr. Payne became at first very serious, but at the close of our conversation I saw that his mind had become quite calm: he was very deliberate. The muscles about his mouth assumed a firmer expression. I could easily see that he was meditating some way of revenge on the scoundrels who would have gladly ruined him in all respects, as they had already done in some. Finally he said to me, "You seem to understand all about these villains. How came you to know them so well? Have you ever been victimized by them?"

"No, not victimized; but I came to learn these characters through my profession. Professional men are compelled to know more or less of them, and it has been my lot to be greatly interested; in fact, somewhat involved in a matter in which Blanchard, or, as you know him, 'Collins,' was the principal actor; and I'll say to you here, that it would give me the keenest pleasure to give you any aid in my power as against that wretch."

Mr. Payne's time for going out that evening had come, and I left the house at the same time with him, hoping

that he would do something, or that something would occur on my walk with him, to further my projects. But we parted that evening with nothing done. But next day Payne came to me at my office in Wall Street about twelve o'clock. He was uneasy, and did not wish to sit down to talk, and asked me if I would walk with him. We sallied out up to Broadway, and along it; got to Courtlandt Street, when he said, "Somehow I feel a great inclination to go down to the water. Suppose we go over in the ferry to Jersey City."

meet you."

Of course I was ready to humor him, for I well knew the agitated state of his mind; and down to the dock and over the river we went, and arriving in Jersey City, Payne having no special point of destination, we wandered the streets and talked. He told me his whole story over, as of the night before, and added to it many touching incidents. "Help me now, I beg you, if you can." I asked him if this gang dealt in counterfeit money at all, and found that he knew nothing about it. This was a relief, in one sense, to me, and a surprise in another; and I thought, "Perhaps I may be mistaken after all." But we planned, as the result of our day's conversation, that, as a first step, he should take "Collins" that evening into the "Atlantic Beer Garden," in the Bowery, to take beer (of which he said Collins was very fond, not drinking anything else intoxicating), to treat him, and I should come in carelessly, but unexpectedly, upon him. And he should present me at once to "Collins" as Mr. "Wilson," the name I had assumed on my legal card, but which I did not explain the reason for at that time to Mr. Payne.

That night I came upon the twain at the place proposed, where they were sitting at a table over pots of beer, and smoking, when I, darting in, called for a pot of beer; and seeing Payne, pushed up to his table, extending my hand. "Ah, here, eh? Mr. Payne; very glad to meet you?" "Take a seat with us," said he. "This is my friend, Mr. Collins, Mr. Wilson."

I looked into "Collins'" eyes; gave him a wink, as much to say, "Mr. Payne thinks my name is Wilson; you now better; keep still." Of course "Collins" was as anxious that I should not call him Blanchard, as I was that he should address me as Wilson. "And," he said, "Mr. Wilson — I am glad to make your acquaintance, Mr. Wilson. Let's fill up, Mr. Payne," for their mugs were dry, "and invite Mr. Wilson to take what he likes with us." "Thank you, gentlemen, but here comes my beer. I'll wait for you to fill up again." I put "Collins" quite at ease, and we drank, and told stories, and sang a song or two. So well did Collins and I disguise the fact that we had ever heard of each other that Payne, as he afterwards told me, made up his mind soon that I had been utterly mistaken in the man.

We had nearly finished our cups at the table, when Payne, spying a southern friend coming into the saloon, with a number of others, asked to be excused for a moment, and left us.

"The devil!" said Blanchard; "how did you come to know Payne?"

"O, he is one of the acquaintances one picks up in the city, he hardly knows how."

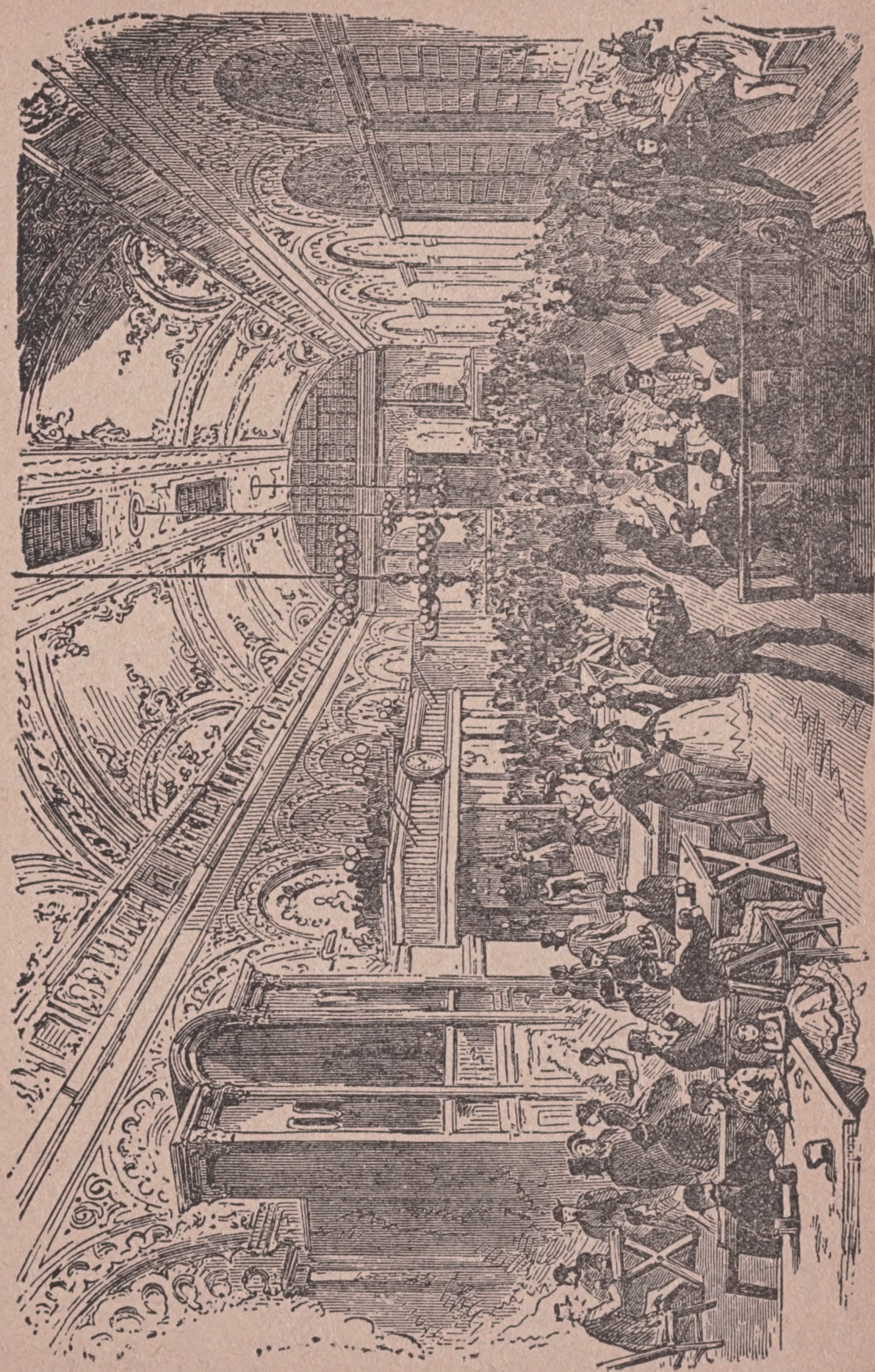
"Yes, yes; but as I happened, by the mistake of a partial acquaintance, to be introduced to him as 'Collins,' I have let it go so. I hope you'll be as careful the rest of the evening to not call me Blanchard, as you have."

"O, we are in the same boat, 'Collins,' you see! He calls me 'Wilson,' and I let it go at that."

"But," said Blanchard, "I must say, 'Wilson,' you are very complaisant, and I hardly thought you would speak to me at all."

"O, well, Blanchard, we grow wiser as we grow older. We don't see things, generally, in the same light we used to."

"True," said he; "and I am glad to find you not unkindly disposed," — and I doubt not that he was, for he



ATLANTIC BEER GARDEN.—PAYNE AND COLLINS' RENDEZVOUS. — "Ah, here, eh? Mr. Payne; very glad to meet you."

well knew how I loved my cousin, and that I knew he was the cause of her husband's downfall, and her greatest griefs.

"What are you doing these days?" asked B.

"I've turned lawyer," said I, "and have an office on Wall Street. Here's my card. Don't like my profession over much, and so find time to speculate more or less." (Blanchard had never known that I had become a detective, fortunately. Though living in the same city, we had been, practically, as wide apart as the poles.)

"What are *you* doing?" I asked in turn.

"Well, I am speculating, too, a little," said he, with a half-inquiring wink in his eyes.

"I see you misinterpret me a little," said I. "Not so much either," I continued, "for I speculate in Wall Street some, and elsewhere some."

"The fact is," said 'Collins,' "I am getting to be very much attracted by sundry speculations, though I lose money as fast as I make it. I was on my way to-night on a little speculation. Perhaps you'd like to go along." In paying for my beer I had purposely made display of all the money I had, — quite a pile, — and doubtless Collins' gambling avarice was a little whetted, or he might not have invited me along.

Payne returned to us; and Collins telling him that he had invited me to accompany them "for a little fun to-night," we sallied forth, and were not long in crossing Broadway, and finding ourselves in a suite of rooms, which, as soon as I set my eyes on them, I understood as one of the worst of the second-class of gambling hells in the city.

Roulette, dice, and the latter loaded, and every other appurtenance of such a place, as well as cards and a faro bank, were there. The whole air of the place, the men at play and about the boards, were assurance to me that I was on the right track of the counterfeiters; but I felt at once that the game I had to play was a desperate one; that these fellows were the worst sort of cutthroats.

We both played a little, Payne and I; but Collins played not at all that night, except the part of a particular "friend" to Payne in various ways. I lost considerable, Payne lost more, and his note was received on demand; but still with the understanding that he was not to be asked to cash it till his Kentucky remittance came on. It was a part of my plan to play and lose a little that night, to furnish occasion to come again; and when we parted to go home, the "gentleman" of the establishment, to whom Collins had introduced me as Wilson, said, "Mr. Wilson, now you've learned the way, drop in occasionally. Poor luck don't run always."

"Ha, ha!" said I, "gentlemen," taking the matter good-humoredly. "I'm not feeling very well to-night; but you can expect me around some time to break your bank when I am in good spirits."

"That's right, come along any time. We like bold players, if they do clean us out sometimes; nothing like spirit," — and we bowed ourselves out.

It was arranged by me and Payne, as we betook ourselves home, that he should continue to go there and play a little every night till his money came; that then he should offer to play all his pile against his indebtedness to the concern, his notes of hand, and all the collaterals he had pledged. I knew the gamblers would catch at that, and count him a bigger fool than ever. I was to be there, and play too. Payne continued to visit the place, played less and less each night, and at last declared to them that he would not be in again till his money came. "And," said he "I'm going to take Wilson in, as my partner — he has a pile." Meanwhile I reported to my old chief, and had all things arranged for a descent upon the place if I should be able to work the matter up to the proper point by the time Payne's money came. The money came. Payne's fifteen thousand dollars, in good money, I knew would be a temptation to the villains, although his indebtedness to them had increased to over twenty-five thousand

dollars, and we went to the den; I having my force of policemen in training, and ready for my call. It was a wet night. There was quite a number of visitors in early in the evening; but they straggled home, as the rain increased, some not having umbrellas with them, and for various reasons, and we were left, eventually, almost alone with the regular keepers of the place; and Payne was asked if his money had come? "Yes, gentlemen, fifteen thousand dollars of it; all I shall get for more than a year to come, and I'm going to hazard it all against my notes and the collaterals you hold."

"All right," said the leading genius of the place. "All right," said "Collins," aloud; but he stepped up to Payne, and kindly whispered in his ear, "But would you do it? I wouldn't hazard it now. Play half for half, say; for if you should lose all, you know — well, do as you like."

"Yes, I will do as I like — I'll play all." There was a smile of fiendish triumph then on Collins' face, which Payne did not see, but *I* did, and I couldn't help feeling a pulse of vengeance beating in my heart as I contemplated how soon the scoundrel's face might change its expression. Payne's money was put up; one game was to decide the whole. His notes were put up on the table, by the other side, to the amount of fifteen thousand dollars.

"But where are the rest?" said he. "No trifling; and where are the collaterals?" and there was bickering about the understanding, and I was appealed to. "I did not wish to interfere," I said; but that "I understood it was to be a clean sweep. But as there was a misunderstanding, perhaps 'twasn't best to play at all to-night; wait for another occasion, and Payne take his money and go."

The gamblers saw it was of no use to pretend further misunderstanding, and that Payne's money was likely to be more readily "gobbled up" than if they were to wait, and consented to put all on the table, though as the collaterals were packed away and locked in the safe, they proposed to put money up instead — ten thousand dollars.

"No, no," said Payne, "I want to see the whole on the table. I want to look at 'em once more. There's my Harry Clay watch" (a very fine five hundred dollar watch); "I want to look her in the face again — play better, I tell you, gentlemen, in her smiles;" and so he went on. I was at the instant disposed to favor him; but on second thought I suspected that that money would be mostly, if not wholly counterfeit, and I saw if it was, how I would trap the scoundrels, and save Payne's fifteen thousand too, as well as get up his notes and all his collaterals; and I interposed. "No need, Mr. Payne, of troubling to get out the collaterals. The money at hand's just as good, and if you win you can buy back the collaterals."

"Yes, yes, that's it," said Collins, eager now to see the foolish Payne slaughtered. The money was produced. "Here, count it if you please, Mr. Wilson," said Payne, as the first bundle of a thousand dollars was thrown upon the table.

I caught it up carelessly, and ran it over rapidly. "One thousand," said I, all right; and so with the next, and the next, till the fifth had been counted, when I said, "Mr. Payne, there's no use counting the rest; I guarantee it all right." It is not easy to deceive me with a counterfeit bill at any time; but that night, alert and watchful, I could have sworn that more than nine tenths of the money I counted was counterfeit. The play came. I declined to join as "partner" of Payne, as he had called me. He played tremblingly. I began to fear that he would not hold out till the proper time for me to expect my men; but he did, and just as the game was about concluding, disastrously to him, there came a ring at the door-bell. The servant hurried down, and the excited gamblers bade Payne "play, play." Up came a dandy-looking chap, apparently intoxicated. He was my man. He blundered around, took a little wine from the side-board, and said maudlin things; staggered on to the board, made the gamblers angry, one of whom drew a light cane over him. I

interposed, took his part, said that they should excuse him; if he was a fool, he was drunk; should be pardoned if he asked pardon; and, taking advantage of the black boy's absence in the exterior room, said, "I'll show him down, and get him out of the way." "Wilson, you are always so polite and obliging," said Blanchard, facetiously, as I led out the stranger, who was very loath to go, and needed some encouragement.

"Just so," said I. "Don't you think I'd make an excellent waiter here?"

"Yes, we must employ you. What do you want by the month?"

"Talk about that when I come up," said I.

We went down the stairs — two flights — but to return. I opened the door, the "stranger" gave the signal he had arranged with the rest of the men, and eight stalwart, well-armed policemen were in the house, and silently on their way up those stairs; the stranger fighting me, and pulling me along up, making some noise, and more drunk than ever. "Our friend won't go out," said I; "insists on staying."

"D—n him! *I'll put him out,*" said one. "No you won't," said the stranger, drawing a pistol, and calling out to our followers, who were just at our heels, "Come on, boys!" and there was a rush into that room which startled every gambler to his feet, only to be throttled by a policeman. There were six of the villains, including Collins, and the policemen had no little trouble to silence them. The drunken stranger immediately seized all the money on the table, notes and all, and ordered the gamblers manacled on the spot, which was done. Payne then told them his story (as I narrated before only in short), asked to have his collaterals delivered up. In short, the gamblers were ready for anything. The counterfeit money was in our hands, and the evidence complete. Payne got all his notes back, which were at once put in the grate and burned, and all his collaterals, his fifteen thousand dollars of money, and was satisfied. But I was not; and a compromise was made

that on the delivering up of all the counterfeit money they had about them the gang should give up the rooms and disperse, all but two of them, one of whom was my man Blanchard, and another desperate scamp whom the police wanted to answer to a charge of burglary in Philadelphia. The safe was searched; all its counterfeit money given up, and all the collaterals, with the names of parties who had pledged them for gambling debts, were delivered into the police's hands. The rest were then allowed to escape; but Blanchard, and Johnson (the Philadelphia burglar), were ironed and taken to the tombs.

"Blanchard" was tried before the United States Court in due time, but under another name, which, unfortunately for his respectable relatives, became known as his proper one before the trial came on, and was sent for five years to Sing Sing.

Johnson was, after due process of requisition by the governor of Pennsylvania, on the governor of New York, taken to Philadelphia, tried, and sent up for ten years.

In a short time after the breaking up of this gang proceedings were taken to find the parties to whom the collaterals, other than Payne's, belonged, in order to deliver them up. It took a good while to find and surely identify them; and this delivery led to information regarding various matters which needed the keenest detectives to unravel. I was overrun with business, in consequence, for months after, incidents of which I may think best to relate in other papers.

Mr. Payne was the happiest of men over his good fortune, and insisted on deeding to me some very valuable real estate in Kentucky, besides giving me more money than I had the face to ask. He became my fast friend, as he remains to-day.

But there was a happier mortal than he in those days, in New York, when all came to be disclosed, and that was the beautiful, noble old lady, his mother, Mrs. Payne. She could hardly contain herself in her joy, when Lewellyn

DESCENT UPON BLANCHARD AND THE GAMBLERS. — There was a rush, which started every gambler to his feet.



made clean confession of all his misdeeds, all his great sins, and pledged her that he would not only never play cards again for a cent, not even for fun — a pledge which he sacredly keeps to this day. His experiences were too great, his sufferings had been too severe, to be forgotten; and Mr. Payne, in due course of time, went into legitimate business, in which he has proven himself a very capable man.

Good old Mrs. Payne lived happily with her reformed son for about four years and a half, and at last died of a fever, which followed a cold contracted one wet day, on Mount Washington, New Hampshire, where she and her son were passing a summer vacation, and her remains were taken back to Kentucky. I had the honor of accompanying Mr. Payne on his mournful journey there.

THE GENEALOGICAL SWINDLE. &S.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY IN THE UNITED STATES — IT IS SOMETIMES MORE PROFITABLE TO OTHERS THAN TO THOSE WHO INDULGE IT — “PROPERTY IN CHANCERY” — A WESTERN MERCHANT, HIS STORY, AND HOW HE TOLD IT — A FAMILY MEETING AT NEW HAVEN, AND WHAT A MEMBER LEARNED THERE — THE GREAT “LORD, KING, & GRAHAM” SWINDLE — THE WAY IN WHICH THE FRAUD WAS ACCOMPLISHED — A CUNNING LETTER FROM “WILLIS KING,” OF THE FIRM OF “LORD, KING, & GRAHAM,” TO ONE OF HIS RELATIVES — THE CORRESPONDENCE OF THIS NOTED FIRM — THE SEARCH — THE TRAP LAID — THE SHARPERS CAUGHT, AND FOUND TO BE EDUCATED YOUNG MEN OF THE HIGHEST SOCIAL STATUS — THEY ARE MADE TO DISGORGE — A PARADOX, WITH A MORAL IN IT.

THE pride of ancestry is usually great among those whose ancestors possessed any traits of character worthy to be remembered, or did deeds of which history has made emblazoned record, or who held large estates, or were in other respects distinguished, — and justly great is this pride, perhaps. However, it is not to be overlooked that, as a general thing, how great soever the pride of the progeny may justly be, that of the ancestors would probably not have been extreme, in most cases, could they have looked forward for a few generations, and seen what their successors in time were to be. It is not certain that some of them would have refused to have successors at all, and might not in very shame have betaken themselves to the cloister, in celibacy, or forsworn their mistresses altogether. And could their ancestors have foreseen that even their greatness would be overshadowed by the large or small estates which they might leave,

what would have been their disgust or displeasure, is left to us to conjecture.

But a "pride of ancestry" has developed itself in this country, which, if it is not altogether profitable to those exercising it, is sometimes made so to others; to lawyers who seek fortunes for others, and who, for due fees, are ready to hunt up "estates in chancery" in England, and find them, too, *if* they are there, — which is the only requisite for the finding, except the fees. At sundry times many families get it into their heads that there ought to be property of their ancestors preserved somewhere for them, and talking up the matter among themselves, get feverish over it, and finally assure themselves that such property exists, and that it is their first duty to procure it. Such people become an easy prey to speculating lawyers and others, who find it an easy thing to whet their hopes, and procure money from them to make "primary investigations." A shrewd lawyer, wishing to make the tour of Europe, for example, can readily play upon the credulity of some such family, and induce them to advance him a few hundred dollars to go to England with to examine records, and so forth; and when there, can send home such a "statement of the case," so full of hope, as to evoke a few hundred, or a thousand or two more dollars, in order to retain and pay first-class counsel. It is a shame to our people that so many of them fall victims to the greed for money in this line.

I hardly knew whether the more to be vexed at the stupidity of the sufferers, or amused by the skill of the intriguing scamps who perpetrated the swindle. I am about to disclose, when I first heard of it; and I confess I haven't yet come to a decision on that point after the lapse of a dozen years or so.

I was called on one day by a Western merchant, an old man, by the name of King. He was a New Yorker by birth, he said, born in a place called Janesville, in Saratoga County, where he had lived to maturity, had then done

business in New York City till he had reached beyond middle age, when, failing in business, he had retired to some land he had, in the course of business, acquired in Illinois ; but finding farming irksome, had managed to open a little country store, which had grown upon his hands until he had, in the process of time, become rich, and was in the habit of visiting his old home in Saratoga County every year, and also coming on to the city, sometimes to select goods, though his junior partners came down at the same time, and did the principal business. The old man had learned to drink whiskey at the West, in order to keep off the "fever-na-gur," as he called it, and at the time of visiting me, had evidently not gotten over his last "fuddle" at home, some weeks before, or had somehow managed to get abundance of that creature comfort—"old rye"—in New York ; not that he was drunk, but he was "keyed up" to a good pitch—a height from which he surveyed all the glory of the King family, and felt that nothing but royal blood flowed in his own veins ; and who knows but the blood was royal ? It might have been the whiskey, however, — but what matters it ? The old man descanted a long time on the glory of his ancestry, and the pride of his race ; claimed relationship to the great Rufus King of New York, and all the Kings by name, who were of any account ; spoke of their natural pride ; said that they were always ready to avenge any insult to their name, come from what source it might, and so forth, and so forth. It was in vain that I interrupted him at times at the end of a sentence, in order to ask him to come to the point. Talk he would, in his own way ; and as he was a white-haired man, the outlines of whose face showed that he was a gentleman when not in liquor, especially (and he was thoroughly gentlemanly at the time, though vexatiously garrulous), I thought I would let him have his talk out in his own way. At last he got to tell me that some months before he had been swindled out of a dollar, and that a large number of the King family, he had recently

learned, had each been defrauded to the amount of a dollar, and that some of them, moved by family pride, had, as he had been informed, made effort to discover and punish the defrauding parties, but had failed. He felt his pride wounded at this. The King family had made an effort to find out the parties who had so questioned their good sense as to successfully swindle them, and such a number of them, too — and failed. This he could not endure. If all that had been lost had been wheedled out of one member of the family, if he himself, for example, had been the only victim, he could have endured that, and would, for the pride of the name, have endured it in silence. But the whole race had been insulted, the very family coat of arms had been mocked, and he would not suffer it any longer. There had been, a few days before he came to me, a large gathering of the King family from all over the country. If I remember rightly, this was at New Haven, about the time of commencement at Yale College. The Kings of Georgia shook hands there with the Kings of New York and the Western States, and so on; and it was there that he learned how extensive had been the swindle. Some of the family had talked and laughed about it as a good joke, and poked fun at each other about it. But the old man considered that these were degenerate in spirit, and spoke of them with a degree of shame. Persons present at the gathering, with King blood in their veins, but bearing other than the King name, — the sons of King daughters, by men who rejoiced not in so royal a name, — made great sport of the swindle, and said that people high in position, like Kings, emperors, etc., were more subject to such things than people of undistinguished names and of low estate, and assured the King relatives that the latter ought to feel complimented by the deference that had been paid to them by the swindlers. The old man felt sore over this style of joking; felt that the name had been trifled with, and he was resolved to let the jokers “see that there was yet the ‘true spirit’ in the

King blood to avenge an insult," — and so he did at last. He was not particular about "terms." He was willing to pay abundantly, for he was rich, — rich on that day, at least, — and persuaded me to take hold of the matter by advancing me, — and insisting on my taking it, — double what I told him it might cost to make thorough work of the matter. I told him I had not a particle of hope, for I saw no prospect whatever of tracing out the perpetrators of this fraud in question months after it had been accomplished. But I took the matter in hand, and hearing his story in full, told him to call next day, for I might, on reflection, wish to consult him again. He left with me a letter, which a son of his had received — the man to whom I was indebted for my engagement in the matter. His son, and a partner of his in business at Utica, N. Y., had about a year before had occasion to engage my services in tracing out some forgers, who had been "speculating" a little upon them; and when he found his father, against his advice, was determined to do something about the matter in question, he told him he had better employ a regular detective, and so sent him to me. I kept this letter for a long time, and, indeed, had three or four copies of it, which I got, some from the Kings, and others from some persons by the name of Perkins, who had been victimized at the same time. I supposed I could readily find a copy now; but in the multitude of vicissitudes to which a detective's papers and "things sacred," as well as those of other people, are subjected, the letters have become misplaced or lost. But my memory is pretty retentive, and I can reproduce the letter so nearly that I presume several thousands of people in the land would, trusting to their own memories, say that it is a perfect copy, for these several thousands and their families were the victims. The letter purported to be, at its head, the advertisement of a great firm of lawyers in New York City; or rather the professional firm name was displayed in type at the head of an ordinary full-sized letter sheet, thus: —

LORD, KING, & GRAHAM,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

(Address, P. O. box 1070.)

DANIEL LORD.
WILLIS KING.
J. PERKINS GRAHAM.

New York, ———, 185 .

[The above was printed in an elegant manner upon the nicest paper. Under this was *written* a letter, the same to the Kings, the Lords, the Grahams, and Perkinses, with the exception that when writing to a King, the "King family" was named, in the place where, when writing to a Perkins, the "Perkins family" was named; and the letter ran pretty much after this sort; for example:—]

WILLIAM KING, ESQ.,
Quincy, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: Our firm, in the course of investigations, which it has made during the last year among the records of the High Court of Chancery in England, discovered that there is a vast estate lying in chancery there for the descendants of John King, who came to this country in the year 1754, as near as we can learn. In behalf of the King family in this country, I have undertaken to make out a genealogical list of the direct descendants, and their branches, from said John, and have found a branch, of which I suppose you to be a member, and if so, entitled to your share in the estate. Will you have the kindness to forward me your pedigree, as fully as you understand it, or are able to obtain it? I am making out a genealogy of the King family, which will be furnished to those wanting at its cost price, one dollar. This list will be used in bringing suit in England, and it is desirable that all Kings claiming relationship to the said John should be registered therein, as this will be made a part of the pleadings in the case, and, according to a peculiarity of the English law,

only such as are thus made parties to this suit will receive a share in the estate. Your name will be at once registered on receipt of the dollar and your pedigree. Please be as particular as you can about the latter.

Yours, very respectfully,

WILLIS KING.

The letters I saw all seemed to be written in the same rapid, half-clerkly, half-lawyerlike, but elegant scrawl, whether written to a Perkins or a King. It will be seen that the third partner — "J. Perkins Graham" — could represent both the Graham and the Perkins family, and I suppose he did. So there were in the scheme four families to be preyed upon, — Lord, King, Graham, and Perkins; and these families are numerous over the land, and many of them in high positions. I learned from the scamps, after their detection, that they received all sorts of epistles, from the lowly Lord up to the exalted one, who wrote on paper displaying flaming coats of arms, and their letters bearing a huge seal. So with the rest of the families. The swindlers had spent some time in hunting through all the directories of other cities and towns which they could find in New York, and gathered all they could from advertisements in newspapers for a year or so, before they launched out in their long-meditated scheme. Meanwhile they were practising their cunning arts in other swindles. They also wrote to the postmasters of a large number of towns, enclosing to one a letter for a King, to another a letter for a Perkins, to still another a letter for a Graham, asking each postmaster to have the kindness to "read the accompanying letter," and to pass it over to any King, Perkins, and so on, who might be within the delivery of his office, or in his vicinity. These letters they got copied by a clerk at a few cents (five, I think) apiece. So when they got a dollar back it paid for about twelve letters, inclusive of stationery and postage. A hundred letters and the postage would cost them

about twelve dollars, and from a hundred they would probably get fifty, if not more, favorable answers. From several thousand letters they received several thousand dollars, aside from large sums which, by subsequent correspondence, they swindled out of such pompous, or other parties, as, judging by their letters, they thought they could further entrap. Some of these forwarding to the famous firm of Lord, King, & Graham as high as a hundred dollars to be guaranteed *especial* effort in their behalf! It is almost too preposterous to be believed, but such was the fact—such the credulity of some who occupied political positions of note; one of them, indeed, being at the time a member of Congress! But credulity in matters of this kind is a weakness, alike of the poor and the rich, the educated and uneducated. The device of these swindlers proved to be more profitable than one would have, on first thought, judged possible, so much greater is human credulity than we are wont to consider it. Perhaps credulity is the only thing in the world that we are not apt to overrate. But it is not strange that it should be great touching material things, when in matters of religion the most absurd fancies have, from time immemorial, down through the ages of Oriental, pagan, and other religions to the days of Mohammedanism and Mormonism, had possession of the human soul, ruled nations, gathered armies, and taught millions of millions of human beings to sacrifice each other in death, willingly and proudly. And in the matter of money-getting, where hope may be whetted, in order to inspire the actor,—as in reaching out for a fortune in chancery,—their credulity usurps a wondrous supremacy, and carries all along with it. So many of the most intelligent representatives of the various families addressed by “Lord, King, & Graham” fell as readily into the trap as the least intelligent. Now and then a man, a little more wary than the rest, wrote, wishing to make further inquiries about the property in chancery, how it came to be discovered, what was

its amount, about how many, probably, it would have to be divided between, etc., etc. But he could not, after asking so many questions, neglect to enclose the small amount of a dollar; and the swindlers taking his measure by his letter, would generally reply in so cunning a manner as to finally elicit from him a "contribution" of from twenty-five to a hundred dollars, in order to prosecute the matter in England.

In some instances persons who had received letters wrote that they were coming on to New York in a few days, and would call and talk over the matter. Replies would be made to these, that "*our* Mr. Perkins," or "Mr. Lord," or whatever name the special letter-writer bore, and "who has exclusive charge of the matter in question," is away from home, gone to meet some of the family in — (Kentucky, for example); that he would proceed, immediately on his return, to England, etc., so as to keep the party from making investigations, and finding that there was no such firm as "Lord, King, & Graham," generally managing to conclude the letter in some such way as not only to win the one dollar at once, but to elicit more from the man; as, for instance, suggesting that some of the Perkinses were making up a sum, by the contribution of ten dollars each, to secure special legal talent in England; and intimating that the interests of those who took a generous and manly part in prosecuting the matter would be likely to be better looked out for than would the interests of those who are not so generous. The family pride of the correspondent would often be flattered in such a way as to make him go deeper into his pockets. The recital of affairs, as given me by one of the swindlers, himself a young man of fine education and genius, was very amusing. It was a pity, he said, that they had not preserved all the correspondence. It would have made a most remarkable book, as funny, in parts, as anything Thackeray ever wrote. It was serious and serio-comical; bombastic and Pecksniffianly humble. It represented all grades of society, from the

"Lord" who "drove stage" for a living, up to the "King" who had a seat in Congress. Widows, whose deceased husbands' names had been culled from ten years old directories, wrote mournful stories about "the late Mr. William Lord," or "James Perkins," or whatever the names might have been, and declared that their late partners had always told them there was an immense estate in England for them, and so on. The pious and the less pious each wrote his peculiar letter. But what was most noticeable was, that almost all of them assumed the airs of "nabobs." And why shouldn't they? Were they not on the eve of becoming immensely rich? And what is there in this world, with its grievous labors and trials, comparable to riches? I presume this same sort of trick could be successfully played with almost any family in the land which has an American line extending back of the Revolution, say, for a hundred years, and with many of less age, so great is the desire to get riches. Indeed, there is a lawyer in Vermont who has made the matter of searching out estates in England a study. He spent ten years in England in hunting up genealogies and titles; has a regular partner in London to whom he transmits business from this country, and publishes a good-sized pamphlet filled with the names of families residing in America, and entitled to property in England. This lawyer now and then gets an important case, in which his fees amount to something handsome,—sometimes to twenty thousand dollars.

But this is wandering from the direct line of my story, though, perchance, it is far more interesting than the simple detecting part of the tale. My old friend King left the city, and went home a few days after I accepted the work; but his interest did not flag because he had handed over the matter to another, but rather increased. His letters were very frequent, sometimes three a week, none of which, except the first, did I take the trouble to reply to for a long while. I soon found that I needed more facts

than I had in my possession to enable me to reach any practical result. It was impossible to find any job printer in the city who had ever done a job for "Lord, King, and Graham." Nobody had ever seen the letter-head before, and no one could suggest where the work was probably done. It was not recognized as like the style of anybody. Possibly it was done out of the city; but the fact was, as I afterwards learned, that it had been done privately by a firm which had meanwhile failed in business, and I was baffled on that point. I expected to fail, and so gave but little heed to the matter; but it finally occurred to me that if I could find some King, or somebody else who had received a letter and not replied to it, that he might at that late day make reply in such way as to get into a correspondence with the parties, and I could then have them followed from the post office, or in some other way trap them. About this time I went on to Louisville, Ky., and there encountered a gentleman, one of the King family, — we will call him Lemuel, for a name, — whom I had not met in some fifteen years before. He was a New Yorker by birth, and I had known him when a school-boy. Lemuel was a bright boy, and made a most acute man. When I asked him if he had ever done business with "Lord, King, & Graham," of New York, he laughed outright, and exclaimed, "No; but my George, you knew him, has, and got badly bitten." When I found out this, I disclosed to him my reason for inquiring, and found that he had on file somewhere the letter from "L., K., & G.," which was hunted out, and we coined a letter to the firm, which was calculated to wake up any one of them who should receive it. Mr. King's letter had been found, sealed and unopened of course, in a package of letters, and he wrote hastily, with great anxiety, to know if it was too late yet to be put in the genealogical list for the dollar; and intimated his desire to contribute anything of a reasonable amount to the prosecution of the search and claim for the estate. This letter was posted, and I hurried back to New York,

suspecting that it would appear in the list of advertised letters, as it did; and thinking that it would meet the eye of some one of the firm who would be curious to get it, I had a man stationed in the post office, along with the delivery clerk, and when the man came, as I suspected he would, and asked for the advertised letter, the clerk delayed the delivery long enough to enable my man to get out near the fellow, and follow him. He found that the man entered a law office in Nassau Street, and that the real estate business was also attended to in the same office. So we devised a business call upon the office, and got well acquainted with the man who took out the letter. He caught at this bait, as I soon learned from Louisville, and I carried a letter in reply to his, which led him along till I was fully satisfied that the lawyers and real estate men were all of a piece. I "laid in" with the post office clerk to let me know when a letter bearing Mr. King's monogram, from Louisville, should arrive. The clerk delayed its delivery one day, and I made a call into the office at the time one of the partners went for their mail. He returned smiling, and passed the letter, which he had read, over to the other party. There was an amount of blind talk over it. Finally they excused themselves to retire into the "counsel-room," and coming out, the lawyer sat down and answered the letter. I left the office soon after, and had the letter intercepted at the post office, which I took into my possession.

I then sent to Louisville for the letters which had preceded this, and receiving the same, I now had the writing of two of them in my possession, and I had managed in a business way to possess myself of sundry documents written by each of these men, and I found other parties, too, who could identify the handwriting of each; and having secured these, I advertised in a Philadelphia paper, also in a Boston paper, in one at Utica, and one in Cincinnati, to the effect that any person by the name of King (that for Philadelphia), or any person by the name of Lord (for

Boston), and so on, might hear of something to his advantage by calling on so and so any time during the week. I made arrangements with brother detectives in these places to receive their calls, and instructed them what to say. In this way I became, in the course of two weeks, in possession of abundant facts to convince the firm of Lord, King, & Graham that we had them trapped; and one day, taking an officer along with me, and setting watch till I saw that the two men I have spoken of were in their office, dropped in, and said, "Gentlemen, I have been here often on business affairs, and we have got along very pleasantly, and I have invariably found your advice good; but I've something now which I fear will puzzle you; perhaps you can help me out. By the way, if you please, as it's private, I'll lock the door," stepping towards it.

"O, certainly, certainly," said both of them at once. I locked the door, and putting the key in my pocket, said, "Perhaps, gentlemen, you think I am over-cautious in pocketing the key; but my business is serious, and — you are my prisoners." There was astonishment, and differing shades of color going and coming on their cheeks.

"Give me the key!" exclaimed the lawyer, finally, resuming his composure in a measure. "'Twouldn't do you any good," said I, "for I have brother officers at the door, and the best way is to sit down and talk over the matter coolly. You naturally wish to know why you are my prisoners. I'll tell you. Some months ago you carried on a system of frauds under the name of 'Lord, King, & Graham.' I was lately employed to work up the case. I've all the facts necessary for your conviction; your handwriting, and so forth, and so forth, in my possession;" and then I read them a series of names of those they had swindled, and said, "although I don't need to do so, yet I am going to cause your back office there to be searched." One of them started to rise in his seat. "Sit still, or I shall handcuff you," said I; and I stepped to the door, called in the officer, relocked the door, and put the key in

my pocket, and directed my man to go into the other room and possess himself of all books and papers which he could find there, and search especially for anything bearing on the "Lord, King, & Graham" business — (I had told him all about it before); "and, gentlemen, I propose to take possession of all your papers here." My man was hunting over matters vigorously in the other room while I was at work briskly searching the larger room, when the lawyer rose, and said, "Gentlemen, I see you've got us. I'll give you up what books there are left, and you can make what you please out of them; they won't do you any good, however." "Please to deliver them up, and I will see as to that." They were produced—journals of accounts; and fortunately in one I found three letters written out, but which, for some reason, had never been sent, in the writing of "J. Perkins Graham," which I discovered to be that of the letter written by the lawyer to my friend in Louisville. I also searched the books, and found entries therein in his hand. Taking out his letter from my pocket, "There," said I, "is your late letter to Mr. King, of Louisville. I saw you write it, can prove your hand by a half dozen persons in this building; and that" (taking up a newly-found letter), "is yours, and here are entries in your hand, and I have your friend caught still more firmly. Now you see the relation of things, and we needn't dispute; how will you settle this business? All the expenses I have been to must be met first, and you can't object to paying a handsome sum for the education, discipline, and experience you have had in this business. You've learned a good deal of human nature. I don't propose to be hard with you, but my instructions are to expose you through the public press,—you two, and the rest of you,—for I know you all." There was consternation in their countenances, and I had no great difficulty in bringing them to terms, for I informed them that I knew all about their social standing, and that of their relatives, especially dwelling upon the relatives of one of them who was at that time absent, but

whom I had inextricably caught with the rest. The lawyer was willing, and so was his friend, to submit to "any reasonable terms," an item of which was the returning to those whom they had swindled out of ten dollars and upwards the money they had defrauded them of, as nearly as from the books and memory they could make out, and to bear the expense of such correspondence as I should think necessary. They were also to pay all expenses I had been to, and to give me full wages for the time I had been at work, the account of which made no small sum. There was no need of my holding them under arrest, for they could better afford to come to my terms than to run away and be exposed in the public papers. Besides, they could not think of such a thing on account of their relatives. The father of one of them was a clergyman, in high standing, and the rest held higher social position than he, and the terms were duly complied with on the return of the third party the next day.

I kept possession of the books, had a short letter, in the form of a circular, printed and sent to all the parties whose names were on the books, and were marked with a little cross, which they told me meant those who had responded, in which was set forth the fact of the swindle, with a request that each party should reply as to how much he had lost, especially over ten dollars, and make affidavit of his loss before some notary public or other officer in his vicinity. The amount thus heard from was over three thousand dollars (not counting the several thousands which came in one dollar at a time). On the three thousand and upwards I charged, as permitted to do, ten per cent. for "collecting;" but it was a bothersome business, and vexed me more than it profited me. My acquaintance got to be somewhat intimate with these sharpers, who were all men of education, and very adroit, as the reader may well conceive, from the fact of their perpetrating their frauds on some of the shrewdest and most important men in the land. They kept files of some of their letters, as well as

copy-books, which revealed the most consummate skill on their part. Indeed, as I said before, I sometimes hardly knew whether to swear, to laugh, or be indignant over this subtle fraud.

Old Mr. King, who first employed me, was delighted with the detection of the villains, but could never forgive me for not exposing them to the public. However, he took all the credit which was fairly due him, if not more, and considered that the good name of King in America was at last preserved from the shame which easy imposition had brought it, and used to say that the Lords, Perkinses, and Grahams of the country all owed the Kings a great debt of gratitude. But as my name is not King, I sometimes used to reflect that perhaps they owed gratitude to some others than Kings as well, for the largest share of the money returned went to Lords and Perkinses. Not a Graham, save one in North Carolina, had been defrauded of over one dollar. For many it proved better to have been swindled out of ten dollars or more, than it would have been to have lost only a dollar, — a paradox, with a moral in it, which I leave to the reader's solution.

HATTIE NEWBERRY, THE VERMONT BEAUTY.

“SOCIETY, FOR THE MOST PART, CREATES THE CRIMES WHICH IT PUNISHES”
— A BEAUTIFUL GIRL ON THE CARS FROM RUTLAND, VERMONT, ON THE WAY TO BELLOWS’ FALLS, BESET BY NEW YORK ROGUES — A DETECTIVE RECOGNIZES IN HER THE FORMER PLAYMATE OF HIS OWN DAUGHTER — HE ENCOUNTERS THE ROGUES AT BELLOWS’ FALLS, AND KNOCKS ONE OF THEM DOWN IN THE LADIES’ ROOM — THEY ALL TAKE THE NEXT TRAIN, AND MOVE SOUTHWARD, ON THEIR WAY TO NEW YORK — INCIDENTS OF THE JOURNEY — A THIRD VILLAIN GETS ABOARD AT HARTFORD, CONN. — WHY HATTIE WAS GOING TO NEW YORK — AN OLD TALE — THE DETECTIVE GIVES HATTIE MUCH GOOD ADVICE — A SKILFUL MANŒUVRE, ON ARRIVING IN NEW YORK, TO PUT THE ROGUES OFF THE TRACK — A PAINFUL DISCOVERY AT LAST — A DEEP, DEVILISH PLOT OF THE VILLAINS DRIVES HATTIE TO DESPAIR, AND SHE IS RESCUED FROM A SUICIDE’S GRAVE — THE ROGUES PROVE TO BE THE MOST HEARTLESS OF VILLAINS, AND ARE CAUGHT, AND DULY PUNISHED — HATTIE RETURNS EVENTUALLY TO VERMONT, AFTER HAVING MARRIED HER OLD LOVER — THIS TALE IS ONE OF THE SADDEST AS WELL AS MOST INTERESTING OF EXPERIENCES THROUGHOUT.

It was my original intention when I contracted with my publishers for these sketches from my diary, to avoid such narratives as hinged upon matters of love between the sexes, and especially to avoid all those matters of abduction of females for unholy purposes, the detection and exposure of the schemes of procuresses, or the rescuing from a life of infamy girls of respectable parentage and home surroundings, from both the country and city — matters which frequently come into the hands of detectives, and with which old detectives, in particular, are painfully conversant. I could fill a quarto volume with what has come under my own eye of that nature, with recitals far more romantic in their truthfulness than are the cunning de-

vices of the most imaginative novelists. Indeed, the more astute novelists of the sensation school are wise enough to gather instruction, and obtain from interviews with detectives the plots which they work up, out of facts given them by these officers. In my own experience I have been, indeed (at one time especially, when it seemed to me as if all the scribblers had gone mad upon sensation tales), harassed and vexed by what we would now term "interviews," fishing from me the issues of this or that experience. It was my purpose, to which I shall adhere, of course, to give publicity to not a line in these narratives which may not properly fall under the eye of the most fastidious or the most innocent child. Nevertheless, such is the course of life the detective is obliged to lead, finding himself frequently among the vilest characters, — thieves, gamblers, highway robbers, unfortunate and lost women, and wretches too low and vile to be named here, even by the crimes or base offences which they commit, — that it is almost impossible to give the full history of anything, with all the incidents of a nature interesting (in some respects) which may have attended it. The scenes which occur in New York, for example, in one day, if gathered into a book, such as the regular police force and the detectives might furnish, would astound the uninitiated; and were they recited in all their details, would, many of them, horrify and disgust, as well as "astound," the reader. At this writing there are crowding upon my memory many occurrences in my life, that I have been called to take a part in, which would hardly be fit for these pages, in view of the extreme immorality that generated them, or follows in their trail, which yet have their romantic side. Most of these affairs, to which I now especially refer, relate to the life of fallen women, their first enticements from the path of virtue, their utter ruin, or their final rescue. But it were better that the public remain ignorant of these things as far forth as possible, than to be well informed. Yet the eye of sympathy

cannot but fill with tears of pity over the ruined and wronged ; and as I write, I feel a strong impulse to go aside from my original intention in these tales, and mingle with them recitals of horrible personal wrongs suffered, and the lives of infamy led by many females, whom better surroundings than they enjoyed, or more benevolence and kindness than they received, might have saved, and elevated to places as comparatively dignified in the world as the position they now occupy is base and degraded.

“Society,” it is true, as a great philosopher has aptly said, “creates, for the most part, the crimes which it punishes ;” and though the detective, in the pursuit of his calling, is apt to become merciless towards the really guilty, and to condemn them outright, — declaring that they could, if they would, do better, — he knows that it would, a thousand times, seem that the very “conspiracy of circumstances” irresistibly impels men on to the commission of crimes, and in his reason he is more lenient towards his fellow-men than his profession permits him to be in practice. But there are villains in the world who seem to combine with base desires and notions a persistency in the expression of them which never wearies. They pursue their base objects with a tirelessness which would be most admirable in a good cause. Indeed, virtue, save as exemplified in the characters of a few great souls, grows weary and careless, and turns almost to vice, long before the perseverance of these villains would turn from its course of wrong. There seems to be a romantic impulse for some in the very trials that beset the path of crime. The more hair-breadth escapes to be made, the more eagerly do these villains seem to enter upon their course. But I must not stop to moralize farther here. Unwilling to recite any tale of my own experience of the kind to which I have alluded, as related to the rescuing of intended female victims from the snares of the despoiler, which now comes to my mind, I will recall, as clearly as I can, the story of a brother detective. I was coming from Buffalo,

in 1859, and chanced to enter the car in which he was seated, on his way to New York, from a successful professional mission at the further West, and fortunately found a seat with him in the same chair. We occupied our time mostly as detectives, when travelling together, are apt to, in the narration of our professional experiences; and let me say here, that of all "story-tellers," the best I have ever listened to are detectives,—the most "apt scholars" usually of human nature,—and what is more, they always have truths enough of a startling kind to tell, to be under no necessity of "drawing on the imagination."

Thus ran his story of "Hattie Newberry:"—I may get places and names, in some particulars, not exactly correct. I merely wish to present the substance; and I remember it more particularly, because the case he cited was in so many respects like one of mine, which, however, had features which would be unfit for display in these pages. But to the narrative.

My friend said, that once on his way from Vermont, he took the cars at Proctorsville, I believe, below Rutland, coming south; that he had not been long on the cars before he observed a couple of men whom, by their "flashy" dress, and certain signs unmistakable by the "initiated," he knew to be either New York or Boston cutthroats of some sort. He thought he had encountered them somewhere before; and as he was on a peculiar mission, connected with the subject-matter of which these very men *might* be, he kept his eye on them, watching their manners with each other. He discovered that they had some iniquity on hand, as he thought, or were very gleesome over some already secured success, or something of the kind. He observed, too, that they frequently turned their attention to a young lady who was sitting alone in the front seat of the car, by the door, near the stove; and by and by these fellows got up, and went forward to her, and commenced talking, and it was evident from her manner that she had seen them before, and that she wished to

avoid them. They tried to affect a familiarity with her, offered her something to drink which they carried in flasks, and so conducted, in short, as to attract the attention of the car full of passengers, who seemed disgusted with their movements. It was evident to my friend that something was wrong; and eventually, as the cars stopped at Bellows' Falls for a change of passengers to another train for those going down, my friend caught a glimpse of the young lady's face, which he had not seen before, sitting, as he was, some distance behind her, and at once he reflected that he had seen her somewhere, and ought to know her. She was startlingly beautiful, not only in the regularity of her features, but in the expression of her face—"the most beautiful being I ever saw in all my travels," to use his own declaration. He felt a great interest in her; and now that he had seen her pure, beautiful face, he understood well enough that the two villains had no proper acquaintance with her; that they were only harassing her, and had some low design regarding her. The cars waited at the Falls for some fifteen minutes before the other train would come in, and my friend, leaving the gentlemen's room, wherein the two men in question were, among others, partaking of refreshments, and "giggling" over their pretty designs, and talking about "her," "that bully gal," etc., and smacking their lips with evident delight over some contemplated victory,—he sauntered into the ladies' room, and proceeded towards the young lady, who arose, moved towards him, and giving him her hand, called him by name. He was astonished as well as delighted that she knew him.

"But, miss, I am sorry I cannot call you by name. I think I must have known you," said he.

"Why, then," she replied, "you have forgotten 'little Hattie Newberry,' whom you used to dance so much on your knees, along with your Jane."

"O, no, I've not," said he, grasping her hand, and shaking it heartily, but tenderly, for the tears came into his

eyes ; for his Jane, to whom Miss Hattie referred, was dead, and he called to mind how dearly she loved "little Hattie." Ten years had passed since he had seen Hattie. She was then a "wee bit of a thing" of her age, and she was not very large now, though grown to full womanhood, as exquisitely moulded in form as she was beautiful of face. My friend had married a Vermont girl, he himself being a native of New Jersey. The illness of his wife had led them to remove to a little town somewhere above Rutland, — New Haven, I believe, but may be that is not it, — for a summer, in which place he had first known Hattie, when but a child of six years of age. His little daughter Jane was just her age, having been born on the very same day that she was, and the two little creatures, just the opposites, however, in complexion, color of hair and eyes, and quite unlike in all respects, fell into the warmest mutual friendship. "They had not a single taste alike," said he. "Jane was a great romp, loved to be out in the stables with the horses and cows, was full of boisterous life ;" but Hattie was as mild as her own blue eyes, and as delicate as her fine, glossy hair. "It was a strange affection these children had for each other," he said ; "very beautiful, and I used to be constantly with them when there." He used to spend a month or so of each summer there, while the wife staid from the last of May, he said, into October. For three years his wife made the little town her summer home, and these children grew more and more together. Ten years had gone, and Hattie was now in her nineteenth year, — a beautiful woman, into whose countenance her advanced years had thrown just enough of spirit to make her interesting, — with an air of sweet, just ripe maturity about her, which gave my friend an inkling of what the two villains were pursuing her for. Pretty soon my friend introduced the subject of her "friends," — her two "fellow-travellers," — and she shrugged her shoulders with an expression of mingled disgust and dread, and said, "You are going down?"

"Yes."

"O, I am so glad, for you'll be company for me, and keep those mean men away from me — won't you?"

"Why, certainly. Where did you meet them first?"

"They came on at Rutland, I think, and the impudent fellows have tried to talk with me all the way down. At first I said a few words to them, and told them I was going to New York, and they've left their seats several times, and come forward to me."

"Yes, I've noticed them," said my friend, "and that's why I came in here, not expecting to find Hattie Newberry, but sure that you, whoever you are, were being persecuted by those villains, and needed protection."

"O, you are so good," said she, "and I shall be so glad to go with you. I did not know what to do, but I had thought that if they got into the same cars with me on the next train, that I would speak to the conductor about them, or go out into another car. They had the impudence to ask me to take some liquor with them, and I do not think they were drunk."

Their conversation had proceeded to this point, when into the ladies room boisterously came the two men. "Here's the darling," said one, approaching her, bringing cakes, etc., in their hands. "And you must take something with us." She declined, and turned her face away, when my friend said to them, "She doesn't want anything — don't trouble her."

"Yes, she does, too," said one, and the larger of the men; "and she mustn't be bashful — must take it. See here, sis," said he, and placed his hand familiarly on her shoulder to turn her around; at which she shuddered, and gave my friend such a look that he couldn't control himself, "if 'twas in the ladies' room," and dealt the fellow such a blow in the face with his brawny arm — for though he was not very large, he was a Hercules in strength, and as skilful with his fists as a prize-fighter — as stretched him flat upon the floor.

"This young lady is under my protection, and if you harass her any more, I'll break your head," said he, as the scamp "gathered" himself up, and looked for an instant at my friend, perceiving then, perhaps, that the plain-looking man, whom he had quite likely taken for a "common country fellow," was something of a genius in the art of self-defence, as well as that of offence, for my friend was on his "pose," ready to resist the attacks of the two.

The scamps almost instantly decamped, and about this time the expected train arrived, and my friend led Hattie to a car. Into the same the two men came; but my friend, rising, and looking about at them as they passed back, and they perceiving him, they said something to each other, and turned about, and went into a forward car. My friend hoped that that was the last of them; but at several stopping-places on the road, one of them—not the one who got the blow—would saunter through their car, as if looking for some new in-comer, but evidently to feast his eyes on Hattie's beauty,—so my friend thought.

After being well seated in the cars, my friend called to mind, that, not long before, his wife had heard from some of the relatives in Hattie's native village, with whom she kept up an occasional correspondence, that Hattie Newberry was engaged to a young man by the name of Dwight Phelps, a member of a quite wealthy family in that place; and he wondered if Hattie was going to New York to get "fixed up" for the marriage, for he knew that she had some relatives there somewhere, and his curiosity led him to inquire if she was going to stay long in New York.

"Yes, perhaps so. I am going with my cousin Charlotte,—going to work in the same store with her. She's been trying to have me come for a long time, and at last I've made up my mind to go." Hattie's parents were poor people; industrious and respectable, but with quite a large family; and Mr. Newberry himself, never a very "touch" man, as they express it in Vermont, and ill a good deal,

they had hard work enough to make ends meet, and send the children to school, and all that.

"O, so you are going to live in New York! How's that? Let me see; it seems to me that somebody wrote to my wife a few weeks ago, that you and young Dwight Phelps were to be married; and so I supposed you'd always stay up there."

Hattie blushed, and replied, "O, there was such a rumor; but that's all over now." She tried to be cheerful, but a sigh, which did not escape my friend's ear, and a sad look, for an instant, which did not escape his eye, revealed to him that something had gone wrong with her; and he finally found, on joking her a little about the matter, kindly, that young Phelps's father, who was a sort of a miser, was in the way; that he wanted his son to marry some rich girl, or not a poor one in money, at least, however poor she might otherwise be; and the young man was in his father's hands, so far as pecuniary means were concerned, and would not be independent enough to think of marrying soon. The old man Phelps had threatened to disinherit him if he married against his will; and she had determined to not make difficulty in the family, and was on her way to New York, at her cousin's solicitation, to go to work where she could earn something, and help her father and mother support the family. The subject was a painful one for Hattie to descant upon, and my friend addressed himself to other matters of conversation. Hattie informed him that her cousin, Charlotte Keeney, was the chief clerk in a confectioner's establishment, with a neat restaurant attached, in Sixth Avenue, near Twelfth Street, New York, the proprietor of which was a certain Mr. Henry —— (Brown, for a name) — a popular, thriving business man, of the rigid school of morals; just, generous, and kindly in manners, but as fixed in his opinions, and as relentless against evil-doers, and as unforgiving of actual moral delinquencies, as if he had been carved out of the "ribs" of the Mayflower — (before she became a slave-ship); a sort of wooden-headed man in all matters of mor-



RESCUE OF HATTIE NEWBERRY. — As she rose, struggling and puffing, she seized it.

als; a descendant of the Puritan stock. This fact lightened my friend's regret that Hattie had resolved to go to the city to live, for he chanced to know Mr. Brown's reputation, otherwise he would have felt it his duty to say more to her of the perils and trials of city life than he did. He said, as he looked upon her wonderful beauty, and thought how many girls, almost as beautiful, had found city life full of thorns; had borne sad trials, and suffered deathly sorrows, principally through the fact of their exquisite beauty; and reflected, too, that she was going there with a wound upon her heart, and therefore less likely to resist the city's temptations,—his heart quite overcame him, and he wanted to take her directly into his own family, and as a father protect her.

Along the route, as I have observed before, he noticed the impertinence of the two men, constantly seeking to get a sight at Hattie whenever the cars stopped. My friend (call him Frederick Daniels) was greatly annoyed by this; but it gave him occasion to descant to Hattie upon the character of certain heartless beings she might meet with in the city, and to advise her touching the companionships she might make. But Hattie thought that in her cousin Charlotte's riper experience she should find sufficient protection, and she seemed to look upon Charlotte as a wonder of wisdom as well as of goodness; and Mr. Daniels, reflecting that Mr. Brown's must be as safe a place as any for a young lady, probably contented himself with asking Hattie to visit his family as often as she could; but he lived far up town, and on the other side of the city from Mr. Brown's, so it was not likely that she could find time, save on Sundays, and then she would be obliged to walk much to get to his house. But she promised him to visit his family when she could, and to always come to him if she needed aid or protection of any kind. The journey was passed pleasantly on to New York, without notable incident, save that at Hartford, where the cars were delayed for some time on account of an accident which had

occurred on the road some miles below: the two men were met by a man of the same character with them, evidently, and who gave them something to drink from his flask, theirs being apparently empty, and which fired one of them into unusual impudence, which made him annoying to Hattie and Mr. Daniels — breaking in at times into the ladies' sitting-room in the depot, whither they had gone, with other passengers, for "sake of change" from the cars. Mr. Daniels, it chanced, knew this third man, who seemed to have no memory that he had ever run across Mr. D. before; and knowing him, Mr. D. was not at a loss where to place them. He told Hattie that they were gamblers, and worse; besides, probably being pickpockets. She, in her innocence, was surprised to learn that so well-dressed men as these could be so low in character, and Mr. D. felt that she almost questioned his judgment. So, hoping to impress her with the danger of "trusting to appearances," in a great city especially, he told her such tales about such elegantly-dressed scoundrels as came into his mind; and filled up the time of the journey with such lessons as he thought might be of use to Hattie, and put her on her guard against evil.

Mr. Daniels chanced to observe that the third villain took passage with the other two from Hartford, and he saw that this man had become more interested, if possible, in Hattie than the other two, if anything was to be judged by the more extreme eagerness with which he eyed her. The third villain, whose name or *alias* was, as Mr. D. knew, "Harland," was a more accomplished man than the rest. He hailed from Meriden, Conn., where it was said he was quite respectably related, and had at one time occupied a respectable business position in New York; but turning to sporting, he at last got involved, and operated some adroit forgeries, and had been connected with a swindling bogus lottery. It was in the detection and breaking up of this concern that my friend Daniels had come across Harland. This man had lost his best old

friends, who discarded him outright, he being obliged to take up with a low class of society; yet there was a natural, or educated pride in him, which probably suffered much from his debasement, and which prompted him to make tools of these beings, whom he regarded, notwithstanding his fraternizing with them, as inferior beings. Mr. Daniels felt a renewed interest for Hattie when he considered this adroit man; and the fear came over him that the rascal would, in some way, manage to make himself felt by her to her sorrow; and he told Hattie that the fellow would as likely as not seek her out in her employment, and that the place she was going to, being open to the public, he would doubtless find her out; but that if he did, she must not allow him to make her acquaintance, beyond what her necessity as a clerk would demand of her allowing. She promised him to observe his advice. My friend, with his usual shrewdness, had preconceived that these villains would endeavor to follow Hattie, to see where she went on her arrival in New York; and when the passengers alighted from the cars, he was not surprised to find these men near him, watching his movements; and to thwart them, he took Hattie and her trunk, by coach, to the hotel, intending, as he did, to soon after take her to her place of designation on Sixth Avenue, and to send from there some trusty man for her trunk. The scoundrels followed in another coach, and kept close behind him, alighted at the same hotel, and registered their names just below his and Hattie's. "Fred. Harland," "Edward Rowe," and "Philip Jas. McHenry," were the entries, in the bold and elegant hand of Harland. Mr. Daniels procured a room for himself and one for Hattie, who began now to see the desperate course which these men would pursue, and was very willing to be guided by Daniels, to avoid being followed by these fellows. Mr. Daniels, not being willing to be kept close prisoner there by these men,—and the night was coming on, too, and he wished to be at home,—went out to a trusty friend's store, advised him of what was going on,

and asked him to allow one of his lady clerks, about Hattie's size, to go to the hotel parlor, the gentleman to follow soon; and the girl, "for the fun of the thing, if nothing more," as she giddily said, acquiescing, made entry to the hotel parlor, whence Mr. Daniels took her to Hattie's room, and caused her to assume Hattie's hat and shawl, in exchange for which Hattie took hers; and after the merchant had come over to the hotel, and had been made acquainted with Hattie, Mr. Daniels took the young lady, and proceeded through the hall to the street; and acting as if utterly oblivious or careless of the existence of these fellows, passed on, with his thickly-veiled charge upon his arm, down the street. In crossing to the opposite side, at no great distance from the hotel, he had opportunity to look back without being suspected, and saw Harland, and the man "Rowe" (the one whom he had knocked down at Bellows' Falls), following slowly, but with eyes bent upon him. He would have been better satisfied had he seen the third following him. The young lady liked the sport, and Daniels led the fellows quite a chase, and finally brought about to the store of his friend, trusting that the latter's sagacity had enabled him meanwhile to leave the hotel with Hattie, and take her to Mr. Brown's, on Sixth Avenue.

He had told Hattie to take the key of her room with her, and give it to his friend. The surprise of the scamps in seeing Mr. Daniels come away from this store, and leave "Hattie" there, must have been considerable. Mr. D. went back to the hotel, and to his joy found that the merchant had gone with the real Hattie; and he withdrew to the store again, and awaited his return, which he made in good time. It was then arranged that the porter of the store should be sent for Hattie's trunk, and it be brought there. Mr. D. went with the porter, paid the bills, and took the trunk, brought it to the store, whence the next day it was sent to Hattie's new home, and Mr. D. then betook himself to his own home, — feeling that his stratagem had saved Hattie much annoyance in the future,

and perhaps much suffering. The next day the ladies re-exchanged, through the porter, their hats and shawls, and Mr. Daniels, being called away from the city soon on business, and being exceedingly occupied for some two months and over, had almost lost memory of Hattie altogether. She, however, called at his house once in the mean while, in his absence from home, and had a cheerful "reunion" with the wife and the family. Mrs. Daniels took the greatest interest in her, and regarded her beauty as something "almost superhuman," she said. She knew that as a child she bade fair to become a beautiful woman; but the change had been so great in her in the last eight years (for Mrs. Daniels had seen her once since her husband had, before the latter's late meeting with her), that she would not have known her at first, had she not given her her name, and then could barely recognize that it was she.

Mrs. Daniels gladly accepted the husband's invitation to "go down and call on Hattie Newberry," which they did; and on entering the confectioner's shop, what was Mr. Daniels's astonishment and horror, on discovering there both Harland and McHenry, in cheery conversation with one of the girls, whom he took, and who so proved, to be Charlotte Keeney, Hattie's cousin! Evidently they were old acquaintances of hers. Mr. and Mrs. Daniels passed by them, on to where they discovered Hattie, who saluted them cordially, asked them into the little rear saloon, and called in her employer, Mr. Brown, to whom she presented them as old friends, who "used to live in Vermont." They had a charming visit with Hattie, who was released from her engagements by her kind employer, in order to entertain them, and Mr. Brown sent in confections and "goodies" for them to carry back to their family, and gave them much of his attention besides. Mr. Daniels was indignant to find those two men there; but he knew not precisely what to do. Had they hunted out Hattie, or were they old acquaintances of Charlotte, and had found Hattie there by accident when calling on the former? Were they time-old

customers of the place, or recent comers? These and such like questions occupied his mind. He wanted to speak to Mr. Brown, and tell him of the character of these men; but they might be good customers, — certainly they were lavish with their money that night, — and it was clear that Charlotte liked them; indeed she seemed fond of them, and Mr. Daniels hesitated as to what to do, for fear of giving offence. He knew the reputation of Mr. Brown, to be sure, and that he would not wish his clerks to be on terms of friendship with such villains, if he knew their true character. But then he, Daniels, was a comparative stranger to Mr. Brown, and why should Brown accept his single word as against such well-behaved "gentlemen," who were good customers, too. Besides, business men, however good they may be themselves, exist upon, and make their money out of, their customers; and whoever should enter upon a close scrutiny of the character of his patrons in New York, would be apt to find nine scamps in every ten persons. The fact is, that the greed for money is so great in New York, and all over the country, that the best men come to be as polite to their most wicked patrons and customers, as to those of high and noble characters.

Mr. Daniels, as a detective, whose business it is to "mind other people's business" in some respects, felt more keenly than most men feel the like, the propriety and expediency of minding his own business, and was cautious in his proceedings therefore. He made up his mind to say nothing to any one except Hattie, at first, at least; and so, when she, and his wife, and himself were quite alone together, he spoke to her of these men as the ones whom they had encountered on the cars, and whom she had escaped. What was not his astonishment when he found that she did not recognize them as such. It appeared that Harland was an old friend of Charlotte, of whom Charlotte had, in fact, written her before she came on, — speaking of her having been, the night before her letter was dated, to the theatre, with her friend, Mr.

Harland, "a very fine, spirited gentleman," etc., whom Hattie would like, she thought. Mr. Daniels had not mentioned the names of these men to Hattie on the day of her escape from the hotel. It had not occurred to him to do that; and when, in the course of a week or two after her arrival at Mr. Brown's, Harland called on Charlotte, who received him joyfully, and after a while presented him in warm terms to Hattie, she of course did not recognize him by his name, though she thought she'd seen him somewhere; but she reflected that on her way to her boarding-house—for she did not board with Charlotte—she saw many noticeable men, and probably had encountered him somewhere in going or coming. But notwithstanding Mr. Daniels's assurance, she could not identify either of the men as having been aboard the cars that day; and it was evident that they had made quite a pleasant impression upon her mind. They had been there quite often; and Mr. Daniels, from what he saw of their sly glances towards Hattie, discovered that it was she, rather than Charlotte, whom they came most to see. But Mr. Daniels was not willing to leave without making some further effort in Hattie's behalf; and he asked her to call Charlotte into the room, to see him and his wife, while Hattie should wait upon the customers, and especially these men. He thought that possibly Hattie might yet call them to mind as the scamps who pursued her that day.

It was evident to him that the men recognized him, and were bound to stay as long as he did, and entertain Charlotte. They proved themselves "good customers" that night, if never before; in fact, Hattie confessed that she thought they had bought more that night than in all their calls before. She went, at Mr. Daniels's request, and asked Charlotte to go into the little room; and Charlotte said she would "soon." The men heard the request, and it was clear that they meant that she should not go, and so they kept chatting on; but Hattie, going out again, and evincing some anxiety, Charlotte excused herself to the men, and

went, not however till Harland, calling her back after she had gone a few steps after Hattie, said something to her. She came to the table where Mr. and Mrs. Daniels were sitting, and thanked them for their wish to see her, but said they must excuse her; that they saw how occupied she was, and that Mr. Brown, though a kind, generous man, was very earnest in wishing his clerks to do their full duty, and not lose a chance to trade. She hoped they would come again, and find her more at leisure. Of course Mr. Daniels could have nothing to reply to this, but to thank her, etc., and she bowed herself away pleasantly, and so Daniels was foiled in that move; and at last, contented himself with earnest advice to Hattie to let these men alone, to avoid them all she could, and to tell Charlotte their true character, and that they were the men who persecuted her on the day of her arrival. Hattie promised to heed Mr. Daniels's advice, and she told Charlotte about the men, on the first good opportunity that she had; but Charlotte could not believe it, especially as Hattie had not recognized Harland before, and confessed that she could not yet call him to mind. "But Mr. Daniels cannot be mistaken," said she. "I did not look the men in their faces much. I avoided them, and would not be apt to remember them in other dress, and coming here as your old friends." But Charlotte would not be persuaded, and believed Mr. Daniels mistaken. Indeed, she finally told Hattie that Harland said he had seen her friend, Mr. Daniels, somewhere before; couldn't say where; but that he was a man of poor character he knew, and he wondered Hattie allowed him and his wife to call on her. This, Mr. Daniels heard long after from Hattie's lips. That night Mr. D. went home down-hearted, feeling that he had failed to impress Hattie sufficiently of her danger; but he had made her promise him, that if she ever had any serious trouble she would seek his aid, and that she would call on him and his family, whenever she could find it convenient to do so.

Time went on, and though Mr. Daniels's mind frequently

reverted to Hattie, yet his business cares did not allow him to visit her. He made up his mind that night that the wretches intended to possess themselves of her in some way, and that they would carry out their vile purpose if possible. He talked with Mrs. Daniels about it. Such beauty as Hattie's would not fade easily, and such a prize as she would be sought. He hoped she'd make the acquaintance of some good man, and get married, and thus be saved from trouble; but he reflected that these villains would manage to keep such men as that away from her. As for themselves, even if either of them was moved by her beauty to love her, he probably then had a half dozen wives somewhere; and would prefer her as mistress rather than wife, even if he were unmarried. Mrs. Daniels had no fear for Hattie; which consoled Mr. Daniels somewhat. She said she *knew* that such a girl as Hattie could take care of herself as against the seducers. She felt in her woman's nature that there was something in Hattie's composition which the despoiler could not corrupt, and which would be her protection; besides, Hattie's duties required her services evenings, and these men had not much opportunity to ply their villanous arts. Mr. Daniels deferred a good deal to his wife's judgment in this, and felt more easy — and time wore on.

Three or four more months had passed, and one night, just as Mr. Daniels had returned home, there was a violent ringing of his door-bell, which he answered on the spot, not having yet removed his overcoat. The messenger had come for him, with imploring word from Hattie Newberry, that he should at once come to the Jefferson Market Station to see her. She was in trouble: charged with crime, and was almost frantic; had been rescued, an hour before, from the North River, where she had attempted to drown herself, and was calling, in incoherent terms, his name, and much which they could not make out. He must go at once, and he did, with a willing but a sad heart. He revolved all sorts of possibilities in his mind as he accom-

panied the messenger, and arriving at the station-house, found there poor Hattie, who, recognizing him, rushed upon him, threw her arms about his neck, and exclaimed, "O, if I had but minded your good advice. I am not guilty ! not guilty !—and I wanted to die." "No, no, Hattie, you are not guilty," he replied ; "no matter what the charge is, you are not guilty of any crime." At this point a brother detective stepped up, one of Mr. Daniels's best friends. His clothes were still wet, and Daniels exclaimed, "What, was it you, Montgomery, that rescued my child here from the water? God bless you!" "Yes,"—and Montgomery, pulling him by his sleeve, as if to take him away, he said to Hattie, "Be calm, Hattie, you are my child, and nothing shall hurt you ; excuse me a moment, I'll be right back." "Yes, yes," interposed Montgomery, who was a splendid officer, and greatly respected by all about the station, "I assure you that what Mr. Daniels says is right. You shall not be harmed, and we'll be back soon."

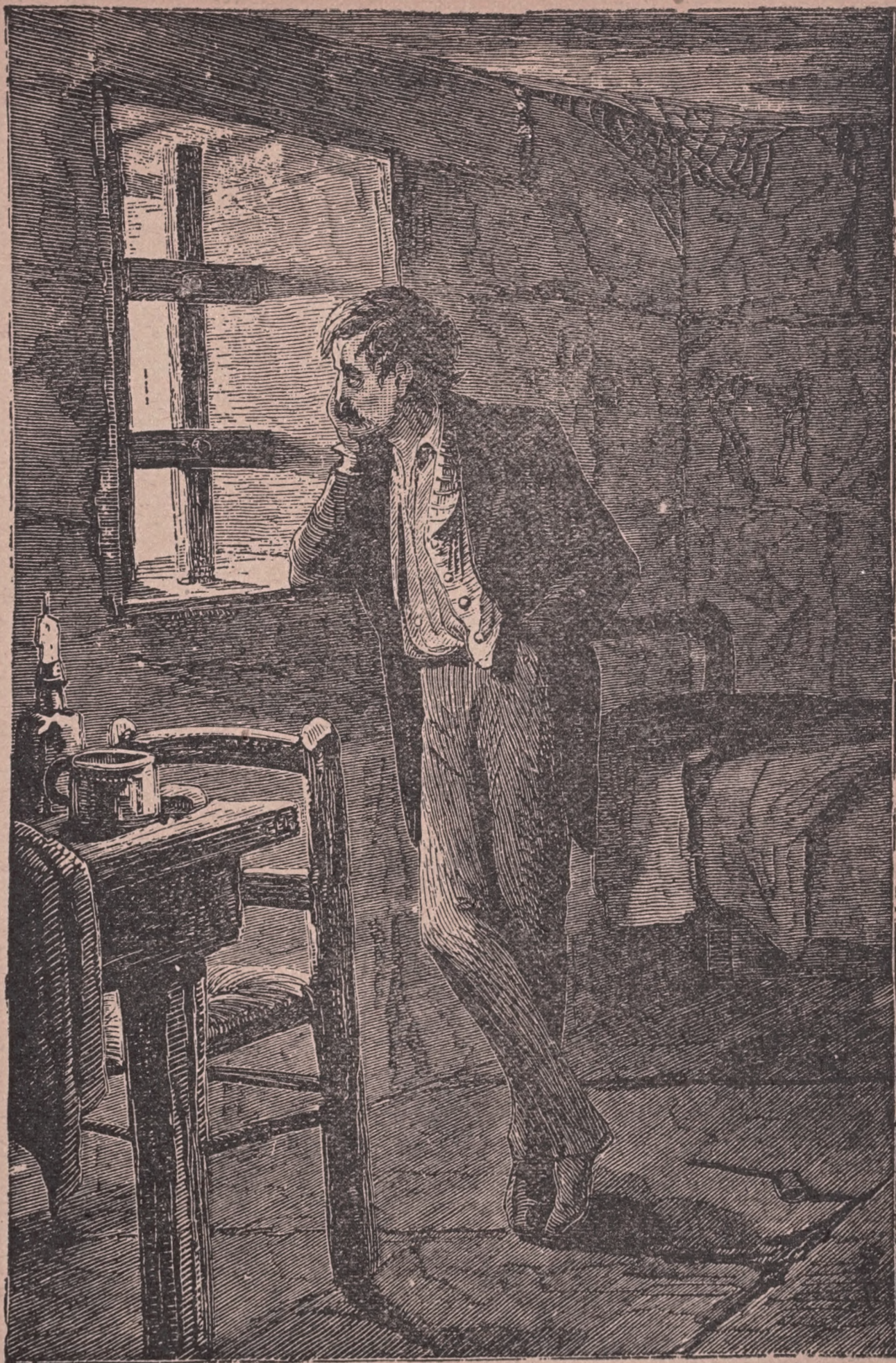
Daniels and Montgomery went aside, and the latter said, "Tell me all about this girl, Daniels. I never saw such beauty. I thought one spell she'd drag me down, but I would have gone under willingly to save her ; and when she called your name I was glad, for I knew all was right somehow—but I haven't questioned her much ; indeed, she's been half delirious till you came ; but I see her eye is getting natural." Montgomery then went on to tell him how he happened to be down near the wharf, saw a well-dressed girl running in such a mad way as to arrest his attention, and he followed her, and saw her plunge off the dock, but not before she had paused a second, and looked about, when he caught sight of her wondrous face. His first thought was, that she was some unfortunate of the town, who had resolved to end her unhappy career ; but he stripped off his outer coat and boots, and ran along some logs which were lying in the water, and reached out a pole to her which he had caught up. As she rose, puff-

ing and struggling, she seized it, and he saw that the water had chilled out her purpose of suicide; and, indeed, she cried for help, and he plunged in, finding the water deeper than he thought, and had a hard struggle to get out with her, for she was frantic, and grasped his arms so that he could hardly use them. He had gotten assistance and a carriage, and had taken her to the station, and quickly after arriving there had encountered an officer, who said he was after her; that she was a thief, had stolen a diamond ring of great value, "and, of course, lots of other things," as he said. But Montgomery would not give her up till Daniels came, after hearing her call for him. This was all that Montgomery knew about the matter.

Dry clothes had been procured for Hattie, and she had recovered from her fright a little when Daniels came. Daniels told Montgomery all about her, and they both believed her innocent, and resolved to save her. The charge was surely false, they said, and they went back to her, dismissed those about her, and asked her to tell them her trouble, which, in her plain, simple way she did. She had been charged by Harland with having filched from him a valuable diamond ring, worth three hundred dollars. She had denied it; and Harland had asked her to let her room be searched, and she had willingly done so; and in company with an officer, she had gone to her room with Charlotte and Mr. and Mrs. Brown, and allowed the search; and there, to her consternation, in her own reticule, wrapped up in a little white paper, was found the very ring Harland had described. "The villain slipped it in there in the search!" exclaimed Daniels. "No, no," said she, "Mr. Brown opened the box, and found the reticule, and examined it himself. Harland did not touch it." "Did he examine anything?" "No, he didn't touch anything," said she. "Mr. Brown and Mrs. Brown did the searching; he looked on." "Then," said Montgomery, "the villain had, in some way, got the ring in there. He

knew what the search would result in,—felt sure of his game.”

Mr. Brown was convinced of the girl's guilt, and was going to discharge her. He was dreadfully perplexed by it, for he had thought Hattie the best of girls; but her guilt was so apparent to him as to excite his old Puritan sense of justice. Mercy lost its hold in his heart, but he consented, at Harland's suggestion, to let her stay a day or so longer. Harland said, that now he had got his ring he did not care to punish her; that he presumed she had been sorely tempted by it, for she had seen it in his possession, and he knew well enough when she took it. He thought it too bad to not give her another trial; but Mr. Brown would have no thief in his employ, but would let her stay a day or two,—but not to work,—till Harland could get her a place. When Daniels and Montgomery got to this part of her story, they could account for the man's villany; and consulting with each other away from Hattie, concluded to send at once for Mrs. Daniels, for they saw that there were probably things which Hattie would prefer to tell to a woman. While the carriage was gone for Mrs. D., they learned further of Hattie's story: that she partly loved Harland, that she was innocent of the theft, and somehow suspected him of having planned to destroy her character. The light began that day to open upon her mind, and she loathed him; and so dreadful were her feelings, and so deep her sense of wrong at Mr. Brown's hands, in that he had no charity for her, that, brooding over it all, and thinking what a horrible story would reach her home about her, she got frenzied, and resolved to put an end to her life. She expected Harland at about such an hour, and the nearer that approached the more terrible her condition seemed to be; and finally, life seeming unendurable longer, she had rushed from the house, as it would seem, just about the time Harland and the officer with him had come. This would account for the appearance of the officer whom Montgomery had seen.



RESTELL AT SING SING.

"That scamp is no officer," exclaimed Montgomery, when he came to hear this, for he was the same man, she said, who had accompanied Harland on the day of the search. "I thought I had seen him before. Do you go, Daniels, and meet him, for he may know me. I think it is a wretch by the name of Harry Restell; and if it is he, you'll discover a slit in the lobe of the left ear, shaped liked an inverted 'V,' and if you notice further, you'll see a slight inclination of the head to the left side, as if the cords of the neck, on the left side, were a little shorter than on the other, and stiff. If you find so much, make his acquaintance pleasantly, get him to talk with you, and go with you about the cells, and without ceremony shut him in; call Badger for the keys, and tell him I told you, for this will end that game, and send for me instantly. I'll fix him. I want him." Mr. Daniels went, and finding Restell, the man whom Montgomery suspected, was adroit enough to accomplish the feat given him to perform in less than fifteen minutes; and Montgomery was delighted with the word to "come." He told Hattie to be calm; that the rascals would be foiled, and she proved innocent,—as she was, in reality, before another day rolled round. He rushed to the cells, opened the one in which was Restell, drew in Daniels with him, and clutching the villain by the hair, said to him, "I have you, you scamp, you murderer, you —!" But it will hardly do to repeat here the last word, implying crimes which, though common enough, are hardly fit for the eye of the general reader to see named in print. "You show your guilt, and my proof you know, when I name Mary —; and now you have been personating an officer, helping that Harland to destroy an innocent girl. You have your choice, whether to go with me at once to the Tombs, and from there to Sing Sing Prison for five or ten years, or to tell me all about what Harland and you have been doing. Make a full confession." Montgomery spoke as rapidly as lightning, and there was a terrible firmness and earnestness in his voice. Restell

quivered. He saw that he was known. He had been guilty of a terrible crime ; had personated an officer, too, — a misdemeanor punishable with fine, — and he was sure to be caught in the conspiracy with Harland ; and he thought it the better way to confess at once, which he did ; and he told Montgomery that Harland had managed to slip the ring into the girl's reticule at the theatre a few nights before ; that the ring was a paste one, and not a diamond ring ; that its setting was really worth about twenty-five dollars, but the diamond being only paste, Harland had not risked much ; that Harland wanted to degrade the girl, get her away from her place, get her a situation himself, make her dependent on him, and finally make her his mistress. " And he told me I might have her a part of the time, if I would help support her," said Restell ; " and when I came to see her, I found her so beautiful that I agreed to help him, and went with him, as an officer, to look for the ring, and we were after her to-night, and got there five minutes after she'd left. That's how 'tis," said he, " and I went one way in search of her, and Harland another." " Where were you to meet when one of you found her ? " quickly asked Daniels. " At Washington Parade Ground, on this north-west corner." " Ay, ay," said Daniels, " I know that fellow. We'll nab him," — and taking an officer with him, proceeded at once to the spot, and luckily found Harland walking back and forth there, very nervously. Daniels knew him, and without a word, as they were about to pass each other, knocked the rascal down, and fell upon him, while the officer clutched him too. " Don't make any noise, or you are a dead man," said Daniels. " Give me that diamond ring the first thing, or die," clutching the scoundrel by the throat, till he was so nearly dead that he could hardly point with his finger to an inside vest pocket, where Daniels put his hand, and found a wallet, in which he found the ring. Getting that, he let the scamp up. He wanted the ring to prove its paste character, as one of the evidences against the vil-

lain. "Now," said he, "Restell is nabbed. You see he has 'peached' on you, and we want you to go along with us to him." The officer told Harland that if he didn't go quietly, he would "put the irons on;" and Harland felt the propriety of subjection, without any attempt at escape. Meanwhile Mrs. Daniels had arrived, and being instructed by Montgomery, had inquired into Harland's conduct towards her. It was evident that his intentions had long been to possess her, but that the girl, in her innocence, had not known what he meant; and when he had asked her to marry him, although she had considerable liking of, and affection for him, she had refused to accept him for the time, and he had urged her several times. She said he was always quite nervous, and sometimes almost angry, that she would not marry him; yet, after all, he had been very kind to her in most respects; had made her several presents, and taken her and her cousin to the theatre, etc., whenever they could get away from the shop. Some things which she told Mrs. Daniels, on the latter's minutely inquiring into the modes in which he had treated her, and what he had said, showed a peculiar innocence in the girl, amounting to almost stupidity. Yet it was no wonder, after all, in view of her careful rearing at home.

What Mrs. D. learned confirmed Mr. D.'s and Montgomery's theory, and with it, and all they had learned before, they had solved the problem. Harland saw how thoroughly he was caught, and thought best to acknowledge that what Restell had disclosed was the truth; that the girl was innocent; and he went so far as to express his love for her with tears, and was allowed to see her, and beg her pardon on his knees, with protestations of love, and his desire to marry her. He was allowed to do this, only that Hattie might have better evidence of her innocence, for it was done in Mr. and Mrs. Daniels's and Montgomery's presence. Harland wanted to give her the ring which Daniels handed to her for him, but she spurned it; and Daniels said he would keep it for her, to which Harland consented;

for Daniels had a notion that Harland would yet do evil with it if he possessed it. To make all sure, Mr. Brown was sent for, routed out of bed, and brought before the girl and Harland, and Harland made to repeat his confession before him. Mr. Brown was delighted, put his arms about Hattie, called her his own child, and said he could not all the while believe she *meant* to do any wrong; but there was the ring in the reticule, and she had stoutly denied having any such ring; and how could it have gotten in there without her putting it there? etc. This had convinced him against his will; but he said he would never believe any charge against anybody on circumstantial evidence again. Hattie was taken back into his employ, remained with him over a year, as kindly cared for as if she was his child, and finally went back to Vermont as the wife of young Phelps, who had, at last, overcome his father's objections, mostly through his mother's intercessions, who had died meanwhile, and who, on her death-bed, had made him promise to let the son marry the girl he loved.

Harland agreed to leave New York forever if proceedings were not taken against him; and having money enough (obtained, though, by gambling and forgeries), the officers thought it no wrong to make him pay pretty liberally for the trouble he had made; and Mr. Daniels, having Hattie's good at heart, was not easy with him in his demands, but secured enough, so that Mr. Brown could afford to do a great deal for her; for, at different times, Mr. Daniels put sums of money into Mr. Brown's hands to buy this or that for Hattie, letting her suppose that it all came from Brown's generosity; and it should be added, that the latter *was* generous to her also, for he always added to the sums given him, and purchased better things than directed for her, as a sort of quietus, it is supposed, to his wounded conscience, in believing that she was guilty. Harland decamped; but he came back at last, and carried Charlotte Keeney off with him somewhere as his wife,—which was the strangest

part of the story. She had loved him before Hattie came, and he had probably loved her, but Hattie's great beauty had attracted him from her; that is, his affection, — for he had always taken Charlotte along with Hattie to theatres and elsewhere. The fact is, there was a jealousy of Hattie in Charlotte's heart, so great, that though she loved her cousin, it seemed that she was almost sorry that she proved innocent at last; and she felt Harland's absence, notwithstanding his villany, greatly. The heart of a woman will cling to her lover or husband in crime or obloquy, almost as strongly as the heart of a loving man will cling to, and protect, the woman he really loves, doing deeds of crime at her will, and, in fact, wrecking fortune, and health, and life at her behest. It is common to declare the constancy of woman greater than that of man; but that is a false notion, cherished only by the inexperienced in human nature's laws. Charlotte found pardon in her own heart for Harland; and if she did not invent sensible excuses for his conduct, was not wanting in the number of them. She married, and was heard from afterwards as living happily with him somewhere.

Restell expected to escape his deserts by peaching on Harland; but Montgomery had not so promised him when Daniels caged him in the cell, and Montgomery had taken care to not do so, for officers of the law and detectives are very scrupulous about keeping their plighted word to even the basest criminals. And if they were not so, the whole fraternity of wretches would know it, and refuse to give evidence at any time, and thus many a criminal mystery would go unexplained, and many an innocent, like Hattie, might suffer the full consequences of a criminality of which they were not guilty. It is often better to let a dozen guilty go than that one innocent should suffer. Restell was taken to the Tombs, on charge of a crime here unmentionable; but a portion of the evidence against him failed by the death of a witness for the prosecution, while he lay in prison, and a matter of forgery having

meanwhile become disclosed involving him, he was tried on that, and sent to Sing Sing for four years and some months — the longest term the law would allow for his offence.

Mr. Daniels interwove in this narrative many interesting facts, to which I cannot, at this distance of time, do justice. He was a keen observer of human nature, and told a story pleasantly. He recited to me many other tales of almost equal interest; and, as I learn that he is alive at this writing, I am not sure that I shall not try to hunt him up, and engage him to give zest, with his piquant stories, to these pages; for it matters not whose an interesting experience may be, so that we have the facts. Truly, "*facts are stranger than fictions*" often; and it has occurred to me, while hunting over my diaries and bur-nishing up my memory, to hint to my publishers that the truest, shortest, and best way to collect a volume of marvellous experiences would be to invite a number of detectives to dinner, accompanied by short-hand reporters, and treat them so well that they tarry with their story-telling through the night.



PROTECTING THE INNOCENTS. -- "If you harass her any more, I'll break your head."

ABOUT BOGUS LOTTERIES.

HOW THEY ARE "GOT UP" — THEIR MODE OF OPERATIONS DETAILED — HOW THEY MANAGE THE "DRAWN NUMBERS" BEFOREHAND — THE GREAT SHREWDNESS OF THE OPERATORS — THE SOCIAL RESPECTABILITY OF THESE — THE GREAT FIRM OF "G. W. HUNTINGTON & CO." — THE IMMENSE CIRCULATION OF THEIR JOURNAL — THEIR VICTIM, A MAINE FARMER, WHO BELIEVED HE HAD "DRAWN" FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, AND COUNSELLOR WHEATON, HIS LAWYER, A STORY TO THE POINT — WHO INVEST IN LOTTERIES: CHILDREN, WIDOWS, CLERGYMEN, BANK CASHIERS, ETC. — HOW THE FIRM OF "G. W. H. & CO." WAS CAPTURED — NO. 23, WILLIAM STREET, NEW YORK, THEIR PRETENDED BANKING HOUSE — HOW A BOGUS LOTTERY COMPANY SWINDLED ITS OWN AGENTS — A QUEER TALE.

THE object of these narratives is not simply to paint human nature in the color of its subtle facts, more strange than the imaginings of fiction, in order to excite the reader's mind as he runs over these pages, or to feed the greediness for the marvellous — not these alone; but the writer trusts that what he has taken so much pains to cull out of the repertoire of his observations and experiences, and from those of others, and reproduce here for the instruction of his fellow-men, shall be found useful as well as interesting; and by teaching those who are inclined to the commission of offences against law and the good order of society, that they cannot easily escape discovery if they commit crimes, shall prevent, to some degree, the perpetration of such crimes. But there are sufferers as well as guilty actors, and these the writer would serve also, as well as preserve the innocent and unwary from the operation of those crafts and cunning devices by which they might be made sufferers.

To-day, tumbling over some old files of notes and papers

at the bottom of an old trunk, the contents of which had not been thoroughly disturbed for over ten years before, there came to light a sealed package, marked "The Bogus Lottery Papers: not to be opened without my consent." This package has awakened a host of "memories of other days," and decided me to wander a little perhaps from the preconceived line of these narratives; and not so, either; for in this tale it will be seen that the detective had his legitimate part to play in the matter which it recalls.

The package is found to contain notes for guidance in working up the case; letters from dupes or victims of the crafty speculators in human credulity; bits of the personal history of some of these wily scamps, and which they would hardly desire to see in public print, with their true names affixed (for some of them were and are of high rank in the business, social, and literary world); copies of certain financial journals, devoted to the dissemination of remarkable facts tending to show the wise philosophy of "nothing venture, nothing have," and from their first column to the last, filled with cunning lies; my own correspondence with certain victims; memoranda of facts gathered at sundry post offices and elsewhere; piteous letters from the deluded; correspondence with lawyers on the subject at issue, etc., etc., — quite a little pile, as they lie on my table here. Some of the letters have grown dark with age, and there is a peculiar smell about them, as if they hinted at unsavory things, and so they do.

And these remind one of other years very peculiarly, and suggest many thoughts on human weakness and perversity. I am vexed not a little as I look over them, and call to mind the class of men who mingled in the iniquities of which I am about to speak, that I cannot write out these men's names for the public eye. But some of them have "reformed," have gone into legitimate business, and have families dear to them, and who were ever quite unconscious of the modes by which their husbands and fathers obtained money here in this seething sea of iniquity of

New York, — this worse than modern Babylon, — whom it would be cruel now to wound. And I call to memory now one of these operators in petty villany, who is dead — a noble fellow in the general way, a son of a distinguished father, well bred, and related by blood to some of the first, and really finest people in New York. Ah! what would a certain philanthropist say — a man who leads noble charities, devotes his now declining years to the practical duties of a Sunday school teacher, and whose voice has been, within a few years past, heard in the national Congress, as that of one of the few there whom the corruptions of politics have not stained; a man of large wealth, with which he makes far less display than many a man of the expensive habits of these latter days with but a tenth or fiftieth of the former's income, and a man of marked intelligence, too, as well as of high morals, — what would he say, were it disclosed to him that his relatives, his nephews, the sons of his not unnoted sisters, were participants in these crimes, — cool-blooded, mean, devilish, — and continued, and carried on, under the guise of "business," and indeed as a business for years? But if this simply, were told him, he could not understand the half, for he would not know the half. I shall spare the participants in those criminal schemes the mention of their names here, though I conceive that I should have done no more than my duty had I, at the time in question, given them publicity through the press. But even in the last ten years the public sentiment has largely changed, not only in New York, but throughout the country, perhaps, in regard to the true standard of morals, or the recognition of any standard at all, may be; and those who are acquainted with the modes of conducting business in Wall Street, — (the real centre of practical government for the nation), — and therefore know what iniquities transpire there in the way of "legitimate business," so called, could hardly be surprised at anything I might disclose of the past. It is a sad reflection that the greed of gain governs everything else in

these days in this Union ; and that the manner of obtaining a fortune is, in most people's opinion, of no account, however vile, in comparison with the matter of possessing it. Money is a veil which will cover every crime, and nobody knows this fact more surely than the detective. It is a fact, that to save anything like a fair proportion of the value of a thing stolen, the loser will almost universally compromise with the thief when the detective secures him. "Compounding a felony," in itself a crime at the Common Law, has become so universal as to be the "common law" itself: and in New York it is a matter of but slight disgrace, at most, to be guilty of any crime; and especially of those crimes by which the perpetrator secures a large amount of money. Wall Street, for example, is thronged every day by men in respectable and high ranks of society, who are frequently guilty of crimes which would, a generation ago, have consigned them to the State Prison for a long term of years, if not for life. But after all, the reflection comes that morals, like the matter of conscience, are educatable, changeable; and that the hearts of men are not so very bad at bottom, most wrongs being chargeable to the institutions of the people. Competition, instead of coöperation, being the rule, and the depraved doctrines of such writers as Carlyle, advocating the development of the individual, rather than the interest of communities and blended peoples, have had a direct tendency to increase the volume of crime.

But I will, with these "prefatory remarks," return to the body of my subject. New York contains a large number of people who obtain their living by the practice of frauds, of one kind and another. The gambling saloons, with their marked cards, and faro banks, so arranged that while the pretension of fairness is observed, the chances in favor of the bank are made sure in the proportion of ninety per cent. to ten per cent. for every hundred dollars which go upon the table; the iniquitous "corners" made in Wall Street, and all the fine scheming of the

Bulls and the Bears, etc., etc., illustrate this. In fact, commerce itself is, in all its avenues, made to bend to this skill of fraud in making money, and making a living; and it is a wonder that there are not more, rather than less of the institutions of which I am about to speak, in New York. These exist to-day; but it is a long while since I have been called into relations with them in a professional capacity.

At the time to which I allude, there were several bogus Lottery Companies having their centre in New York, and extending their operations all over the country, fleecing the credulous people to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year. In Maryland and in Georgia, and also in Kentucky, at that time, lotteries were licensed, and perhaps in some other States; but most of the States prohibited them. Cuba, too, licensed extensive lotteries, and Havana was, as she still is, the chief city of the world, perhaps, in this respect. The bogus companies in New York mostly pretended to be agents of the legitimate companies to which I allude above; and purported to give their "policy-holders" the true reports of the public drawings of these lotteries, by which their fate, as winners or losers, was decided. Among these companies of scamps, was one, self-styled "G. W. Huntington & Co.," concocted and "managed" by men of classical education, high bred, representing some of the really best families in the land, but who had not been as fortunate in legitimate business as desirable, and so resorted to this course of fraud in order to make money easier, and more of it. They knew the value of advertising, to any business, and they published a sheet in the form, in part, of a literary paper, in which counterfeit schemes of the companies they pretended to represent, were set forth in due style. It appeared, in the course of my investigation of these affairs, that this company issued monthly no less than two hundred thousand copies of this paper, which were sent to various addresses, culled out of directories, and otherwise

obtained, from almost every village as well as city in the nation, north and south, east and west; but principally in the Western and Middle States. As the agents of the companies they pretended to represent, and of pretended companies too, which never had an existence, these men were in constant receipt of letters, containing from fifty cents, as a minimum, up to ten dollars, usually the maximum, from their victims, who wished to purchase tickets in this or that drawing; and they *got* tickets in return, to be sure. I was informed that these letters were received in numbers varying from thirty to a hundred a day, for several days, and even weeks at a time, when some especially grand "drawing" was announced to soon take place. Their mode of operations, as disclosed in our investigations, was this: They first fixed upon nine numbers, which they were to report after the alleged (pretended) drawing should have taken place, as the numbers drawn—thus, for example:—

1, 7, 14, 35, 11, 8, 55, 91, 240.

According to their "rules," whoever chanced to hold a ticket upon which any three of the above numbers should appear in consecutive order (as, for example, 1, 7, 14; or 11, 8, 55; or 7, 14, 35)—would draw the largest prize of the scheme in which he bought his ticket, and in many of these schemes such sums as \$50,000, or \$100,000, or \$250,000, were announced as the chief prizes; and then there were numerous small prizes in each scheme which the ticket holder was sure to draw if he happened to hold a ticket with numbers thereon, which should represent *two* of the above numbers consecutively; and so on ran their rules. Well, having previously decided what numbers they would report to their countless victims as the drawn numbers, these wily scoundrels had, for their safety, only to take care in issuing each ticket to see that it did not contain any three of the "drawn numbers" in consecutive order. To A, for example, they would send a ticket

bearing the Nos. "1," "7," 80; to B, "11," "8," 200, etc., etc.; and after the "drawing" they would send their report, containing a slip of paper bearing the nine "drawn numbers," as above arranged, with a letter, running somewhat this wise. — I am sure I had, at one time, several of the letters actually sent to victims, but they do not disclose themselves from my package now; but no matter, for my memory of them is pretty clear. The report of drawings was private; but the letters were usually written with a pen, in part, in order the better to flatter each person that the company took especial notice of him, and hoped for his particular success.

(Here was a picture of their Banking Office.)

BANKING HOUSE OF G. W. HUNTINGTON & Co., Bankers and Brokers,
and Dealers in Foreign Exchange, and Agents for the chief
Baltimore and Havana Lotteries, 23 William Street.

"NEW YORK, June 14, 1858.

"JOHN HENRY JONES, ESQ., *Harrisburgh, Pa.*

"The public drawing of the 'Grand Consolidated Lotteries' of Baltimore, Md., No. —, took place as advertised, yesterday. Herewith find slip bearing the drawn numbers." (Thus far, save the address, printed, then followed in writing.) "We are sorry to perceive that your ticket in scheme No. —, and numbered 14, 35, 80, has drawn a blank. But you observe that you came near winning the chief prize, as we heartily wish you had (as it is for our interest as agents that our special customers be lucky); '14, 35,' only needed '11' to follow them, to have made you a rich man. But perhaps your luck will come next time. 'Perseverance is a virtue which wins in the long run.' Hoping for your further favors, and that you will yet be amply lucky, we beg to remain,

"Your obedient, humble servants,

"G. W. HUNTINGTON & Co."

Now, "John Henry Jones, Esq." was probably an ignorant, low-minded, dirty-faced ironmonger, of Harrisburgh, who managed now and then to get together a few dollars, and had a hankering to get rich fast. His letter to the company was badly spelled, and so forth; but it contained money, and was, therefore, as acceptable as the elegantly-written letter of some cashier of a bank in Ohio, or some poor clergyman of Illinois, who thought it no harm to try his luck for once—(for many clergymen, as well as others, get bitten by these schemes). John had never been addressed as "Esquire" before; never received such a polite letter in his life, and from a great banking house, in the largest city on the continent! and John was flattered. Besides, he had almost drawn a great prize; of course he would "try again," and again, and again, for it appears that many persons become infatuated in this sort of speculation, and will buy lottery tickets several times a year, and year after year, for a long period, even without a particle of success.

When a customer sent these fellows ten dollars, they would so arrange the numbers on his ticket, sometimes, in relation to the prepared drawn numbers, as to allow him to draw one, two, or three dollars, so that he should not feel that his loss had been entire, and to tempt him by a little success to try again for a greater one. This will serve to illustrate the business ways of the fellows; and just here, since it now comes to mind, perhaps I had better note a little "side issue" of one of these companies, of which I was told by one of the participants. The company had its agents,—postmasters, many of them,—all over the country,—and thought they would make a little speculation on their agents themselves. So they prepared a splendid "scheme,"—a wonderful GRAND CONSOLIDATED UNION DRAWING, etc. The tickets were most elegantly printed, and vary-colored, in red, blue, and black, on the nicest paper. No ticket in this grand scheme was less than ten dollars. To some fifteen hundred of their agents,

in as many different localities, they sent from three to five of these tickets each, with a printed letter, but marked "very confidential," setting forth the great advantages of the new scheme, and suggesting that among these tickets were doubtless many prizes, and the company did not expect to reap much profits from the sale of tickets in this scheme, but were anxious that its old customers should reap the prizes, and so forth. Of course the company did not expect that any agent would be able to sell all the tickets sent him, even though so few, and were surprised that many were disposed of before the time of the alleged drawing. On the day of the "drawing," more than nine tenths of the tickets still remained unsold, and unreported upon in the hands of the agents. Having prepared written letters in anticipation of the small sales, as a part of the trick, they sent them forth to each agent. The letter ran something like this, in substance:—

"DEAR SIR: The drawing of the Grand C. U. Lottery took place at Baltimore, at twelve M., yesterday. Please to return us the tickets, Nos. —, —, —, —, —, now in your hands, at once, without fail, and *buy back any, if you can*, which you may have disposed of, and charge us, and ask no questions, and we will send you certified copy of drawing immediately on your reply.

"Yours, most respectfully,

"—— —."

This being an unusual way of doing business, excited the agent's suspicion. He reflected that probably some one of the tickets he held had drawn a great prize, and that the company meant to keep it, but he could not, of course, guess which; and so as to secure the prize himself, he would hold all the tickets, send on the money for them, with an apology for not having reported earlier, and frequently with a long lie about the trouble he had had, and naming this or that man to whom the tickets had been

sold. So hundreds of them sent in, after the day of the alleged drawing, from thirty to fifty dollars apiece, according to the number of tickets they held, and received by return mail a "certified report" of the drawing, by which they discovered that the tickets they held were all blanks, each, perhaps, thinking that somebody else had drawn the "mammoth prizes." This trick was fruitful to the amount of a great many thousands of dollars, and cost the company only its expenses for printing, stationery, and postage. These same agents continued to act for the company, and I presume that not one of them to this day knows how he was taken in. But I trust that this narrative will fall into the hands of many a one of them, and open his eyes as to the fact of his having been made a tool of by designing scamps to cheat his neighbors, and to be cheated himself.

The mayor of New York was constantly besieged, and I presume the same is the case now, with letters from all parts of the country, complaining that these writers had tried and tried their luck, time after time, in this or that company, in vain, and asking him regarding the standing of the company, and so forth. Sometimes a victim would get his eyes open, conceive that he had possibly been cheated; or, having had some rupture by correspondence with the company, discovered that he was cheated, and beg the mayor to take the matter in hand. On two or three occasions, within my memory, the police have made raids upon such companies as they could get at; but usually matters were so secretly conducted, that it would cost the police too much effort to get at anything decided, especially without extra compensation for their labors; and the frauds complained of in each case would generally amount to not over ten dollars at most, and the complaints usually, perhaps always, came from obscure men, living at a great distance from New York, who could not afford to come and attend to the matter themselves.

But the companies constantly had difficulty from one

quarter of the land or another—enough so as to keep them all the while on the alert. Their offices were in obscure places. The members had business names which differed from their real ones. Ostensibly, they carried on a real estate business, for example, actually doing something in that line for respectability's sake, and conducting their lottery swindle in some secret room, having a box at the post office, and sending for their letters a clerk, who was instructed to deposit the letters in some secret place, from which one of the firm would secretly take them. Thus they managed. But one day "there came trouble into the camp" of "G. W. Huntington & Co." They had sold a ticket to a sturdy, and somewhat intelligent farmer in or near Portland or Bangor, Maine. (I am unable to find his address at this writing.) When the alleged drawing took place, the company sent on its usual report to the farmer, among the rest of their victims, saying, "You perceive that your ticket has unfortunately drawn a blank. We regret it," etc.

Now the farmer had "studied up" on the matter, and he saw that if they had sent him what they called the copy of the "certified report" of the drawing, he had drawn a prize of five thousand dollars, instead of a blank, and so he politely wrote the company about their mistake. Correspondence ensued, in which the company tried to convince the farmer that he was mistaken; but it was of no use. The farmer was too keen for them, and insisted on his rights. He consulted a lawyer in his place, and the lawyer opened correspondence with the company, hinting that legal measures would be taken. The company put the matter into their lawyer's hands, and the two attorneys fired away at each other, the company laughing in their sleeves over the humbugging they were operating on the Maine lawyer. Finally the farmer's lawyer wrote on to say, that the farmer would go down to New York, and institute proceedings there, unless the prize was cashed within a week, and suggested that a suit would

seriously injure the credit of the company. To this the company, by its lawyer, made no reply.

The farmer came on, and proceeded to the "Banking-house of G. W. Huntington & Co., 23 William Street." He brought with him one of the company's papers, in which was an engraving of the building, 23 William Street, with the great sign of "G. W. Huntington & Co., Bankers," running across the whole face of the building, in large letters. His astonishment can be guessed at when he failed to find any such bankers, or any such sign there. There was the building, correctly represented in the picture. The rest was fiction, of course. The building, except the lower story, which was the office of some brokers, I believe, was occupied mainly as lawyers' offices, and it chanced that the farmer, in his astonishment at not finding "G. W. Huntington & Co." there, and being determined to investigate the affair, and not be cheated out of his five thousand-dollar prize, after coming all the way from Maine, sought counsel at the office of one Mr. Wheaton, — a great criminal lawyer, and the son of the distinguished author of an extensive and valuable work, in two volumes, on International Law and Practice. Mr. Wheaton was the same gentleman who, a few years ago, was run over by the Harlem train of cars, on its way out of the city, and killed. He was a very gentlemanly man, and heard the poor man's case; told him that the company was undoubtedly bogus; but pitying the man, who was really not well off in this world's goods, undertook to aid him, and through the post office sent a very polite note to the company touching the matter. The note was politely responded to, and eventually, after three or four days' delay, the company, securing a sharp and unscrupulous lawyer, sent him to wait upon Mr. Wheaton. The lawyer represented that he did not know the company's place of business even, but was ready to treat for them; that they would not pay a dollar, and that the whole trouble arose from some mistake. But Mr. Wheaton would

PRIVATE OFFICE



REAL ESTATE
LIST

CALCULATION



THE BOGUS LOTTERY OFFICE.

not settle without something being done ; but at last, after a few days, agreed to take thirty dollars, which would pay for the farmer's travelling expenses to and from Maine. How the poor fellow met the rest of his expenses, I was never told ; but he doubtless went back to Maine a wiser, if not a better man. (Should this article chance to fall under his eye, he can certainly do some of his neighbors good by reading it to them, and "illustrating" it in person, saying, "Gentlemen, *I* was the man ! behold the picture ! and forever be wary of lottery agents.") I had been called in to work up the case, but the settlement was effected the next day, and it was dropped. Mr. Wheaton had a conference with the mayor concerning it ; and afterwards, when, on several complaints being made against the company, the mayor resolved to trace out the company, and break up their nefarious business, he sent for me.

Numerous efforts had, at times theretofore, been made to hunt out these companies' dens. Officers had been stationed inside the post office, and when a clerk — usually a rusty, scampish-looking lad, or an old sinner of a man — came for the letters, and he took them, he was tracked, with the hope that he could be traced to the secret office. But he was too wary for that, — had had too good instructions, — and escaped ; or, if next time he was arrested, after having been traced along a circuituous route, going into this or that crowded store, or eating-house, it would be found that he had already disposed of the letters, having adroitly handed them to one of the "firm," perhaps, properly stationed at some point for the purpose of receiving them : or, if he was arrested at the post office with the letters in hand, he was found to be an individual not easily frightened, and when taken before the mayor, would declare that he did not know the company, or the individuals composing it ; that some man, whose name he did not know, had employed him at fifty cents or a dollar a time to draw the letters with the box check or card. If the

mayor took away the check, all the company had to do was to write to the postmaster for another, alleging their loss. Keeping this fellow under arrest for some length of time did no good. The company readily found out about the arrest, and would send some lawyer to act for the clerk, and the result would be that he would be released speedily, and go to drawing letters again. Attempts had also been made to trace out the printers of the papers sent out by these companies. So great were the numbers of these at times that they seriously burdened the mails. The postage expenses to the companies must have been enormous; but advertising "tells," and if only one paper in a hundred chanced to fall into the hands of a man who would be allured thereby to invest in lottery tickets, the business would pay. But after considerable search for the printers, within the city, it was concluded that the papers were printed somewhere else, and sent into New York in bulk, and privately prepared for the mails.

This was the situation of things when I took hold of the matter. I was advised of what had previously been done, but was, of course, allowed to pursue my own method. After a day or two's experimenting in following clerks from the post office, and finally tracking one of them into a lawyer's office on Nassau Street, and being coolly informed by the lawyer that the company were his clients, and having had some difficulty with disaffected parties, had put their correspondence into his hands for a while, I thought best to pursue another course. There was little or no use in attempting to convict him of complicity with the matter. He said he would take his oath that he did not know whether the company was bogus or not, or were really the agents of responsible companies in foreign states; and as for that matter he did not care. He had been, he said, employed by them to attend to certain legal matters of theirs, and he never inquired into the private character of his clients except when necessary. "They pay me well for my services, generally advancing my fees, and

I am satisfied." My own opinion was, and is, that he was one of the firm himself, and as guilty as any of the rest, but he was shrewd enough to not get trapped. I saw it would cost more than it would come to to pursue that line. If I arrested the letter clerks for a few days, and took them before the mayor, that would not break up the business. The company's plans were safely laid. When I did get at them, I wanted to break them up effectually; and I set myself about procuring copies of their papers, which I did by writing from the mayor's office to the parties who had sent in their complaints, asking them to forward all documents and papers which they had received from the company. Receiving these, I submitted them to various wary and knowing printers, in order to find out at what office in the city the printing was probably done. A printer or newspaper man will ordinarily detect, by the size of column, or some other peculiarity, from what paper a given extract has been clipped, as readily as a tailor can tell from whose shop a certain coat or pair of pantaloons came, or as easily as a man can distinguish the handwriting of his friends. But in this case I was baffled at first. Nobody could give me any hint, till I finally came across a printer then working in the Tribune office; and on looking over some of the papers, he discovered something which reminded him of the style of a certain paper in Norwich, Connecticut; and then, as if a new light had dawned upon him, suddenly exclaimed, "By George! I believe I have it, for I know that at the —— office, a year or two ago, the boys used occasionally to do a great deal of extra night work, and got extra pay. I never knew what 'twas."

In further conversation with him, I concluded that there must be something in it, and in a day or two posted off for Norwich, where I made the acquaintance of a gentleman by the name of Sykes, then editor of the "Advertiser" (I think that was the name of his paper), and was soon put in possession of abundant facts for the then present time. I learned that the papers for certain bogus

lottery companies, to the extent of several hundred thousand a month, were printed at a certain office there, and mailed through the Norwich post office; that it was a matter of considerable pecuniary profit to the post office to have the mailing of these documents, and that certain men of much social respectability in Norwich were engaged in printing and mailing these papers, which they well knew to be the circulars of bogus lottery companies; but I could do nothing with them; and exposure of their conduct in Mr. Sykes's paper was not likely to result in much good. The lottery papers reached parties who would not be apt to ever hear of the exposure; besides, to make it was no part of my business on that occasion. I found, to my satisfaction, that whereas "G. W. Huntington & Co.'s Bulletin" had formerly been printed in Norwich, and distributed from there over the country; that it was now doubtless printed somewhere in New York, and at Norwich I prepared my traps to find out certainly where the papers were printed in New York, which fact I finally accomplished after a little delay. Determining about what time of the previous month the papers for the next month's issue would be put to press, I made business to the printing office, and gave the printers an order a little difficult to fill, and which I knew would have to be delayed. I also set a brother detective on their track with a like affair, so that we could have proper excuse for visiting the office occasionally. I managed to privately secure (no matter how, for somebody yet living might not wish me to tell) two or three copies of the paper then in process of being struck off. The character of the printing office was high, the members of the firm being all what are styled "good fellows," not likely to be in complicity with the lottery pirates, and I was not disposed to injure the printers; but I was determined to learn what parties gave them the orders for printing these papers. The laws of New York are a little stringent upon this matter, and I waited till I found out that a very large number of

the papers were struck off and ready to be delivered. I had learned that these were usually sent off out of the office to somebody's care, but I did not propose to follow up the parties as I had done the letter clerks; so one morning, when all was right, I took a couple of regular policemen along with me, and entered the printing office on Spruce Street, and calling one of the proprietors into the counting-room, advised him of my business, and the law in the premises. He was taken aback; turned a little pale; and protested that he had no suspicion that he was engaged in an unlawful business; said they exercised no secrecy in the printing, so far as attempting to cover up any offence was concerned; but that the lottery company had asked them to observe a degree of privacy in the printing, on account of their competition with rival companies.

"But," said he, "I read a little law once in Ohio; thought I would make a lawyer, but got sick of it; and I remember that one of the first things my old instructor, in whose office I read, taught me, was, 'Ignorance of the law excuseth no man,' and we shall have to bear the brunt of it, I fear. Besides, we have a bill of nearly a thousand dollars against these fellows, and if you break them up, where are we to get our pay?"

"Have they been good pay heretofore?"

"O, yes; we let one bill run on to over fifteen hundred dollars. I felt a little skittish about it, but they paid it all up, and gave us five hundred dollars in advance on the next month's issue." I was convinced of the gentleman's honesty. I had learned a good deal about him, and his manner was that of an honest man. "Well," said I, "I'll tell you what we'll do. You deliver these papers, but do you let me know precisely where they are delivered; tell me the true names of the parties who order them; give me such 'copy' as they have sent in to be printed from, so that I may be in possession of their manuscripts; describe the personal appearance of each of them whom

you know, in writing, and make a written statement over your own signature of all your connection with them, and I will wait till you get your pay from them, if you will stir them up immediately, and promise to not do any more work of this kind for them." The gentleman instantly replied, —

"That's fair. Of course we won't do any more such printing if it is illegal: but some of these lottery men are persons of great respectability in society, and I am astonished to find they are engaged in such a nefarious business, and I prefer to consult my partner" (a much older man), "before I concede to your proposition. Let me speak to him a minute, for there he is, and I will give you my answer. I prefer that *he* shall take the responsibility."

The gentleman walked out to where his partner was engaged in looking over some work, held a moment or two's conversation with him, when they both came into the counting-room, and the older gentleman heard from me my story and my propositions, and answered at once. "Of course we will accede to your propositions, and be much obliged to you for giving such excellent terms."

The propositions were specifically complied with. The printing-house got its pay for its work by refusing to deliver it till paid for. As the lottery agents were in need of the papers, and would lose a month's revenue for want of them, they were obliged to yield, and pay up all arrearages, threatening to take their printing elsewhere thereafter, which had been considerable; but the printers kept silent, and did not even let them know that they had discovered they were pursuing an unlawful business. The papers were duly delivered to the lottery men, and I kept watch on their private den, concluding that I would not disturb them till they had gone to the expense of wrapping the papers, and paying the postage, which must have been something enormous. Whole bushels at a time of the papers went to the post office, and the rascals were probably dreaming of the revenue which was to follow that month's laudable labor. I was willing that they

should do the government as much service as they pleased in the way of sustaining the postal system, and inwardly rather feasted on the "prospect." Their private den was unoccupied during the night. Indeed, they usually left at an early hour in the afternoon, save on great mailing days.

I hired desk room in a lawyer's office in the same building, No. 5 Tryon Row, close by the courts of justice, and within the immediate shadow of the City Hall, — not an inappropriate locality for the bogus lottery scoundrels after all; for the common council of New York holds its sessions in the City Hall, and there, too, is the mayor's office, and that office has sometimes been filled by as great wretches as these lottery agents. Indeed, I call to mind one mayor who made not a little of his large fortune in the "policy business," i. e., in a scoundrelly, though, in a measure, legalized lottery swindle. Matsell, the old chief of police, had his rooms in the same building, and had he been in office at the time, would have rejoiced to find these "birds" making their nest so conveniently near him. Having a desk in the lawyer's office, I was of course entitled to spend my nights there, or as much of them as I pleased; and being next door to the "Real Estate Office" (as a sign on the door facetiously intimated), or, in other words, the private office of "G. W. Huntington & Co.," I found the "patent lock" on their door not at all in my way for making observations. With a dark lantern I could select such of their correspondence as I pleased, take it to my room, and there, by a broad light, read it. I got possession in this way of many astounding facts, and also procured "specimens of the handwriting" of several of this honest firm — notes written to the clerks, giving orders, etc. Some of these I preserved for future use, but returned most of the customers' correspondence. There were in their office numerous large packages of "business" letters; letters from agents and customers — (when we took possession we found somewhere about twenty thousand letters, which were only a part of what the company had received during their

comparatively short existence. They had destroyed great numbers, merely to rid themselves of the incumbrance.) I got a pretty thorough understanding of the business, and collected facts and names of customers for future witnesses, etc., to put it quite out of the question for these fellows to ever resume their business under their then title, after they should be broken up; and, all things prepared, kept watch so as to catch one of the proprietors in the office at work. The "Real Estate" department, in which nothing at all was done, was divided off from the lottery den by a board partition, over the door of which was a sign "Private Consulting Office." Leaving my assistants at the door (and having sent an officer to an office in 115 Nassau Street, to arrest another of the "proprietors" there), I went in to see the gentleman on real estate business; and was informed by the clerk that his principal was in the consulting room, and would be out soon. The clerk who had come out from the "consulting room" as I went into the office, had closed the door (which was evidently open before); and I remarked, that as I was in a hurry, I'd step in and see the principal; and suiting the action to the word, stepped to the door, when the clerk, — a tall lad, of twenty years of age, perhaps, — brusquely stepped up before the door, and said, —

"You cannot enter here — that's my orders."

I pushed him aside without saying a word, whistled, and went in, and caught the principal with pen in hand at work at a table, with a pile of correspondence before him, while at the same time my two men at the door rushed in, and I called to them to secure the clerk, and bring him into the private room, which they did. I then stepped out of the private room and locked the outside door, and returning, informed the principal what I knew about him, and so terrified him as to extort from him a full confession of his connection with the business. He confessed that they were thoroughly caught, and must be broken up; which conviction was soon deepened, when one of my men an-

swering a knock at the outside door, let in an officer, accompanied by another of the principals. I took possession of the contents of the office, made the parties deliver up the mails for that day and the day before, (the money received from which they still had on hand,) in order to refund the money to the swindled parties; made them give me money enough to pay for the requisite stationery and postage, all of which I got from them on the spot; and then took due proceedings against them legally, leaving the office in charge of one of my men, till I could get around to it and examine the correspondence, which was in time to be destroyed. I made these fellows advance me money, too, to pay for the rent of the office, on which a month's rent was then due the *l'essor*, and for another month's rent. These fellows were men in high social position, and they tried hard to bribe me into silence, and made large and tempting offers, and promised also to quit the business forever; but I reminded them that their very offer was an offence against the law, and suggested that they must not even repeat their bribes. There was a third member of this honest firm, but the officer sent to arrest him reported that he was out of town, to return next day; and as we wanted him too, we took good care that his friends should have no opportunity to communicate to him, or anybody else that day. I never saw more "sore-headed" chaps than they. The fear of exposition through the public press, was a terrible one for them; and as it was compounding no felony, and was no breach of law to agree to not give the facts to the press, and to let these chaps be brought before the proper officers and plead guilty, under assumed names, when we should get to that point, I had no hesitancy in accepting for myself and my men a pretty large sum of money from them. It was true that the money gave me some uneasiness, as I reflected that it had probably been cheated out of poor victims, although the rascals asserted that they had not made much in that way. But their correspondence showed that they had. The

third man was arrested next day, and kept apart from the other two. He was taken before the mayor under his assumed name, and there made a pitiful confession, disclosing more than his *confreres* had done. He was the "scion of a distinguished house," was younger than the rest, and had been inveigled into the matter by the ambition to be independent of his father, and make money for himself; and having been bred to no legitimate business, easily fell into this in connection with his cousin, one of the other principals. The third party is now dead. He "reformed," and went into a legitimate business. Some of the steps we had taken with these fellows, were rather bold ones, hardly within purview of the law; and the mayor, satisfied with the thorough work which had been done,— we having captured all their correspondence, their elaborately-kept journals, containing corrected lists of all their agents, together, with quite a large library of city and business directories, and a countless quantity of business cards, which had afforded them names to which to direct their papers, and schedules of "drawings to be held," etc., etc., the mayor conceived that we had so effectually crippled them, that they could not, seeking a new office, go on with their business; and as all he wished to do was to break them up, he concluded to let them go, on their promise to not reënter upon the business; and turned to me, and asked if I did not agree with him. I said, "Yes; but I think there is one thing more which these men owe to the public, through their victims. They have apparently a plenty of money, and we have their register of correspondence. My proposition is, that we draw up a circular to be sent to all their victims, stating that the firm is broken up, and warning the customers of the fraudulent character of this and all other such concerns, get a few thousand of the circulars printed, and mail them to each man on their books, and make them bear the expense of printing, enveloping, clerk hire and postage, and pay the clerks liber-



SURPRISING THE BOGUS LOTTERY DEALERS.

ally for their work. They ought to do this, to undo the wrong they have done, as far as they can."

"Yes, yes, gentlemen, I like that proposition. What do you say to it?" said the mayor.

They were deathly silent for a moment; looked askance at each other (for at this session we had all the three present); but one broke the silence —

"It will be a pretty big bill. I told you the truth when I said we are poor; as for myself, I am worth next to nothing."

The mayor looked at me inquiringly, and probably saw something in my face which was as expressive as if I had said, "Bosh! they are perfectly able;" so he said, "Gentlemen, I shall insist on the condition;" and turning to me, he added, "make out a liberal estimate, and hold these men under arrest till you get the sum advanced. Mind! I say advanced! don't trust them for a minute."

The firm, seeing that it was of no use to quibble, agreed to meet the emergency that day; and I, having in the course of two hours found out how much it would cost to print twenty thousand circulars, and for clerk hire for two months, for two clerks, with postage added, at two cents a circular, agreed to accept eight hundred dollars, — a pretty liberal sum, for I was not disposed to oppress myself for want of means, on account of any foolish pity for these chaps. The amount was forthcoming, and the scamps were released.

I at once drew up a circular in these words. By the way, I had secured their engraving of the building, No. 23 William Street, with which the circular was headed: —

"MAYOR'S OFFICE, NEW YORK.

"DEAR SIR: This is to inform you that the great 'Banking House of G. W. Huntington & Co.,' — the above picture of which you have doubtless seen before, — has 'suspended operations,' having fallen into the hands of the police. This house was a bogus lottery concern, which

conducted its stealthy business in an obscure den, while pretending to occupy the building above represented, by the picture of which they more readily enticed their country customers to 'invest' in their shrewdly-devised schemes. If in dealing with them you ever secured a prize, it was only given to entice you into larger ventures. Beware of all such companies in the future. The mayor directs me to advise you that there are no legitimate lottery companies or agencies in the city of New York. None are allowed by law to do business here. All of them are bogus and fraudulent. His honor the mayor further suggests that you may, perhaps, do your unwary neighbors a service, by showing them, if you please, this circular, — or by at least informing them that all such companies and agencies in New York are fraudulent in their character. The mayor receives hundreds of complaints during the course of a year from the victims of these companies, or 'agencies,' and a list of all those to whom this circular is sent, is kept, and no notice of the complaint of any one of these will hereafter be taken. The mayor trusts that you, sir, will not only escape being imposed upon by these bogus lottery sharpers hereafter, but will so warn and instruct all your friends that they, too, will escape being victimized.

Respectfully yours,

“ _____ ,

“ Mayor's Special Clerk.”

About eighteen thousand of these circulars were duly mailed to the addresses found in the captured books, and the books themselves were duly deposited for further reference. It would seem that this warning, scattered as it was into more than half the towns in the Union, ought to have lessened the number of victims to these swindling concerns; but I have been informed that some of them are in full blast to-day, and that all along, since the arrest of “G. W. Huntington & Co.,” other concerns carried on heavy operations. Everybody, almost, it would seem,

must have personal experience ; will *not*, for some reason, profit by the experience and advice of others who have suffered — been bitten by sharpers. But I trust that this article will be heeded by all who read it. Perhaps it is a sufficiently clear exposition of the way these rascals proceeded, to make it evident that there is no trusting the pretences of any of them. Sure it is that there are at least five hundred thousand people in the land, who, if they were to read this exposition, could reflect that it must be, as it is, literally true, entirely unembellished by imagination to the extent of even a word, and that, too, from their own experiences ; and they can now understand the *modus operandi* by which they were swindled.

All “gift enterprises,” so common in New York, and other places, to-day, partake in their nature of these bogus lottery operations, and no man is safe who trusts a single one of them. He will be swindled in the end, in some way.

I could not well allow myself to cut this article short at this point, although my tale is, properly speaking, finished, and my contract under this head, with my publishers, fulfilled. There is something so marvellous in the human heart in the way of its disposition to adventure in order to make money easily ; such a wonderful credulity in the minds of large numbers of people, and a willingness to fasten in trust upon the merest shadow of success, that perhaps these fraudulent concerns will never lack victims. But in studying the correspondence which fell into my hands, — over twenty thousand letters, — and with which I beguiled many hours during the six months in which I kept them, before burning them, I became apprised of the fact that the great majority of the “customers” of these concerns are illiterate ; most of their letters being misspelled ; that great numbers of them were young men, boys, and poor women ; nearly all evidently mechanics, and from some of the States, such as Pennsylvania, many farmers. (Pennsylvania, by the way, furnishes more

victims to petty frauds, I learned, than several other States which I might name, taken together.) She has a large number of citizens who are barely able to read and write poorly, and who probably do not read the public journals extensively, and are, therefore, not likely to be well informed of the current iniquities of the time. I seriously meditated, after having studied the "G. W. Huntington & Co." correspondence, the writing of a book on the matter of Swindling, in general; and this correspondence would have afforded me many pathetic things for comment. While looking over that correspondence, the tears often came irresistibly to my eyes. I recollect the letter of a boy writing from Easton, Penn., I think it was. He had, it appeared from his letter, sent many dollars to the company for tickets, a dollar at a time, and winning nothing from his ventures, was getting discouraged. He wrote an imploring letter at last, accompanied by a dollar, in which he begged the company to choose him a winning number. He told them it was his last dollar; (he was but sixteen years old, he said); that he should not be able to send again, if he failed this time, for he had to give every cent he could earn; (I forget what he said he worked at, but he named the business and the pitiable wages he got); that his father was a dreadful drunkard; one of his little sisters was "sick all the while;" another had broken her leg two months before, and the doctors thought she might have to lose it, and so on, a pitiable tale — a tale to stir the hardest heart, and written in that style which stamped it as undoubtedly true. At the bottom of this letter was a note for the clerk, in the handwriting of one of the firm. "Write to" (somebody, I forget his name, of course), "at Easton, and learn if this story is true; and if it is, let the boy draw five dollars in Scheme No." (so and so.) There was a note dated some days after, below this in the clerk's hand. "Letter received from Easton; story true; ticket issued." *Probably* that boy re-invested the whole five dollars. Drawing the money, his hope would naturally be

excited; and now that he could buy a ticket in a larger "drawing," he probably sent the five dollars back, and lost them of course.

Widows, with large families, and who wrote most mournful stories, sending on every cent they could save (while half-starving their families in order to do so, probably), were among the number of correspondents. Clergymen of poor parishes sent for tickets, with long letters, in which they commented piously upon the matter of hazard and lotteries, in a manner to excuse themselves for sending, and hoping that they should draw something to help them out of their poverty and misery, and expressing their belief that "God would pardon them if they were doing wrong," were also of the number. Many letters were of a comical nature, the writers half-laughing at themselves for doing so foolish a thing as buying tickets in a lottery; but yet unable to resist the temptation. By some of the letters it was evident to me that the writers told abominable lies about their sufferings and trials, in order to excite the sympathy of the "agents," and induce them to use their best efforts to secure for them winning tickets. Some of the correspondents offered to give the "agents" half their prize money, in order to bribe them to select a successful ticket. Some of them sent counterfeit money. I found such notes as this at bottom of several letters, "One dollar counterfeit, two dollars good. Send tickets in Scheme No. 8." "Counterfeit; send back." These were evidently directions to clerks. If the writing in these letters which contained only counterfeit money had been good, I might have suspected the writers of perpetrating an appropriate joke; but the letters were evidently from ignorant people, some of whom, perhaps, knew that the bills they sent were counterfeit, and hoped that the great banking company, in their vast press of business, would fail to detect the bills. Many of the letters were written in excellent mercantile hand; but I noticed some badge of ignorance about all these, as well as about the poorly-written and misspelled

ones. Probably ninety-nine in a hundred of the victims were made such through their ignorance of the world and the wicked men in it.

“Knowledge is power ;” not only a power to execute, but a power for salvation ; and when her light shall be sufficiently diffused, all such crafts as *these bogus lottery swindlers* will “have had their day,” and not before. I doubt somewhat that if all the newspapers of the land should, on some given week, publish each a full *exposé* of these swindles, and repeat the same every week, for a month, the majority of the victims would be saved. Many would ; but some with their eyes opened, as far as facts could open them, would still be duped. The investigation of this bogus lottery business did more to weaken my respect for the good sense of my fellow-men in general, than had all the experiences of my life theretofore. But I find I am tempted on beyond the limits I had set for myself in this article. The subject is an interesting one to me, and I may return to it at another time, and to some of its phases not here commented upon.

THE BORROWED DIAMOND RING.

THE DETECTIVE OFFICER'S CHIEF "INCUBUS" — AT WINTER GARDEN THEATRE — "HARRY DUBOIS" — AN EXPERT ROGUE EXAMINES HIS PROSPECTIVE VICTIMS — SOME SOUTHERNERS — HARRY "INTRODUCES" HIMSELF IN HIS OWN PECULIAR AND ADROIT WAY — HARRY AND HIS FRIEND ARE INVITED TO THE SOUTHERNERS' PRIVATE BOX — HARRY "BORROWS" MR. CLEMENS' DIAMOND RING, AND ADROITLY ESCAPES — MY DILEMMA — VISIT TO HARRY'S OLD BOARDING MISTRESS — HIS WHEREABOUTS DISCOVERED — ACTIVE WORK — A RAPID DRIVE TO PINE STREET — A FORTUNATE LIGHT IN THE OFFICE OF THE LATE HON. SIMEON DRAPER — A SUDDEN VISIT FOR A "SICK MAN" TO HARRY'S ROOM — HOW ENTRANCE WAS EFFECTED — THE RING SECURED — HUNT FOR MR. CLEMENS — A SLIGHTLY MYSTERIOUS LETTER — A HAPPY INTERVIEW.

JUST before the late war broke out, and the Winter Garden Theatre being in its prime, my friend, Henry C. P., of New Haven, Conn., being in town, urged me to accompany him there one night to see the play. The house was quite crowded with a more than usually fashionable set of play-goers, many being from different parts of the land, visitors for a time in New York. No matter where I go, to theatre, court, or church, along Broadway crowded with its vast moving tides of humanity, or through the streets of some half-deserted hamlet, my mind is ever on my business; rather, ever pondering on the craft and crime of society, symbols of which, in more or less emphatic shape, I am ever liable to see. It is one of the greatest vexations which the detective suffers, that the nature of his business is such that he can never fully liberate his thoughts from dwelling upon the frailties, the follies, and particularly the crimes, petty and felonious, of which so many of his fellow-men are constantly being guilty. Like

an incubus of dread and darkness, these thoughts are ever weighing on his mind. He has no peace; and the only approximate peace he can win, is to let his thoughts drift on in the usual current, without attempting to direct them by his will. Consequently, that night, though for a while I enjoyed the play, studying its representations of human nature with some delight, and being not a little pleased with the beauty of sundry of the female *dramatis personæ*, who were rather above the average in personal graces, my eye was wandering over the parquet, family circle, etc., considerably. Hearing a slight noise in a part of the gallery, I observed that three young men, probably having a "prior engagement" to fill somewhere, were leaving the theatre,—a thing of no moment in itself, and which I should have forgotten on the instant, only that the vacancy they left enabled me to cast my eye a little farther on, when I discovered a character of much interest to me—a man elegantly apparelled, and having every outward semblance of a gentleman. At the moment my eye first rested on him there, he was peering into one of the boxes, and I saw him soon in the act of whispering some mystery, apparently, into the ear of the comrade who sat by his side. The latter person I did not know; but knowing the company he was in, I divined that some mischief was up, for the former person was no other than a man whom, in my detective career, I had several times encountered—an elegant, scheming fellow, who sometimes operated on Wall Street, kept an office at 34 Pine Street, as a real estate broker and money lender, etc., though he was seldom there, and was as skilful a juggler and pick-pocket as any of whom New York could at that time boast. I could not, from my then position, well see into the boxes, so I changed my seat—through the courtesy of an old friend, who gave me his in exchange for mine—to a point where I could watch the boxes and the two elegant gentlemen, of whom I have spoken, without the latter's knowing the fact. As I have intimated, the season was

gay. In one of the boxes sat two gentlemen and two ladies, the former evidently Southerners I judged, and so I thought the ladies to be also. They were quite richly dressed, and "sporting" a large amount of richest jewelry. I was not at a loss, as soon as I had enjoyed a good view of them, as to the nature of the special concern which they had evidently awakened in the minds of the two worthies whom I was watching. I felt very sure that some plan was being devised by the latter two to make the acquaintance of the gentlemen, and, perhaps, the ladies in the box, with an eye to relieving them of some of their jewelry or money.

"Harry Dubois" was one of the aliases of the elegant rogue; his friend's name I knew not, and have never learned it. I was not surprised then, when, after a little polite leave-taking at the end of an act, and the gentlemen left their ladies in the box, to see Harry and friend leave their seats, and saunter out. Divining that the gentlemen had gone into the refreshment-room, I followed, disguising myself as I went out, by the assumption of a pair of spectacle bows, to which was attached a false nose quite unlike my own, in order that Harry might by no means discover me. I arrived in the refreshment-room, and had selected out my friends of the box before Harry and his friend, or "pal," came in. I had prepared my mind to expect some peculiarly stealthy, circumlocutory proceeding upon the part of Harry. Perhaps he would come only to "watch and wait" still longer; perhaps he would find there somebody, also, who knew the gentlemen of the box, and get a formal introduction. Indeed, I had conceived a half dozen modes of operation on his part, when, to my astonishment, Harry, having first cast a searching glance over the room, and giving his "pal" a knowing touch on the elbow, rushed, with all smiles upon his face, up to the apparently elder of the gentlemen of the box, who were at this moment lifting glasses of wine to their lips, and exclaimed, "Pardon me, Mr. Le Franc; but how *do* you do? I am

exceedingly glad to see you! How long have you been on from New Orleans, my dear sir?"

The gentleman addressed looked with astonishment upon the elegantly attired Harry, whose face was the symbol of the frankest honesty and most certain refinement, and evidently "taken" by Harry's manner, replied, "My dear sir, there's a mistake here, for my name is not Le Franc; and truly, sir, I can never have known you, for I surely do not now, and if I had I should never have forgotten you."

"Upon my honor," said Harry, I thought you were a Mr. Le Franc, of New Orleans. You look just like him with whom, and others, I went on an excursion up to Donaldsonville, three years ago, at the invitation and expense of Bob McDonald."

"Bob McDonald? Why, he's my cousin, sir. If you know him, give me your hand. My name, sir, is William Hale, of Savannah, and this is my cousin, Mr. Clemens, of Mobile" (turning to his friend), "Mr. — Ah! excuse me, but you have not given me your name, sir, I forgot."

Fully pleased, Harry pulled out a card case from his vest pocket, and presented to Mr. Hale a neat card, inscribed:—

HENRY CLARKSON DUBOIS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

*Specialty — Dealing in Real Estate, Effecting Loans, and
Securing Advances on Cotton.*

Office, 34 Pine Street, N. Y. City.

"Pardon me that I give you my business card; I find I have no other about me."

"Ah, Mr. Dubois! I am sure I am very glad to know you as Bob McDonald's friend. Tell me when you last saw him. How was he? Jolly fellow — isn't he? Take some wine with us? and your friend, too; he'll join us?"

Harry was nothing loth to accept the wine. He was making splendid progress, he doubtless thought; and joining in the wine, he said, "You asked when I last saw Bob. Well, when he was here in New York, three months ago, on his way to Hamilton, Canada, he was my guest for a week, at the Metropolitan, where I board."

"Just so," said Mr. Hale. "Bob wrote us at that time from Canada. I am sorry I did not go on there when he was there. He was well as usual then, I suppose, and just as full of the 'Old McDonald'" (for his father was a great old sport) "as ever, eh?"

I saw that Harry was making smooth inroad into the affections of these gentlemen, and wondered what would be the result. Mr. Hale treated to cigars. Harry refused, saying, that with permission he would smoke a cigarette,—pulling a box from his pocket,—commented on the habit which he had learned in Cuba, when he was attached, as he said, to the United States legation there, and quite took the Savannah gentleman aback with his delicate manipulation of the dainty cigarette. Harry's mastery of good manners seemed to completely win the Southern gentlemen, and Harry's friend too, though less elegant than he, was no "slouch" of a fellow in appearance.

The next act of the play had begun before the gentlemen had finished their cigars and chat, and Mr. Hale said to his friend Clemens, "Wouldn't Mary be delighted to meet so intimate a friend of her cousin Bob? Mr. Dubois, I spoke of McDonald as my cousin; so he is by marriage; but he is cousin by blood to my wife, and she likes him above all her kin. Wouldn't you and your friend do us the honor to accompany us to our box, where our wives now are?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said Harry, suiting the action to the word, and away they started for the box. I lost no time in getting back to my seat, on the way depositing my spectacles and false nose in a side pocket.

From what I afterwards learned from Mr. Hale, he

delightedly presented Harry to his wife, as an intimate friend of her cousin Bob; and it was evident to me that Harry was making as sure victory of the esteem of Mrs. Hale, and the other lady, Mrs. Clemens, as he had of their husbands. He laughed and chatted with the ladies to their evident delight. They could not have heard much of the second act, so busily were they engaged with him — gentlemen and ladies both. I noticed that Harry was not lacking, on that occasion, in a good degree of effrontery, mingled with his polite manners, which fact was assurance to me that he had formed some plan of operations already, but what it would be I could not conjecture. I saw more or less display of jewelry, Harry taking a splendid solitaire diamond from his finger, and evidently telling some story about it. But eventually, as the act was drawing to a close, I discovered that Mr. Clemens had taken from his finger a very costly ring, which, as the sequel proved, he had bought at Anthony's the day before, for fifteen hundred dollars, to take as a present to his brother, then studying medicine in Harvard College, whither Mr. Clemens and his lady were about going. All was very jubilant in the box as the act drew to a close, and there was a clatter in the box — the gentlemen laughing, and the ladies shaking their fans at them, as if half menacingly forbidding them to go out, evidently begging them to stay, and so forth. But Harry, according to the story I learned afterwards, kindly assured the ladies that he would return with his new "charge" all duly and "soundly," which the ladies interpreted to mean soberly, and they let them go.

Harry left the box, the last of the gentlemen, and as he did so, foolishly waved his hand in parting, at the ladies; and the mystery was at once unravelled to me, for on his finger was what I took to be, knew to be, that new, flashing ring of Mr. Clemens.

I hastened to the refreshment-room. I saw at once the flush of victory on Harry's face, and watched him intently.

He was very brilliant in conversation, and very generous; insisted on "treating" all the while himself. Wouldn't allow Mr. Hale or his friend to call for anything, etc.

The time for the next act coming on, the gentlemen, not a little "warmed up" with the numerous glasses of wine they had taken, returned to their box, and I to my place, replacing my spectacles in my side pocket.

I had been a little delayed in getting back to my place by a crowd gathered around a lady who had fainted, and when I resumed my seat, and looked into the box, what was my astonishment at not finding Harry there. I saw that Mrs. Clemens was very serious about something, while the rest seemed very much excited; meanwhile, Harry's friend seemed engaged in some sort of wonder-looking protestations, for he *looked* astonished, and was putting one hand very emphatically upon the palm of the other. The whole thing flashed upon me. I saw that there was no time to lose; and I left my seat, and proceeded directly to the refreshment-room, in time to find Mr. Hale and his friend there, eagerly inquiring of the bar-keeper if "Mr. Dubois" had returned there; if he had seen him since they went up last time to the box, and sundry other hurried queries. The bar-keeper had not seen him; no clew could they get to him; and Mr. Hale said, "Clemens, you are 'done for,' sure. That's one of those arch scamps we read of. He's borrowed that ring, and we'll never see it again."

"Let's find a policeman, and put him on the track," said Clemens.

"Foolishness," said Mr. Hale; "no policeman can track that fellow. He's too keen; besides, who knows but he'll take the train for Philadelphia or somewhere. I don't believe he lives here. Here's his card, to be sure, but who knows that it's not a fraud? Let's hunt the directory," and the bar-keeper brought forward the desired directory. No "Harry Clarkson Dubois" was to be found in it. The gentlemen looked confounded and dejected, and Hale said,

“ Well, Clemens, let’s go back to the ladies. They’ve more wit than we. You know what your wife said. If we’d taken her advice perhaps we should have got out from here in time to catch the villain,” and so they sauntered back.

I did not feel like making myself known to them. They might take me, perhaps, as Harry’s coöperator, and so I silently watched them leave. Turning the matter over in my mind a moment, I resolved upon the best course to pursue. Harry must be come upon that night if I were to succeed with him, I saw. I had known his lodging-room three months before, but had heard he had changed quarters ; where to hunt him was the point. I bethought me of a boarding-house keeper in West 13th Street, with whom Harry once boarded, and who, not knowing his real character, had great respect for him, and whom, too, Harry evidently really respected, for I had been told that he always spoke of her in terms of admiration. I fancied she would be as apt as any one to know where were his quarters, and I took a carriage, and drove immediately to her house. Fortunately she was at home ; and on inquiring of her if she could tell me where I could find Mr. Dubois the next morning, for I did not let her know my haste, she said that she guessed I’d be most apt to find him in his office in Pine Street, No. 34 ; that he had applied to her for board two days before, with which she could not accommodate him for a week or so to come ; so he said he would sleep on a lounge in his office, and take his meals out till she could give him quarters, and that the day before he sent up for blankets, with which she had supplied him.

My plan was complete. Hurrying away from her house, I ordered the driver to push straight for my rooms, where, arming myself completely, I drove on as far as the post office, when, ordering the driver to await my return, I alighted, and proceeded to 34 Pine Street. As it chanced, next door was the office of my friend, the late Simeon Draper, and I was not a little pleased to find a light there,

and one of his clerks and another man looking over some papers, as I saw through the window. Tapping on the door, it was readily unlocked, and I said to the clerk, who recognized me, "No questions asked; but let *me* inquire if you are going to be here for fifteen minutes longer?"

"Yes, for an hour, perhaps."

"Well, I may call again."

"Do so — are you after a 'bird'?" asked the clerk, with a knowing wink in his eye; for he very quickly divined that I was on some detective mission; for Mr. Draper had been a frequent patron of mine, and often sent this clerk to me on business.

I closed the door, and ran up two flights of stairs to "Dubois's" room, and immediately rapped upon the door.

No noise within — all silence! Had the bird flown? I thought not. I believed he was there. Again I rapped.

"Who's there?" asked a half-sleepy voice.

I replied, "O! you're asleep, Mr. Dubois — are you? Well, no matter. It's a case of exigency. I knew you were here; saw you as you came in; and there's a man fainted away in Draper's office, and I'm alone with him, and want you, if you will, to watch him while I run for a doctor. Don't mind to dress yourself more than half — come quickly," and I started away rapidly down stairs, and returned as rapidly, and rapping on the door again, exclaimed, "Get ready, and run down as quick as you can, while I go for a doctor. The door's unlocked; but see here, he may revive, and want some stimulus. Here's the key to the back closet. There's a bottle of brandy there. Here, take it."

The unsuspecting Harry opened the door slightly to take the key, when I pushed in. On his finger gleamed that very ring. He was but half dressed, coat off, a muscular fellow, and just in trim for fighting. I saw the situation, and pulling out a pistol, clapped it to his face, and extending my left hand, said, "It's no use, Harry; give me Mr.

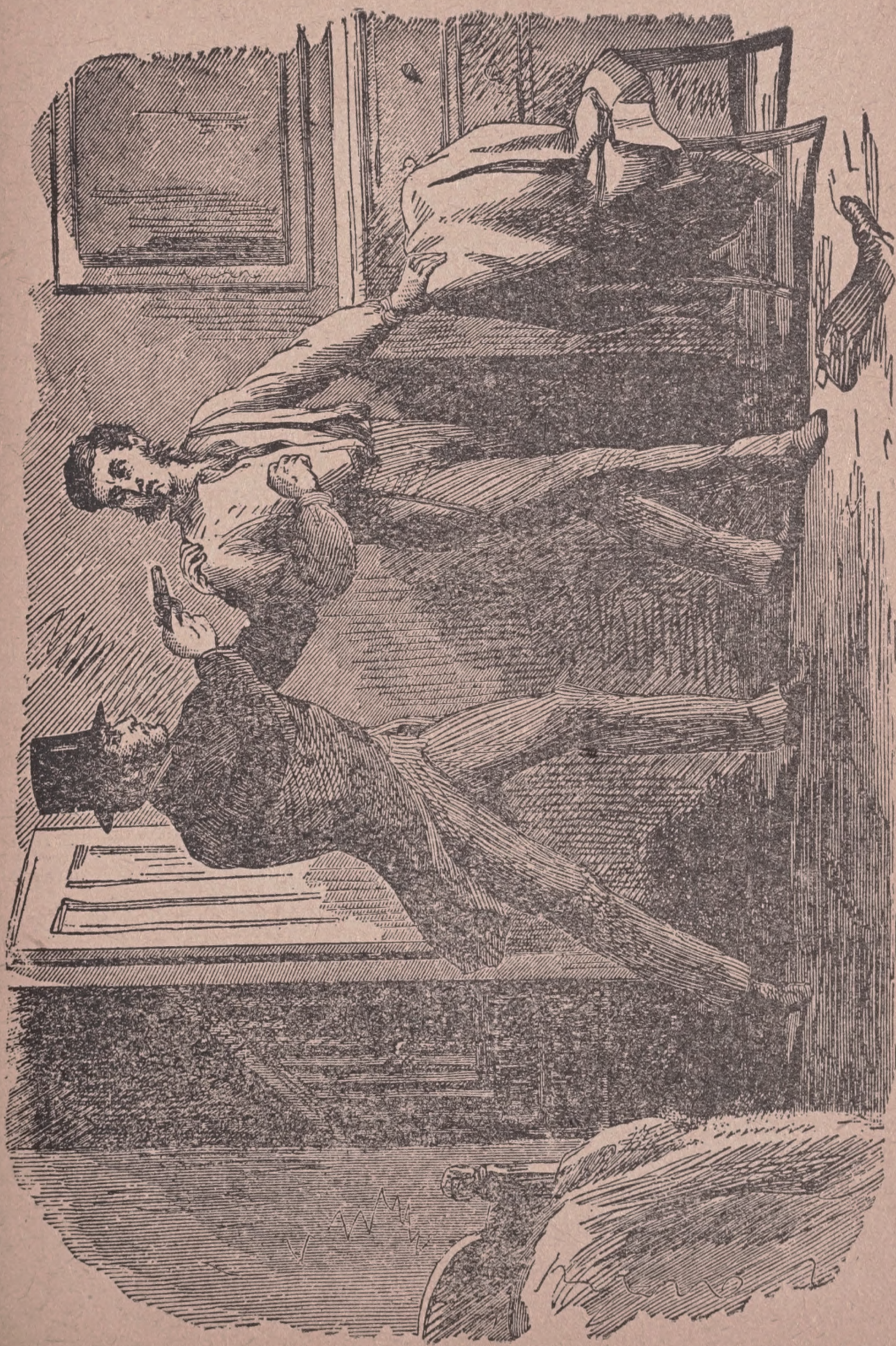
Clemens' ring without any noise, or I'll call the officers at the door below."

Harry was never before so confounded; protested he had no ring but his own.

"We'll, see," said I. "Mr. Hale will be here in a moment. If he comes, it's all day with you. He can identify the ring, and — so — can — I. Give it to me at once!" I exclaimed, with a stern voice.

Harry saw that I knew all about it, and yielded, begging me to not expose him. I assured him I had no care to do so; but should exact of him the expenses I had incurred for the carriage, which, at that time of night, would be about fifteen dollars; which he quickly took from out a large sized roll of bills from his inner vest pocket. The gas he had lighted when he rose to dress, was turned on at full head, and gleamed like a spectre through the room. I examined the money to see that it was not counterfeit, put it in my pocket, and bade Harry "good night," telling him I guessed the man in Draper's had recovered by this time, and that he needn't trouble himself to go down.

I drove to my rooms, paid the driver, and having deposited the ring in my little safe, went to bed, and pondered on the next step — the finding of Mr. Clemens next day. I arose rather early next morning, and went in search. I expected to find him and his friends at some of the prominent hotels; but they were not there to be found, but had left the St. Nicholas some three days before, and where gone nobody knew. But the coachman would know where he took them. After waiting hours to find the coachman, I at last learned that they had all gone to a house in Madison Square, to which I proceeded, and found it the private residence of one of our prominent citizens. The parties, therefore, were evidently of the *elite*, and were to be approached delicately. Perhaps they hadn't told their friends of their loss, and from pride might not want it known. How should I proceed? Well, I rung the bell, and inquired of the servant if a Mr. Clemens



RECOVERING THE DIAMOND RING. — "It's no use, Harry, give me Mr. Clemens' ring."

was stopping there ; and learned that he was, but that he and his wife had gone out, and would not be back till evening. " Was a Mr. Hale there ? " " Yes ; but he, too, and his wife have gone with Mr. and Mrs. Clemens." I didn't want the ring about me. I had pressing work to do that day and that evening ; in fact, I hardly knew whether I should have time to call that evening or not. So I asked the servant if he could provide me envelope and paper, for I would leave a note for my friends. I was ushered into the library, and given the due materials ; and addressing a note to Mr. Hale, which ran much as follows : —

" SIR : I have not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, but the fact that I am the *true* friend of your cousin, Mr. Robert McDonald, of New Orleans, will be all the assurance, I presume, that you will want of my being entitled to an audience with you. I have called to see you upon interesting and important business, and finding that you are not to return till evening, I beg to ask you to expect me at half past eight o'clock. Do not, if you please, by any means fail to be at home. I would also be pleased to meet Mr. Clemens ; and I trust you will not consider me impertinent (and you will not when you come to learn my errand), if I ask also to meet Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Clemens at the same time.

" I would prefer to meet none of the family residing here, but yourselves alone.

" Yours, very respectfully,

" ——— ———."

I hurried through my business for the remainder of the day, and a little before half past eight was duly at the house on Madison Square.

Being admitted, I called for Mr. Hale. He came to see me in the hall ; looked at me mysteriously ; was very civil and polite, but coldly so. I said, " I left a note here to-day for you."

"Yes, sir, I received a curious note, and don't know what to make of it. Please explain your business. We are strangers, and you will excuse me that I am always cautious with strangers, whoever they may be."

He had evidently taken the lesson of the night before to heart.

"But," asked I, "are Mr. and Mrs. Clemens ready to receive me, as I requested in my note?"

"Yes, and Mrs. Hale too."

"Can I see them all immediately, for I've but little time to spare?"

"Yes, sir," said he, quite rigidly; "follow me, sir."

I followed him to a small side parlor, where sat Mr. Clemens and the two ladies.

"This is the gentleman who left the note here to-day, and says he knows Bob McDonald," said Mr. Hale, as he bowed me to a chair, and cast a furtive glance at his friends as he spoke McDonald's name.

"Pardon me, sir," I broke in. "I did not say that I *knew* Mr. McDonald, but that I was a 'true friend' of him, as you'll observe on looking at the note, if you have it, and as I guess I shall prove."

"O, then you don't know my cousin, Mr. McDonald?" asked Mrs. Hale. "I am glad you do not, sir, for I was beginning to fear you if you did. We've seen one of cousin's friends here of late to our regret."

"Well, ladies and gentlemen," said I, "I'll make my story short. You have, indeed, had occasion to regret meeting one of Mr. McDonald's pretended friends. Perhaps he does know him too, personally. But I do not; and I am a 'true friend' to Mr. McDonald, in that I would serve his friends as he would desire to have me, if he knew your late loss."

There were glances from the eyes of each into those of the others—a momentary silence and wonder-looking—when Mrs. Clemens tremulously exclaimed, "Why, sir, do you know all about it? Have you found the ring?"

"Foolish woman!" said Mr. Clemens. "How do you suppose anybody could find what wasn't lost — only stolen?"

"But I have something here for you, sir," said I, as I took the ring from my pocket, and held it up in the light.

"The same!" "That's it!" "Where did you get it?" "Did he lose it, and you find it?" "How glad I am!" etc., burst from their excited lips.

"Be calm, and I'll tell you all about it," said I; and taking their seats, for all had risen to their feet, they listened attentively to my story. I told them my business; how I came to notice them; all that I did — all except what transpired in Pine Street, making a short tale of that.

I had handed the ring, as I commenced my story, to Mr. Clemens, who placed it upon a book lying on the table, where it lay throughout our discourse, which was carried on for nearly an hour. Near the conclusion, Mr. Clemens said, "But after all this I do not feel that the ring is yet justly mine. You have earned a part of it, at least, and I wish you to tell me how much I shall pay you for your trouble. I should have lost the ring wholly but for you, and I am willing to pay you half its value, seven hundred and fifty dollars."

"O, no," said I, "I could not for a moment consent to take so much. In fact, I would have no right to."

"Well, name the price."

"If you give me fifty dollars I shall be satisfied."

"No such paltry sum, sir," said the generous Southerner. "You shall take double, yes, four times that, at least."

"Yes," said Mr. Hale, "and I'll gladly pay half of it, or the whole of it, or double it, and make it four hundred."

But I insisted upon only one hundred; and paying me that, Mr. Clemens restored the ring to his finger, saying, "The next time I allow a stranger, no matter whose friend he is, to trifle with my property, I shall *know* it, I reckon. It's been a good lesson, cheaply bought, for me."

Business over, these cheerful people insisted upon entertaining me till a late hour, and I recited to them some

quaint instances in the detective's life ; but they could not but think that their adventure in New York had been the most remarkable of all.

I dare say that the lesson they learned that night will serve them through life ; and although their loss was so stupidly occasioned that I presume they keep it secret as to themselves, I've no doubt they sometimes tell it, in the third person, as a warning to their friends who may be "going abroad, travelling."

It is a trite saying, that "'tis not all gold that glitters." Everybody has heard it, and repeated it, but few only profit by it.

THE MYSTERY AT NO. 89. — STREET, NEW YORK.

“KLEPTOMANIA” — THE TENDENCY TO SUPERSTITION — AN OLD KNICKER-BOCKER FAMILY — A VERY “PROPER” OLD GENTLEMAN, A MR. GARRETSON — HE CALLS ON ME AT MY OFFICE, AND FINDS A CURIOUS-LOOKING ROOM — HIS STORY OF WONDERS — “EVERYTHING” STOLEN — TALK ABOUT DISEMBODIED SPIRITS — THE MYSTERY DEEPENS — PROBABLE CONJECTURE BAFFLED — VISIT TO MR. GARRETSON’S HOUSE — MRS. GARRETSON, A BEAUTIFUL AND CULTIVATED OLD LADY — WE SEARCH THE HOUSE — AN ATTIC FULL OF OLD SOUVENIRS — WE LINGER AMONG THEM — MR. GARRETSON’S DAUGHTER IS CONVINCED THAT DISEMBODIED SPIRITS ARE THEIR TORMENTORS — SHE PUTS AN UNANSWERABLE QUESTION — A DANGEROUS DOG AND THE SPIRITS — TEDIOUS AND UNAVAILING WATCHING FOR SEVERAL DAYS AND NIGHTS — THE “SPIRITS” AGAIN AT WORK — RE-CALLED — THE MYSTERY GROWS MORE WONDERFUL — THE “SPIRIT” DISCOVERED AND THE MYSTERY UNRAVELLED — THE FAMILY SENT AWAY — THE ATTIC RE-VISITED WITH MR. G. AND ITS TREASURES REVEALED — A RE-DISCOVERY OF THE “SPIRITS” — THE FAMILY REVIEW THEIR LONG-LOST TREASURES FOUND — REFLECTIONS ON THE CAUSES OF THE MYSTERY — A PROBLEM FOR THE DOCTORS.

“KLEPTOMANIA,” the delicate term of modern coinage from the old Greek, which is used to signify a passion for thieving under peculiar circumstances, and is mostly used when the thief is a person of some importance and of moneyed means, so that the lust for gain is not supposed to be his prompter to the “offence against the statute in such cases made and provided,” indicates a moral “dereliction” which not only attacks the wakeful subject, but sometimes infuses itself into the dreams of sleepers. Many women in a state of pregnancy are said to be liable to this disease, so to term it, who, in any other state, would be horrified at the bare mention of the crime of theft. They exhibit

great adroitness in their manœuvres when under the influence of the disease, and possess a boldness, too, of which, in their strictly "right minds," they would be utterly incapable. Such establishments as Stewart's great retail dry goods store expend large sums of money yearly in the employment of detectives to watch the customers, to see that they do not slyly purloin such goods as they may easily secrete in carpet-bags, in their pockets, under shawls, or under their dresses, and so on. Not a small number of these would-be thieves are kleptomaniacs, and mostly women suffering under diseases peculiar to the sex, or women in a state of pregnancy, whose blood is more or less driven in unusual quantities into the head, and stirs there passions and desires which they never so feel at other times. The philosophy of this thing would be a pleasant matter of study, and falls legitimately enough into the line of a detective's life to investigate; but here is not the place for its discussion at any great length.

I may run some risk in the narration of this tale, of trespassing upon the feelings of some persons who might prefer that I say nothing about it; for the facts were known to a large circle of highly-respectable people, mostly relatives of the "chief person of the drama," who would, perhaps, prefer that the matter should rest in peace, and go out in oblivion by and by. But I will endeavor to be delicate and courteous enough, in the avoidance of names, and in my general descriptions, to offend no one of those relatives who may read this.

There are a great many people who have a natural tendency to superstitions of all kinds. They have excellent common sense, for example, in everything except in matters of a religious nature. A family of such people may be divided into religious partisans of the bitterest stamp; the one may be a Baptist, for instance, and believe that all the rest, who disagree with him, must be lost. Another member may be a modern "Adventist," deny the doctrine of the essential immortality of the soul, and

think his brother, who does believe in it, guilty of a proud and sinful assumption and godless vanity in so doing. Another may become an English churchman, and gravitate from that character into the Roman Catholic church, and feel that all the rest,—the Baptist, the Adventist, etc.,—must “perish eternally,” unless they come into the fold of the Roman see. And still another may be a modern Spiritualist, and believe in the return of “departed souls” to earth, to commune directly, or through “mediums,” with poor mortals here, etc. It seems to depend very much upon how the superstitious element in each member of such families is first or finally addressed, as to what each may become.

The reader will please conceive of an old, respectable family of Knickerbockers, into whose veins was infused a little Yankee blood, imported from near Boston, Mass., a family whose sires held in the past high rank and official position in the state and nation—a family not a little proud of its far-off Dutch and English stock—reared in wealth and luxury, well bred, of course, at home, and well educated, both the males and the females; with a large amount of landed estate in various parts of the country, and blessed with a plenty of houses and building lots in the cities of New York and Brooklyn; and, in fact, I have been told that their property could be pointed out all along the road, from Jersey City to Morristown, New Jersey. In fact it was by the possession of city lots, and the constant increase of value thereof, that the family acquired the larger portion of their estate. Add to this that the relatives of the family are mostly rich, and that such of them as are not rich, belong to that highly respectable, humdrum sort of people, who are here and there found in the midst of the stir and bustle of New York, who persist in representing old notions, old modes of doing business, and whose chief pride exercises and delights itself in talking over what their fathers did, who their grandfathers were, etc., or in preserving, perhaps,

some legend, that when Washington had his residence near Bowling Green, their grand-uncle, or some other relative, was a welcome visitor there. It is necessary to bring to the mind's eye this class of people in order to comprehend the commotion which bestirred them at the time when I was called to "work up a case" in their midst.

One day, in the last "decade," I was waited on by a very proper old gentleman, neatly dressed, with long white locks smoothly combed, hanging over his shoulders. The old gentleman possessed one of those passionless faces, so difficult to read, unless you can get a chance to peer down the eyes. He wore his gloves just one size too large; a little too independent to conform to the fashion of tight gloves, and a little too aristocratic to go without any, — (although I think a poor-fitting glove no ornament, to say the least), — and walked with the short, dainty, quick step of the men of note of the last century; he was tall, that is, about five feet and ten inches in height, rather slim, though he evidently had been a man of quite robust form.

But some name I must have — and what better can I substitute for the real one than Garretson? I might have chosen Paulding, or Van Wyck; but I may wish to use them yet in this. Well, such a looking man was Mr. Garretson, as he came one day into my office, bearing me a note of introduction from an old skipper who had his office in Pearl Street then, near Wall Street. The note, it appeared, was written at Mr. Garretson's, on peculiar family note paper, and bore the Garretson coat of arms, and would, I presume, have been sealed with the Garretson "stamp," and a pile of sealing-wax as large as one of the lead drops on "bulls," which the Pope attaches to deeds of excommunication, or of convocation of councils, if it had not been a note of introduction, and therefore not proper to be sealed; for the Garretsons were never known to do anything which was not proper, not suitable to their rank, and so forth, to do. The old gentleman

stared a little as he entered my office, evidently expecting to find its appointments a little more to his taste, instead of finding "everything" in the office, and nothing in order; and asking if such were my name, and being answered in the affirmative, he daintily handed me the note.

"Be seated, sir," said I, as I took it; and pointed him to a seat near the window, which looked out on the public street, and the only empty seat in my office save mine, the rest being filled with books, papers, coats, hats, shackling irons, some old disguises, masks, etc., which I had that day pulled out of a trunk to give them an airing, and had scattered about. As I read the note, I looked at the old gentleman, and found him looking out of the window, as if he were uneasy, and was questioning in his mind what manner of man was he whom he had come to visit and consult, — for so intimated the letter of my old friend, the skipper.

I finished the perusal of the note in a minute or so, and stepping up to the old man, offered him my hand, with the usual salutations, and drawing my chair near him, sat down.

"Well, Mr. Garretson, our friend has intimated your business with me. I am at your service."

There was quite a long pause, when the old man brought his cane down on the floor between his legs, rested his hands upon the head of it, bent over it a little, and began: —

"Really, Mr. —, I was thinking why, on the whole, I had come here; for the more I think, the less do I believe that you can give us any assistance. We've tried everything ourselves."

"Yes, sir, perhaps I cannot assist you; but if you will tell me your story, I shall probably be able to tell you whether I can or not immediately."

"That's the trouble, sir; the question of probabilities in the matter," said he; "for my story is a peculiar one, and involves the disclosure of matters which I should not

like to tell you, unless you can conscientiously say that you think you can solve one of the greatest mysteries in the world," — and here he paused.

"Why, sir," said I, "everything is a mystery to those who do not understand it. I cannot assure you that I can be of any service to you; but it is my business to unravel these matters which are mysteries to most people, and however complicated your case may be, I dare say I can cite many instances of as difficult ones, which have been worked out."

"I presume so," said he. "You are right. 'What man has done man may do,' you know; but we've tried everything which seems possible to be done, to solve the trouble."

"Doubtless all you have thought of as being practicable has been tried, sir; but there is some solution of your trouble possible, sir, of course."

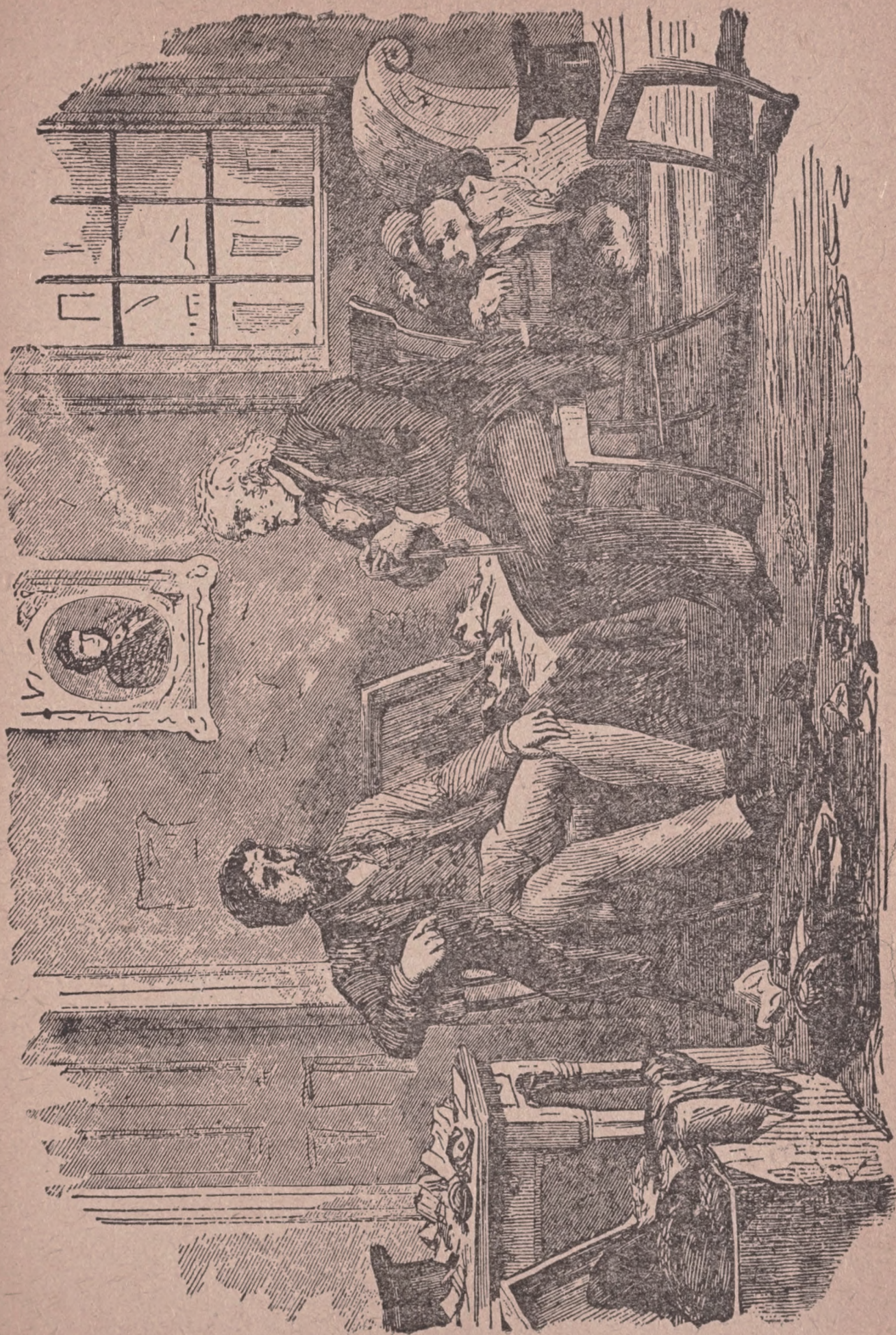
"Yes, yes; that's true — unless there is some superior power at work in the matter. Some of my family and friends think there is."

"O, ho! Then to find out *that* for a certainty would be a solution worth having; but you can only discover that by first proving that your affair is not operated by any ordinary power. Do you mean that it's thought to be the work of disembodied spirits?"

"Yes, and I confess I am half-inclined to think so myself; and I almost feel sorry that I have come to you so soon," said he, in a voice and manner which revealed to me his superstitious proclivities quite pointedly.

"O, well, sir," I replied, "it is not proper for me to press you to tell your story now. You must be your own judge of the propriety of doing so; but if you wish to, you can recite your case to me confidentially, and I will give you whatever construction of it may occur to me."

"Well, if the matter can remain a secret with you, if you do not see a way to solve it, I will tell you, and I do presume that you may be able to cast some light upon it. The



THE OLD KNICKERBOCKER IN THE DETECTIVE'S OFFICE. — "I was thinking why, on the whole, I had come here."

case is this. I live at No. 89 — Street, as you already know from Mr. —'s note."

"Yes, sir; I call the house to mind; have often noticed it as I have passed along that street."

"Well, sir, now for some eight months I've been able to keep nothing in our house of a small kind, and valuable nature, such as spoons, napkin rings, all sorts of silver ware, jewelry, watches, ladies' dresses, and my own clothing, etc., in fact, anything; it is all mysteriously carried off. I say mysteriously, for we have kept watch, night after night, and things would disappear right before our eyes, as it were."

"Well," said I, after a pause of some length, in which the old man seemed to be pondering whether he would go on with his story or not, looking bewildered, as if there was something he wished to tell me about, but did not quite dare to, or was ashamed to tell. "Well, tell me the whole story. How many persons are there in your family?"

"My wife and myself, three unmarried daughters; two married ones spend much time there too; and two of my sons, unmarried. They are in business; but I like to have my family about me —"

"Are these all?"

"Yes, except the servants. I have four maid-servants in the house, besides my coachman and butler."

"Do you suspect none of these servants?"

"No; I've tested them in every way. They have all, with the exception of one girl, been with me for from ten to twenty-five years. I called the women maid-servants; two of them are widows, one has been a widow for twenty years, and has lived with us for all that time, and the butler has been with us longer. I would trust any of them as soon as I would my own children."

"Of course, then, you suspect no one in your house?"

"No, no; there's nobody there to do these things. We've all watched and watched, I tell you, and the servants are

as much interested as we to know who is the guilty actor, for they have lost many things as well as the rest of us."

"You speak of one girl who has not been there so long as the rest. How long has she been with you?"

"About three years."

"Has she a lover who visits the house?"

"O, yes; and he's been coming there for two years."

"Why don't he marry her and take her away?"

"My wife wouldn't part with her — will keep her as long as she lives, if she can. She thinks she's the best servant she ever saw. We should suspect her least of all. She has lost nearly every keepsake her lover has given her, and some very valuable things which her mother gave her on leaving Ireland, and the poor girl has nearly cried her eyes out over her loss."

"Well, her lover, what sort of a man is he?"

"A hard working mechanic; works at the Novelty Works, and bears an excellent name."

"Is he Irish, too? I suppose he is."

"No; he is an Englishman — a Yorkshire man, I think."

"Is he Protestant or Catholic?"

"Protestant to be sure. She's Catholic, though."

"Have you ever talked with him about your losses?"

"Yes; and he and Mary, the girl, have watched several times, sitting up to keep my wife company, who was watching too; sitting up half the night, and things would disappear then."

"So you have no reason for suspecting him. Well, the case *does* look a little strange, I confess," said I; "but I would like to have you go into detail all about your premises; where the things taken were, who were in your house at the time, the kind of locks you have on your doors; what searches you have made, at what hours, or between what hours, the things have been taken; for how long, in consecutive days or weeks, things have been stolen; if there's been any cessation of these pilferings for any length

of time since they began; if you have ever discovered any traces of anybody's having gotten into the house at this or that window; what part of the house has been rifled the most,"—and every other query I could then think of, I added.

This drew from the old gentleman a minute story of the whole affair. I found the locks were the best; that he had a ferocious watch-dog loose every night in the lower and middle part of the house, but excluded from the chambers, on the servants' account, who were afraid of him; that all parts of the house were rifled alike, and it seemed from what he said that the thefts were accomplished from about the time of the family's retiring until morning, for they had watched sometimes till near morning, and then on rising would find something gone, mostly things of value, too; but sometimes trivial things, such as the grand-children's tops, etc., when they happened to be visiting there. The relatives of the family had been called in to watch too; but things went when they were there the same, and when the watch was most complete as to the number of watchers, then it was that the most valuable things were missed, and injury (evidently out of pure malevolence) done to valuable furniture; and finally Mr. Garretson told me that there had been two obvious attempts to fire the house,—and this he uttered with tremulous emotions.

From all I could gather from him I could not make up my mind to any conclusions upon which it could rest, and I told him I must visit the premises, and make examinations for myself. But I could not go till the next day or night, for that night I had engaged to meet some parties in counsel upon an important matter; "but which," said I, to him, "was more mysterious, a week ago, than anything you have told me, and which has been worked out. Now we are to consult as to how best to get the guilty parties into our hands, for we know who they are." This seemed to encourage Mr. Garretson for a little, and we parted,

I to call at his house some time next day, at my convenience.

I went as appointed, and was presented by Mr. Garretson to his wife, a fair-looking old lady, of the blonde school. Indeed, she was a motherly, sweet woman to look upon, and had evidently drunken at the "fountain of youth" somewhere; for although she was only five years younger than Mr. Garretson, as I learned, she looked thirty years his junior. Her face was a blending of the Greek and modern German in style, nose aquiline, and head broad, and not lacking in height; a pleasingly-shaped head to look upon; and there was all the mercy, tenderness, and kindness in her eye and voice which one could desire to find in a woman.

There was a sweet, unostentatious dignity, too, about her which compelled respect. She gave me a long account of the household's troubles, of her own watchings night after night, of the hypotheses she had had about the matter, and how one by one they had been exploded; and she and Mr. Garretson took me all over the house, even up into the attic, among piles of old "lumber," such as boxes, old trunks, old furniture, that had been set aside to make room for new, piled up with hosts of things which almost any other family would have sent off to the auction shops, or sold to second-hand furniture men. But she explained that some of these things had belonged to her grandfather, and other deceased relatives, and that a large old Dutch wooden chest, with great iron clasps all over it, was brought over by Mr. Garretson's ancestors from Europe. These she couldn't bear to sell, she said; "and often," said she, "they afford me great pleasure, for when Mr. Garretson and the girls are gone from home, I sit up here in this old chair" (and she pointed to a large chair, the posts of which were large enough each to make a modern chair out of), "and muse, read, and think over the past, and dwell upon heavenly things to come."

In her talk, Mrs. Garretson became quite animated, and

we waited up there, listening to her stories about the old furniture and her ancestors, quite a long while. I noticed that with the excitement of the hour her face had become quite rosy, and that there was a peculiar spot on each cheek, not unlike the hectic flush upon the cheeks of the consumptive. But she was, apparently, in the full vigor of health; a tall, but solidly-made woman, and evidently had no trouble in her lungs. But the spots gave her face a peculiar expression, and withal seemed, somehow, to give her eyes the look of subtle intelligence, which I had not observed before. I found that although Mr. Garretson was a sensible old man, well educated, and, withal, courtly, yet Mrs. G. was the chief spirit of the house, and so I consulted her further when we came from the attic. We visited each chamber, and looked into each closet, of course; and the windows of the house in front and rear were all examined, and I satisfied myself too that there was no easy approach, and no way of getting in without great risk to life or limb from the other adjoining houses; and I examined the basement as thoroughly, talked with the servants, and finally with the daughters, two of whom were then at home, and who came in from making morning calls. One of these daughters had settled down upon the conviction that the thefts were the work of disembodied spirits; but to my query "if she meant by these words "*departed friends*," she smiled, and said, "Not exactly;" and went on to tell me her religious notions about "evil spirits," as well as good ones, etc. The father fell in with her views considerably; but the clear-headed old lady, the mother, in a kind way, combated them with great force. But there was no answering the daughter when she retorted, —

"Well, perhaps it is not the work of spirits; but will you tell me whose work it is — who does it?"

Of course the family could have nothing to reply. They had exhausted their powers to solve the mystery, and I confess I began to think a particle less lightly of ghosts, hobgoblins, and "spirits of departed men," than ever be-

fore. That dog, too, which was chained up below, and was let loose of nights, was a savage-looking fellow, and it seemed to me that he would catch and tear to pieces anything but a spirit that might be prowling about the house.

I was at my wits' ends to conceive a theory which should throw light upon the subject, or even to make anything at all like a reasonable conjecture. But I could not help feeling that perhaps out of the daughter's suggestion of "spiritual" interference might be wrought something in the way of a solution of the vexatious mystery; and so I brought up the topic in that phase again, and we all entered into a general discussion.

It appeared that things had more frequently been missed when all the outer doors and all the windows of the house had been closed and locked, than at other times, when some of the upper windows especially had been opened; more in the winter than in the summer time. The articles taken, then, could hardly have been borne by "spirits" even, through the solid doors, or the glass of the windows; and so I inquired if it was sure that every trunk and every hiding-place in the house had been searched, and was assured by all, father, mother, and daughters that such search had been frequently made by them; and they explained how they had gone to the bottom of trunks and boxes, and had "shaken out sheets," etc., for in the early period of these thefts, it had been conjectured that the things missed had simply been mislaid. The daughter gave me her reasons extendedly for supposing the thefts the work of spirits, and I had to confess that some of her reasoning seemed good, "provided always," as a lawyer would say, that there are any such existences as "spirits" at all. But the family believed in "spirits;" whether they could or did communicate with "things on earth," or not, was the whole question with them; but the mother's judgment seemed to settle the question for the father and the other daughter, which was, that these thefts were not committed by spirits; and to this point we got during my

tarry there that day, and it was agreed that I should return in the evening and pass the night in the house.

I left Mr. Garretson's, and being a little weary, when I returned home threw myself on my bed, and managed to secure about four hours' sleep, which I needed in view of my prospective watching that night, and I arrived at Mr. G.'s about half past ten o'clock. A room had been prepared for me on the first flight, above the parlor, its door opening into the broad hall, which room I took after a half hour's conversation with the family. It appeared that things were missed equally on nights when the gas was burning dimly about the house, as when it was shut off; and I deemed it best to have a slight light burning in the halls, parlors, and so forth, which was permitted. Bidding the family good night (having concluded to not let the dog loose for fear, in my secret mind, that he might attack me if loose, and I should be about the house; but which thought I did not then reveal, saying only that he might make a noise, and I could perhaps listen better if I heard steps). I betook myself to my room, and drawing a lounge near to the door, which was open a few inches, I stretched myself upon it, and began to muse upon the probabilities in the case. There I lay. The clock struck twelve — again it struck one — and I had no occasion to move from my position, and began to conceive that possibly the "spirits" wouldn't work with me in the house. A half hour more went on, when suddenly I discovered the light in the hall go out. Quickly leaving the lounge, I rushed into the hall, only to discover that it was total darkness all over the house, save in my room. When Mrs. Garretson, hearing me, stepped to her door, and said, —

"Is that you, Mr. —?"

"Yes, madam. I saw the light go out, and I came to see what it means."

"O," said she, "I put out the light, for somehow, I found it oppressive — the sense of it — and could not sleep, and I guess we shall not be disturbed to-night."

A few more words were exchanged between us, when I retired to my room, and there watched the whole night out, waiting for some sign of noise in the house. But I reflected that Mrs. G. had been in different parts of the house to put out the lights, and I had not heard her move. Had she not put out the lights I should not have known that she had stirred. How, then, could I hear spirits, or even mortals, so far as their footfalls were concerned? Mr. G. got up early that morning, came to my room, and begged me to go to bed and sleep, as he should be up and about the rest of the morning, as well as the servants, who would soon be up. They would have a late breakfast, or I could lie till dinner time, if I liked, and get a good rest. He closed the door as he went out, and I lay till called for dinner. At breakfast-time Mr. G. had made his way to my room, and finding me "snoring soundly," as he said, let me sleep on.

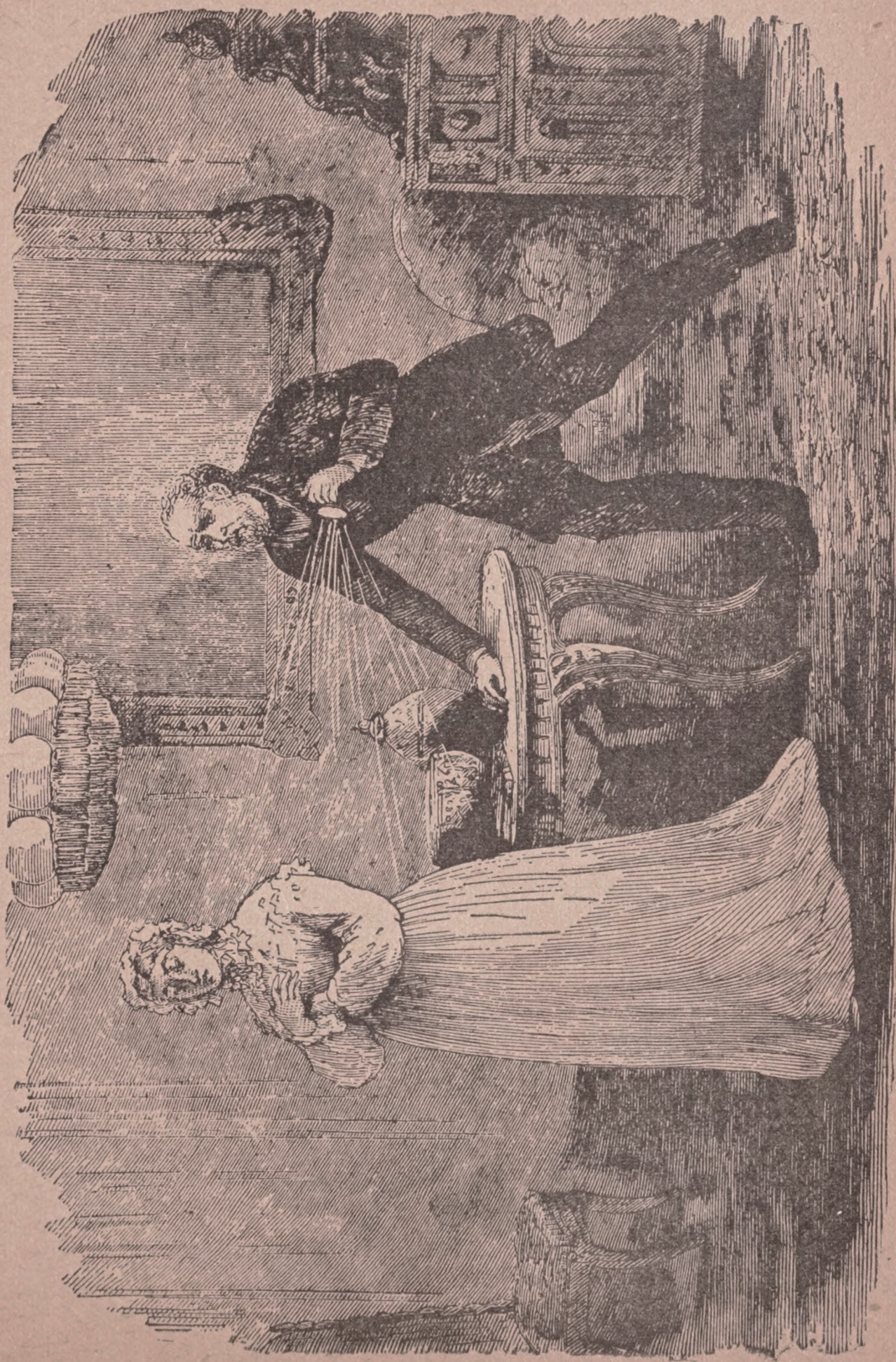
At dinner, it was disclosed that some three or four things had been missed that night; among them a very valuable gold thimble, which the daughters knew was left in a given place, and they were the last who retired; and a peculiar, elegant, silver-mounted sea-shell, which had been brought from the Mediterranean, and on which had been cut some sea-songs in the modern Greek language. I had noticed this beautiful shell myself. Where were these gone, and who had taken them? Mrs. Garretson was sure that she was awake a good part of the night, and could have heard anybody moving about the house, for with a screen at their door, her husband and herself usually left their bedroom door open. We canvassed the matter over and over, and arrived at no conclusion. Finally, it was determined that I should stay the coming night. And I left, and returned in due time. This night was one of severe watching, to no purpose. Nothing was found to be gone, and I watched still the third night, to no purpose. No noise was there, and nothing taken; and I gave up the matter.

for a while, subject to be called in again if Mr. Garretson thought best.

Several days, and finally three weeks passed, before I was again called. Meanwhile this case was constantly on my mind, no matter how busily I was employed with other matters, some of which were almost as difficult of solution as this. I could not yet come to any conclusion; but I had resolved, that if I should be called in again, what course to pursue. At the end of three weeks Mr. G. called on me, and said that the "spirits" were again at work; had visited the house the night before, and carried off several things, this time having evidently tried to carry away some chairs, for they found two of the parlor chairs in the basement hall, standing against the door. This was rather too much for my credulity, that "spirits" should do these things, and I went that night to Mr. G.'s with the determined purpose of meeting the "spirits" in the operation of carrying off chairs, etc., for I concluded I could see the furniture if the spirits were indeed invisible. The room I had before was given me, and the household retired, — I giving them no clew to the course I intended to pursue. The dog was chained as before, and I had taken quiet notice of the location of everything in the parlors, and had visited the kitchen (from which things were frequently taken, even loaves of bread, for which I suspected the "spirits" had no use), and taken notes there. I had visited the dog in company with Mrs. G., and gotten into his good graces as well as I could, and made him familiar with my voice.

The family retired, and so did I, but not to sleep. In a half hour after going to my room, there being no light in the house this night, I took a dark lantern I had secretly brought with me, and taking off my boots, tripped down into the parlors, out of one of which, in the somewhat old-fashioned house, opened a closet with shelves in it, at the top, but with room enough for me to sit comfortably in it upon an ottoman, which I placed there, and with the door slight-

ly ajar, there I sat. Of course I was well armed for any emergency, and my purpose was to shoot anything like a "spirit" I might find prowling about, provided I could get "sight" of the wretch. There I remained for two hours and over, when, about half after one o'clock in the morning I heard something like a person's stumbling against a chair. I listened intently, and heard something moving very stealthily. There was no light in the room, and so cocking my trusty pistol, and holding it in my right hand, I with the other brought out from its concealment my dark lantern, and threw its full blaze into the room, and there, to my astonishment, I found a person in a night-gown, with a sort of tunic over it. The size indicated Mrs. G., and I was just about to apologize to her, when she turned about, and I saw that her eyes were closed. There was a very peculiar and cunning look in her face, and she concealed in her tunic a pair of opera glasses, and other small things, which she took from the *étagères* in the corner of the room. It flashed upon my mind at once, of course, that Mrs. G. was the troublesome "spirit" I was seeking, and I immediately turned the veil upon my lamp, fearing that the light might disturb her operations, and awaken her; for I suspected at once that she was in a state of partial sleep, and was, in short, a somnambulist; and when in the condition of one, affected with the desire to conceal things; romancing, in short, in her dreams. I resolved to follow her, to see what disposition she would make of her prizes; and so, when I concluded she had gotten to the other side of the room, I brought out my lantern again, and discovered her tripping lightly to the hall stairs, and I slowly and softly followed. Up stairs she went, and up another flight, and finally ascended the attic stairs. I followed, as near as I could, without disturbing her, and with my light got the opportunity of seeing her open the big Dutch chest, of which I have spoken before. She unlocked it, and I waited no longer, but went down to my room, and stood within the door of it waiting for her to



DISCOVERING THE "SPIRITS," AT NO. 89 — STREET, N. Y. — I found a person in a night-gown with a sort of tunic over it.

return. She came down after some ten minutes had passed, as stealthily and softly as she had gone up, and there was playing upon her face, which my light partly turned on revealed, that same covert smile. She passed on to her bed-room door which was open, and must have glided around the screen, which stood within the doorway, and lay down.

I withdrew to my room, locked the door, and went to bed, and slept more soundly than I had done for three nights before, — the solace which comes to mental anxiety is so much more soothing than the balm which heals only physical pains. Breakfast was called at a late hour next morning, and I felt perfectly refreshed from my sleep, and was in one of my jolliest moods; and when I announced at table that I had, I thought (as I cautiously said), fully solved the mystery, — had seen the “spirits,” and knew all about the matter, — there was no little astonishment expressed all around the board. But I got the family in a joking mood, and held them in suspense — in half doubts. Mrs. G. was the liveliest of all, and said they could never be grateful enough to me, never could pay me enough for what I had done, if I had really scented out the culprits. They asked me all sorts of questions; but I was not ready to explain, for I was in doubt what was the best course, — whether I should tell the mother alone, or the father, or both, or all.

At last I decided upon a course, which was, to get the daughters and mother away from the house on some errand; to tell the father, and with him make search of the chest, and every other conceivable hiding-place in the house, which thing, — the sending off of the mother and daughters, — was readily accomplished after I had slyly taken the father to my room, when the ladies were occupied with their cares and pleasures, and told him that I wished he would ask no questions why, but that I desired he would send out his family.

Fortunately they were projecting a visit that day to

some friends in a distant part of the city, and the old gentleman encouraged it; and finally ordered out his carriage, and sent them off with the driver, in great glee, in their expectancy of "the great revelation when we get home," as the spiritualistic daughter expressed it.

They had not gotten well away before I asked the father to hunt up whatever keys he could find in the house; and he was not long in finding two or three bunches, and several other single ones besides, and, without explaining anything, I told him to follow me, and proceeded at once to the attic. A half dozen trials of the keys resulted in the chest's yielding up its deposits. There we found all sorts of things secreted away in old boxes placed within the chest, and all covered with a blanket, and over all this small piles of time-old newspapers, brown and faded. The chest was very capacious, and contained a great deal of the silver ware that had been taken, valuable little articles of *virtu*; a large quantity of jewelry, and all sorts of small things which are ordinarily to be found in the houses of wealthy people. These were all nicely laid away. Considerable order was observed in their arrangement, which accounted for the hours of solitary comfort which Mrs. G. told me, on the first visit to the attic, that she spent there among the old mementos of the past. But when we had gotten everything out of the chest, Mr. G. called to mind many things which had been missed, which were not found there; so we made the most scrupulous search into old trunks, and other things in the attic, without much avail, finding a few things, however. At last, in removing some old boxes which stood atop of each other, and against the chief chimney running through the attic, we came across a fireplace, which Mr. G. said he had forgotten all about. Long years before the house had been extended into the rear yard (for it was a corner house), by a small "L," in which the servants were provided with rooms. Prior to that some of them had occupied a room done off in the attic, the board partitions of which had been removed. It

was then this fireplace was in use. A sheet-iron "fire-board" closed it up, and was held in place by a button. As I took hold of the button, and found it moved easily, I said to Mr. G., "We shall find treasures here;" and we did. It was quite full of household things; and here we found some of the largest pieces of silver ware that had been lost. A full tea-service, etc., together with a large roll of bank bills, and five bills of old "Continental scrip," the loss of which Mr. G. had mourned as much as that of almost all the rest, for they were pieces which Alexander Hamilton had given to Mr. G.'s father, upon a certain occasion notable in the history of the latter, and bore General Hamilton's initials in his own hand.

We continued our search, and found other things, which it is needless to specify. Then Mr. G. and I held a "council of war" as to what was to be next done. We concluded that the servants must not be allowed to know anything about the matter, and we had not concluded whether the daughters were to be let into the secret or not. This was after I had told Mr. G. of my solution of the matter, which I had kept secret from him until we came to consider what was to be done with the things. At first we thought we would at once carry them all to his bedroom, and place them in a large closet there. But finally Mr. G. thought it would be more satisfying to see his wife operate, himself; and we put back the things as well as we could, and went down. It was arranged that I should come back that night to watch further, and that Mr. G. should tell the family that I wished to make more investigations, and that I was not quite satisfied after all; which he did. That night I returned, kept excellent watch, and Mrs. G., as fate would have it, left her room, and went prowling about as before. At the proper time I entered Mr. G.'s room, and awakened him; and, drawing on his pantaloons, and wrapping himself in a cloak, he followed me, and watched his wife's manœuvres to his satisfaction, and retired, before she had concluded her work.

The next day, at breakfast, the family rallied me about the things missed the night before, Mr. G. joining in the badgering, jokingly. I played the part of a defeated man, half covered with shame ; and before noon Mr. G. had the family out to ride again. We hastily gathered up all the lost and found treasures, and placed them in a large closet in Mr. G.'s bedroom ; he having made up his mind to give his wife, by herself, a great surprise, and then tell her what he had seen, and consult her feelings as to whether the children were to ever know how the things were gotten back, or not.

He was anxious to have me wait till she came ; and we managed, without exciting the suspicion of the girls, to get together in the bedroom, where Mr. G. opened the door of the closet, first cautioning Mrs. G. to make no loud exclamation, and there revealed the lost treasures.

"See what the 'spirits' have brought back to us?" said he. "Mr. — is the best 'medium for business' in the city. We must give him a certificate ;" and the old man "rattled away" with his jokes, while Mrs. G. looked on with astonishment and delight.

"You must tell me all about it," said she. "How *did* you find these things? Who brought them? Who is the thief? How did he get in the house? Does he come down chimney?" and a host of other questions.

"I'll tell you all about it to-night," said Mr. G. "It is a long story ; but first the girls must be called to see the lost treasures now restored." And the daughters were called up. To their queries, uttered amidst the profoundest astonishment, as to how, and when, etc., the treasures were brought back, and who was the thief, and if it was some Catholic, who had disgorged the stolen goods through the confessional, Mr. G. only answered, slyly winking at the spiritualistic daughter, "It was through the means of a first-rate 'medium' that the things were restored."

"There, there," said the daughter, too serious to under-

stand her father's irony, "I could have told you so. What do you think now of spiritualism, father?"

"O, I don't know," said he in reply. "There *are* a great many strange things in the world, that's a fact." But he would not promise to ever tell them how the things got back, and the ladies went to assorting them, and commenting on each article. It was a novel sight to see the eagerness with which they grasped at this or that article as it turned up, — the long-lost treasures found.

I left the house duly that day, and I understood from Mr. G., who called on me three or four days after, that when he told his wife that night what he had seen, and how she looked, and so forth, when moving about so slyly, that she had a "great crying spell" over it, and did not wish the daughters to be informed of the secret state of things; and that for fear the somnambulistic state should come upon her again, she tied her arm or foot to the bedstead, in order to be awakened if she should attempt to get out of bed. But she had had no more attacks of the disease.

"Perhaps her severe crying broke it," said he.

I made many inquiries of Mr. G. about his wife's habits in life, her general health, her peculiar troubles, if she had any, by way of resolving this mystery of the kleptomania connected with the somnambulism; and from all I could learn, I believe that she was one of the most conscientious and best of mortals in her normal state, and I was led to believe that the kleptomania, if not the somnambulism, was caused by diseases, though slight ones, peculiar to the female sex; but why these came on so late in life, (for Mrs. Garretson was sixty-three years old,) I cannot conceive, but leave that for the doctors to decide.

THE SORCERESS' TRICK, AND HOW SHE WAS CAUGHT.

CLASSIFICATION OF MEN — THE SUPERSTITIOUS ELEMENT IN MAN — THE OLD CULTS CONTINUED IN THE NEW — FIRE WORSHIP — THE SORCERERS — MY LEGAL FRIEND'S STORY A LAUGHABLE ONE INDEED — THE DESPONDENT OLD MAID, THOUGH ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED — AN AUNT ARRIVES IN "THE NICK OF TIME" — THEY HUNT UP A FORTUNE-TELLER — MRS. SEYMOUR, THE SORCERESS, AND HER PRETTY LITTLE "ORATORY" — THE "PRIE-DIEU" — THE OLD MAID MARRIES — MRS. SEYMOUR'S PLAN FOR INSURING THE AFFECTION OF HUSBANDS — HER POWERS AS A CHARMER — THE SACRED BOX AND ITS FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS CONTENTS — MRS. SEYMOUR IS LOST SIGHT OF — SEARCH FOR HER IN BROOKLYN AND AT BOSTON — THE CHARMED BOX OPENED BY MR. AND MRS. —, AND THE CONTENTS FOUND TO HAVE CHANGED FORM MATERIALLY — MY LEGAL FRIEND AND I LOOK AFTER MATTERS — A PORTION OF THE TRANSFORMED VALUABLES FOUND — A MRS. BRADLEY, A "MEDIUM" IN BOSTON, PROVES TO BE THE IDENTICAL MRS. SEYMOUR — THE HIGH-TONED DEVOTEES OF BOSTON — SUDDEN PROCEEDINGS TAKEN — MRS. SEYMOUR AND HER HUSBAND COME TO TERMS — RESULTS — RESPECTABLE VICTIMS OF THE SORCERERS NUMEROUS — THE DUPES IN THE "ATHENS OF AMERICA."

WHAT the human race might have become without the love of the mysterious or marvellous in its composition, would be a pretty subject of speculation for the philosophers, but one which human genius will prove perhaps ever unable to solve. There are three classes of human beings, — or so I am apt to divide them in my "philosophy," — the good, and in different degrees, sensible; the crafty; and the simple and weak, neither positively good or bad. These latter two divisions comprehend the vast majority of mankind, made so, to a great extent, by the institutions which the race has, in its ignorance, wrought out for itself, and by which it is constantly cursed, until one by one it

outgrows, along the course of the ages, these outrages upon itself, which itself has imposed. This process of outgrowing we call *progress*, and so it is, perhaps; but it would be more satisfactory progress if, when it overrides or abates one wrong or malicious incumbrance upon a race, it could or would also avoid the establishment of another equally bad. The love of the mysterious is, to a great extent, the religious element in man. Some writers hold that it is such to the full extent; but I am not about to decide that, even for myself alone, much less for others. True it is, however, that in all historic time this element, or whatever else one is pleased to call it, has been the medium through which the intellectual and tyrant forces in the race have subjected the weaker to their sway. The ancient oracles played upon the superstitious in men in the government of whole races and nations, and to-day the oracles of old are reproduced among us in a thousand ways, and the religions of the past, in their symbolizations, exist among us, and exert their influence, almost unconsciously to the masses.

For example. That beautiful cult, or religion of old, — sun-worship, — is traceable in modern institutions, and the old fire-worship, so wondrous, still lives in that word Purity (from the Greek word *pur*, fire), which is the expression of our highest or deepest sense of all that is morally perfect; and in the very steeples of our churches is the old fire-worship symbolized; for the steeple is but a representation of the old obelisks, which were themselves but symbols of the tall shafts of fire which shot up from the top of some mountain, like Sinai, when the worshippers built thereon the vast *bon-fires*, — or good, i. e., *holy*, — fires to which the vast assemblages poured forth their devotions. And in even the names of the days of the week we preserve the memories of the old superstitions, and to some extent the superstitions themselves — Sun-day, day devoted to the worship of the sun, and so on. In Thurs-day, or Thor's-day, we are kept in mind of the old

Scandinavian god, as potent in the estimation of his worshippers as the Jehovah of the Hebrews was to them, though a somewhat different character.

Through all grades, and shades, and degrees the superstitious element of to-day finds itself fed. The sublime and the ridiculous still exists as of old, and the advertising columns of the public journals tell but too plainly and painfully of the susceptibility of the masses to the deceits and frauds to which the superstitious element in them subjects them. The sorcerers are not yet extinct, and the prophets, as good as most of those of ancient days, and magicians as expert as those whom the greater magician, Moses, outwitted, are still to be found; and I suspect these excel those of ancient times in one important, the most important art—that of money-getting. But they have an advantage over their prototypes in that they have the influence of the public journals of these days to widely proclaim themselves—to make their pretensions heard by a larger audience. I suspect that many a reader of this would be surprised to learn, could he be statistically informed, how vast is the number of the victims of modern sorcery. These are not confined to the lower orders, as many an intelligent and educated man, who has not made the special matter of remark here a study, might quite sensibly suspect. None of the conventional grades of society, whether the same be measured by money, by the education of books, or what is called “blood,” or high hereditary social position, is lacking in them; and it is remarkable that the victims from the educated circles are as much more intense, generally, in their superstitions, as their superiority in other respects to the uneducated is marked and distinguished. I suppose this may be accounted for thus: Being once led into superstition, the man of letters resorts to his pride of intellect to sustain himself in it, and deepen his convictions; for although we cannot exactly believe whatever we please,—for the character of evidence must be a matter of some consideration

with us, must have weight with us, — yet when we are led on to a certain point, and have averred our belief in any absurdity, we are disposed to admit its logical consequences, however wide apart from good sense they may be.

In this narrative I have first to deal with parties of high social position — of education, and much refinement, of course, — but descended from a long line of ancestors more or less noted for their inclination to believe everything which came to them under the similitude of religion or superstition of any kind — anything which seemed to them inexplicable ; anything, in other words, mysterious to them.

A lawyer of my acquaintance — in fact an old friend, who had employed me many times before, especially in the ferreting out of legal evidence in criminal matters — came one day into my office with a broad grin on his face. I was in pretty good humor, and was beguiling an hour or two, — while I was awaiting the advent of a party who I hoped would bring me some valuable news of the working of a little plot of mine in the investigation of a case, — with Dickens's Martin Chuzzlewit. Of course I was in good humor, enjoying that rare word-painter's faithful pictures of American society as he found it ; and my friend, the lawyer, was of course enjoying himself, otherwise why that irresistible grin, which, in my mood, stirred me up to outright laughter as he entered ?

"What's up ?" I said. "Deliver yourself *instantly* ; for I want to hear the fun."

"O, ho," he replied, "I've the jolliest affair to tell you of that ever occurred in the line of my experience. I am counsel, advocate, and judge in the matter, and expected to be constable, jury, and executioner, all in one ; for the whole thing, involving love and lovers, 'potions and pills,' quacks, schemers, thieves, and everything else, is left in my hands, and I've come over to divide the honors with you —"

"Well, well ; after your long opening, suppose you come

down to the points in the matter — ‘judge,’ ‘executioner,’ or whatever you please to call yourself in the premises.”

“To begin, then, you must know that there’s a part of the business which you must *not* know at present, and that is, the *names* of the people I am about to tell you of. These people occupy a very high position in society, and their case is the funniest thing in the world, considering their rank, life-time associations, and the man’s official position in the world, or rather the one which he has held, — a very high one under the government. You must understand that he is old and wealthy, and that his wife is a young woman, comparatively speaking, though she had arrived at that degree of maturity before marriage which entitles a lady to the honors of an old maid. She is extremely well educated, comes of a good family, and has been a successful teacher in her day in a ladies’ seminary. All things considered, she is, in the general way, rather the superior of her husband. This much to begin with, to give you a sort of inkling of how extraordinary the case is; for if they were simply a couple of fools, or ordinary people, the matter wouldn’t have any spice in it.”

“Well,” I broke in as he paused, “go on, and satisfy my curiosity, counsellor, now that you’ve whetted it up.”

“Be patient,” said he, “and I will, but I am always choked with the comicality of the affair when I picture it to myself; and I was only stopping to gather a little dignity, to go on reciting the serious thing to you. The parties are very rich, and it’s only a matter of some five thousand dollars anyhow — a bagatelle for them. They are ugly about it, considering the way they, or rather she, was duped,” — and here the lawyer fairly roared, as he slapped his hand upon his knee, over the thought of such people’s being “taken in and done for” by the arts which usually prevail mostly among the ignorant. But there is no telling what the superstitious element in the mind may not lead to.

My friend went on to say, then, that about the time of the marriage of the old maid in question with the rich old man, she had, in brooding over her future, gotten it into her head in some way, that perhaps his affection,—of which she felt pretty contentedly sure for the time, however,—might wane and grow less, and she become but a slave to the old man and his money. Brooding over this, she got quite melancholy and “nervous.” She really loved the old man, who was not only a man of ability and honors, but was very kind of soul. Of course, too, his great wealth was no objection to a woman who could appreciate the value of a comfortable home, or enjoy the refinements of a luxurious one.

“I would not wish to intimate,” said the lawyer, “that she took this matter of wealth into consideration, even lightly; for I like to assure myself once in a while that there are to be found a few women in this populous vale of tears, who have considerations superior to the thought of wealth; and, verily, this woman *looks* to me like one of those.”

But the woman got nervous. If his affection should fail, why, she would become only a prettily-dressed bird in a handsome cage, with enough to eat and drink, but without loving companionship; excluded, in fact, from the society of her old and poorer friends, and, to use a religious phrase, unhappy enough to be practically “without God in the world.” She hardly dared to mention to any of her particular friends the dreadful thought that was gnawing at her heart, and growing fiercer every day, for fear they would ridicule her.

“Ladies having passed a certain age are supposed to be peculiarly sensitive on matters touching love and marriage, you know,” said my friend, with a very knowing wink in his eye.

No, she had no friend to pour out her soul to on the very point, of all things, the most dear to her. Her “intended” had exhibited some peculiarities of character

which she did not understand, and now, while she was brooding over her especial grief, he was naturally enough more eccentric than ever. Possibly he, too, was undergoing fears,—fears that when he grew older, and older—and he was far in advance of her in years,—that her affection would wane, and then all that would bind her to him would be his money. Perhaps he had caught her disease unconsciously. Withal the condition of things generally between them, in their silent hearts, must have been anything but pleasant to both of them. The lady prayed for light to know her duty to herself and her coming lord,—in fact, to be taught from on high whether she would be doing a wrong or not to him, to marry him,—for her fever had burned on beyond the point of simple selfishness. The great question of duty and right had seized hold of her mind, and she had become religiously morbid thereon. But one thing she thought she knew for a certainty—that she not only loved him now, but would continue to love him, always. So she reflected that she should do no wrong to him in marrying; and she finally got to the resolution that she would patiently bear his coldness and neglect, and even his tyranny, if he should display anything of the last, as a good Christian woman ought to,—and the time set for the wedding was fast drawing near. But she found this resolution of Christian fortitude under the condition of unrequited love rather more than a good human nature could bear, or ought ever to be asked to bear; and it got to be an awful burden to her, meek and lowly though she was.

As the time grew shorter before the wedding, the lady's wakeful hours at night grew longer and more burdensome, and her friends began to notice their telling effect upon her countenance, and whole constitution, in fact. Such of them as were indelicate enough (and who ever knew many ladies, especially, who are not inclined to be indelicate at times on matters of love and marriage, or rather towards those indulging the one and contemplating the other?),—

such, my friend went on to say, got to poking fun at her a little ; said the condition she contemplated must be terrible, indeed, since it wore upon her so much, etc. — all of which did not seem to amend matters much.

But finally, only three or four days before the time set for the wedding, and not over an hour after her old lover had called, and rolled away in his carriage, — he having seemed very gloomy that day, too, — an old aunt of the lady came, — came from New Orleans to pass a few days with her niece, — and she found the latter in tears. She had heard of her niece's prospective marriage ; and as she was a demonstrative old lady, and very sympathetic, she both pitied her niece, and spared no pains in attempting to console her, and finally won her great secret.

"La, me !" exclaimed the old aunt ; "do tell — *is* that *all* that's troubling you so ? Now, do take heart. I tell you we can get that sore spot fixed up, — cured in a mighty short time. I understand all about it. Fact is, I've had such an experience myself in my day, and I've known others have the like, and I got it all made right, and they did too, if there's any believin' folks ; but some folks are curious creatures — that's true, Mary," (for that's the niece's first name) ; and she went on to tell her "as how" she didn't believe in witchcraft, or in seers, or "clair-ry-voy-ants" (as she called them), or in fortune-tellers, "either with the cards or without them," nor "in them as sees into things through crystals, and such like," as a general thing. But she did believe that some folks had a magic about them, by which they could peer into the future, and prevent things happening that might otherwise occur. She was a very garrulous old lady, it would seem, and overwhelmed her niece with instances enough, which she had "known" to prove valuable, of the mysterious "power of some people," to establish a general rule in favor of all seers' pretensions.

The niece was just in the mood to believe in anything that seemed likely to bring her any relief, and asked her aunt for her advice in the premises, which was given, of

course, and was to the effect that they should find out a *good* fortune-teller, and visit her next day. But the time was short, and they had no acquaintances of whom they could inquire. The aunt sighed deeply over the fact that New Orleans was so far off; "for if it wasn't, we would go and visit old Aunt Betsy" — an aged negro woman — "right off. She's always sure and certain. I've tried her a hundred times."

"What, aunt! a hundred times?" asked Mary.

"Yes, yes, a full hundred times."

"Why, aunt, then I am afraid you do believe in fortune-tellers."

"No, no; I don't. I told you that I don't, generally speaking; but Aunt Betsy is a wonder, if she *is* black. *She* ain't any the worse for that, I tell you, no matter what the rest of the blacks are."

Any one acquainted with the character of the people, who, at the South, put their trust in prophetic old negroes and negresses, need no further hint as to the superstitious character of Mary's aunt. They are a peculiar class, the like of whom is not to be found in all the world besides. They are weaker than the idolaters of the East, and are generally a sensuous, if not sensual, class, they who worship these old negroes, and there are a great many of them. The aunt was not only superstitious, but enthusiastic — one of those magnetic creatures, who, at times, exercise a good deal of influence — a sort of "psychologic" power over others; and in Mary's state of mind, she was not much disposed to resist the aunt's advisory suggestions. She needed sympathy at the time, and was willing to accept it in whatever form presented.

With no one to inquire of as to a "successful fortune-teller," the aunt and Mary consulted the newspapers, determining to select among the advertisements the name of the "medium," or "sight-seer," or "clairvoyant," or what not, who appeared to reside in the most respectable quarters; and they were not long in determining, through

the columns of the Herald, upon a Mrs. Seymour, then residing in Grand Street. This "Mrs. Seymour" was the wife of a crafty Irishman, of much intelligence, and extremely good address, by the name of Brady. This man was capable of concocting dark designs; and although his wife was also a cunning person, and was not lacking in real skill and strategy, yet it was generally supposed, as I learned on investigating this case, that he was the subtle "power behind the throne" when any great cheat or curious deviltry was performed by her. But she was a "canny" woman, after all, and as mild and attractive, when she pleased to be, as she was sharp and unscrupulous. Long experience had given her great facility in necromantic arts, and the smoothness of her tongue was something remarkable. It is supposed by most people, who are unacquainted with these sorcerers, that they are both illiterate and unintelligent. They are usually ignorant of books; but they are by no means lacking in intelligence, cultivated and sharpened by a discipline which books can hardly give.

"Mrs. Seymour" was the assumed name of the wife — her advertising *sobriquet* — a name well chosen, since, unlike her real name, it did not suggest her Irish origin, and therefore forbid Irish servant girls from visiting her, and leaving with her a dollar or two dollars a time for advice on the subject of their lovers, marriages, or a "new place" to work. The Irish in this country, at least, have no respect for sorcerers of Irish birth. The name, too, sounds not unaristocratic; something substantial about it; has not the appearance of being assumed, like those of "Madame Leclerque," "Madame Duponleau," and other high-sounding aliases of some fat, dumpy English or Welsh woman, or some dark weazen-faced Polish hag, whose real name is perhaps Johnson, Jones, or Thomascowitch.

"Mrs. Seymour" was a middle-sized woman, not ugly of features, not handsome, with a sort of mobile face, which could easily assume any expression which her sub-

tle, crafty mind might suggest. Her house was a decent abode, pretty well furnished ; and, in this respect, far above the character of the houses which most " mediums " and fortune-tellers inhabit, presenting a cosy, inviting appearance in the parlor. Mr. Brady, a man of wholesome face and good address, was usually at home to aid in entertaining visitors, especially ladies, who called upon " Mrs. Seymour " professionally.

To " Mrs. Seymour " went the aunt and Mary, and at first had a " sitting " with her, in order to test her capacity at fortune-telling. On entering the house, they had first encountered the shrewd Mr. Brady, who probably at once suspected that the younger woman was revolving matrimonial matters in her mind, and having opportunity to speak with his wife in private before she entered the room, told her, probably, his suspicions. At all events, Mrs. Seymour had hardly sitten down, and thrown herself into her accustomed trance, before she told Mary that she had come there upon a question of marriage, and that there were troubles in the way, and invited her to free her mind. The simple-hearted Mary and the credulous aunt were taken aback at once by Mrs. Seymour's sudden approach to the very subject on their minds, and the aunt exclaimed, " There, Mary, I told you so ! "

The ladies did " free their minds " immediately, and Mrs. Seymour begged to be excused for a few moments. She said it was a case involving nice points, and she wished to act cautiously ; that in cases of the kind, where the happiness of parties hung for life upon a decision which must be so soon made, she was in the habit of taking counsel of her " heavenly Father," and in her private oratory to approach him in prayer. She started from the room, and then suddenly returned, and said, " Ladies, perhaps you would like to see a beautiful '*prie-dieu*,' which I have in my oratory ; a beautiful present to me by the Duke of Argyle, when I was visiting Scotland, in honor of a successful clairvoyant discovery which, with

the help of Almighty God, I was enabled to make for him."

The ladies followed her up to the little "hall bedroom," so customary in certain New York houses, and which was quite neatly fitted up. There was the *prie-dieu* — a thing which these ladies had never seen, or indeed heard of before. They asked "Mrs. Seymour" what it was for; and she explained to them that it was a chair to pray in, and showed them how to kneel and sit, and where to put the prayer-book.

Duly they withdrew, greatly edified by the pious, good lady's conduct, while she tarried for a while to "pray," and came down at last to the parlor with a very saintly countenance on — quite "illumined" in fact. She had been inspired with counsel how Mary was to proceed with her coming husband, in order to increase and secure forever his love. Mrs. Seymour had learned all she needed to know from Mary's full confession, spiced with suggestions by the garrulous aunt.

She had learned that Mary's coming husband was very rich; and she began by saying, that on entering into married life, any great disparities between the parties — in riches, age, accomplishments, etc. — were apt to prove disastrous in the end. The rich husband, for example, would taunt his poor wife sometimes with her poverty, and the young wife might throw the fact of age and infirmity in the face of her old husband, or either accuse the other of ignorance. All these things would bring severe troubles in the end. But the greatest trouble frequently came from disparity in social position — where a man or woman of high station had married a partner of low station. In this case she was glad to see that this trouble would not exist. The parties were of equal rank in respectability and social surroundings. The husband's great riches were the only thing to fear. Better marry a poor husband, and plod on with him, and make one's own fortune, than marry a rich man whose love might soon cool.

There would come a domestic hell between the parties : among low people, quarrelling, and absolute fighting, now and then ; among people of higher grade, a genteel indifference, — no ugly words, but cold, cruel demeanor, etc., — worse, a great deal, than actual physical violence through which the angry passions would exhaust themselves, and after which repentance and “making up” were frequent. But in the other case, — in the higher grade, — no such thing would occur as “making up,” and the most luxuriant home would become a prison, or a grave rather, of the affections — a horrible life to lead, out of which there was no escape for parties who valued public opinion, or who, as in the case of a dependent wife, had no haven of peace to resort to, no means of support — and much more said Mrs. Seymour, in her grave, effective way.

So solemn was she that the timid, fearful Mary cried, and the old aunt became all of a tremor, and poured forth torrents of caressing words upon poor Mary. But Mrs. Seymour relieved their distress to great extent, by informing them that when at prayer, the “dear Almighty God” (to use her own expression) had favored her with a vision, which she had interpreted. There were many ways, she said, to preserve a husband’s or wife’s love. All these ways were well known to the scientific. They were always effective, were these various means, when properly applied. She could have told them at once, without resorting to counsel with her “heavenly Father,” of what would probably be effective in this case ; but she was glad she had resorted to prayer first, because, although she would have taken very much the same course pointed out in the vision, yet she might not have been so thorough in her counsel, and would not have felt such certainty or confidence in it. The ladies lifted up their hands again, and hung with confiding delight, and with believing smiles upon their faces, upon every word Mrs. Seymour uttered. She told them, that in answer to her prayer, she saw a group of angels descending from the heavens. They wore

beautiful robes of various colors. Here she stopped to tell them that it was a popular fallacy to suppose that the angels all wore white robes; that such a uniform would be inconsistent with Nature's usual course; that the God of Nature loved variety,—infinite variety,—and therefore he had exemplified it all through his works. The ladies were delighted with Mrs. Seymour's eloquent words, and she went on to tell them that she saw these angels decorating each other with amulets, and souvenirs, and ornaments of all kinds, beautiful brilliants more dazzling than earthly diamonds, etc., and she noticed that each ornament was blessed by a beautiful priestess before it was passed from one angel to the other, and when the latter assumed it she observed that his or her face lighted up with a new and glorious expression of love for the gems; that these angels were of apparently different degrees of age, which suited Mary to hear, of course.

Thus Mrs. Seymour went on with her pious rigmarole, which she managed, by her cunning imagination, to make very charming, and finally said that, though the vision was easy enough of interpretation, yet, in this case of great importance, she had prayed for an interpretation, and was at once "impressed" with this solution. It would be wise for Mary, she said, to put off all care from her mind, from the present moment, with the belief that she should be happy with her husband, as would be the case if she followed the advice; she would retain his love forever. Marry him on the day appointed, be cheerful and kind, and have no unpleasant forebodings, as she need have none, and then, as fast as she could collect together all valuables which he had been in the habit of wearing on his person, as ornaments, or carrying in his pocket, such as watches, jewelry of all kinds, especially of the rich kinds, such as diamonds, and all the money which he had *actually handled* (for it was necessary, she said, that he must have touched it, and it would not do for her to get a draft from him, and go to the bank and draw it herself, unless she

should afterwards put it in his hands, and naïvely ask him to count it for her), — all these things she was to get, and the more of them and the greater their value, the surer would be the spell which was to be worked. These things, as she procured them, she was from time to time to bring to Mrs. Seymour, who would operate with them as in the vision directed. The lady would then take them home and put them in a box, and then Mrs. Seymour would visit her house and charm the whole box, which the lady would keep, for a few weeks, as near herself as she could all the while without inconvenience, and the spell would thus be worked. The ladies looked in wonder, and believed. Mrs. Seymour charged them fifty dollars for her counsel; but the ladies not chancing to have so much in their purses, she consented to take twenty-five then, and wait till after the marriage, and when Mary should bring the first article to be charmed, for the other twenty-five dollars. This was all fair, and pleased the ladies, who went away happy, it seems.

The marriage took place. The old man having some estates in Canada, which needed looking after, made his bridal tour in the now Dominion of Canada; and with Quebec as his central point, travelled about the province for some three weeks, with his new wife.

He was very happy, and so was Mary. They returned to New York duly, and in the course of a few weeks Mary, now Mrs. Mary —, visited Mrs. Seymour, with her first batch of articles to be charmed. These were a watch, a very elegant one, profusely ornamented with diamonds, which had belonged to the old gentleman's former wife, but which Mrs. Mary had discovered that he had sometimes carried, and a large diamond ring which he had once worn, but which, on account of an injury to the finger which it fitted, he had laid aside, with some trinkets of value. Taking these to her "oratory," Mrs. Seymour pretended to have charmed them, and then brought them back to Mrs. Mary, and told her to get a box of suitable size, and place

them in it, also the other things that she should bring, to get them charmed. While Mrs. Mary was consulting with her in regard to the box she should get, Mrs. Seymour happened to think of one which she had, and which she would as lief give to Mrs. Mary as not, and she went to her side-board drawer and brought a little square-shaped enamelled *papier-maché* box, neat, but cheap; she said this would do, and it could be sealed so easily when it should be filled. Mrs. Mary wished to pay her for it, but Mrs. Seymour would not allow her to do so; and the box, with the watch, etc., in it, went off with Mrs. Mary, who had paid Mrs. Seymour the other twenty-five dollars. Mrs. Mary followed Mrs. Seymour's counsels as speedily as she could, and was soon at the latter's house with the other matters of jewelry, this time bringing a very valuable brooch, which was once the property of the former wife; and Mrs. Mary had a piece of her own cunning to tell Mrs. Seymour.

In order that the brooch might come under the rule of having been worn on the person of the husband, she had pinned it on to his night-shirt when he was asleep, and laid awake and watched it there for an hour or more. Mrs. Seymour rewarded this piece of stratagem with her august approval, and told Mrs. Mary that it would do just as well to lay the things under his pillow, and if she found anything more which he had not worn, to put it there. She suggested that whole sets of silver spoons could be placed there at any time; which was a happy thought for Mrs. Mary, who wished to get all the value she could into the box, and she told Mrs. Seymour that there was in the house, but never used, a set of gold spoons, a present from some of her husband's rich relatives. In time these were in the box. But to make the matter sure as to value, Mrs. Mary begged of her husband the sum of two thousand dollars one day, when he had sold a piece of real estate in Brooklyn, and realized some ten thousand dollars advance over cost. This money was charmed and

put into the box, and finally Mrs. Seymour was slyly taken in a carriage to the house by Mrs. Mary, in order to put on the finishing stroke, and seal up the box. She took her wax and a peculiar seal with her; and Mrs. Mary and she, being duly closeted, the box was nicely sealed up, with all the valuables in it, money and all, amounting to about five thousand dollars. Mrs. Seymour then wished to be left alone in the room for a few moments, while she prayed, and invoked a peculiar charm on the box. Mrs. Mary, of course, consented. Presently Mrs. Seymour came out of the room, handed her the box, and went with her to the bedroom to see it properly deposited in its hiding-place, — all this while the gentleman was growing better and better, kinder and kinder, to his wife; and he was “splendid” to begin with, she said. But this increased affection was attributed to the charms. What would it not become if these remained near her there in the box for two months, as Mrs. Seymour directed?

After two months, Mrs. Seymour would call, if Mrs. Mary had no occasion to call her before, which she was to do, if her husband showed any signs of failing affection, and would then open the box for Mrs. Mary; for it was necessary, as a part of the work, that she should open the box in such a way as not to break the spell. The two months went past, and Mrs. Seymour did not call. Mrs. Mary sent for her to come, but found that she had left that house — gone to Brooklyn to live, somewhere. She tried to hunt her up, but unavailingly; at last, after some three months and a half had passed, she heard she was in Boston, and Mrs. Mary made an errand on there, her indulgent husband accompanying her, and there she privately sought for Mrs. Seymour. But she could not find her, and so let matters rest. But, eventually, her husband telling some relative visiting him, about the gold spoons, and seeking them to show him, failed to find them; and Mrs. Mary got very nervous over it, and at last told him that they were not stolen, as he suspected, but where they

were; and after much mental struggle, told him how they came there. He was delighted with her great desire to preserve his love, for it was a most genuine case of deep affection on his part; but he gently laughed at her, nevertheless, and declared that Mrs. Seymour was a great cheat; that she had, by her chicanery, won the fifty dollars; "and she found you and your aunt such easy disciples," said he, "the great wonder is, that she did not abstract more money from you. But we'll open the box now, and get the spoons, and you'll do what you please with the rest;" and they opened the box, breaking the peculiar seals, and found—— nothing but a few small stones and bits of iron, done up in cotton-wool, to keep them from rattling, and weighing, perhaps, as much as the contents supposed to be there.

It was evident then to the old gentleman, that the woman must have brought a box with her on her last visit to the house, a fac-simile of the one which Mrs. Mary had filled with valuables and money. The things were of such a nature, that the old gentleman said it was of no use to try to hunt up Mrs. Seymour and get them back. She would deny all; besides, there was the risk of his wife's being exposed in her foolish credulity, and he wouldn't have that known for ten times the value of the property lost, he said. So they agreed to let it pass.

But the thing preyed on Mary's mind. She wrote to her aunt,—who had then gone away,—a doleful story, and upbraided her partly for her connection in the matter. The poor old aunt was sadly affected, and insisted that some step ought to be taken to find Mrs. Seymour, and to punish her; and Mary felt so too, and talked about it till the old gentleman thought he would take some step about it, and he consulted me. I have devised some plans; but they are good for nothing, and I've come over to tell you the funny story, and see what you think of it."

Such was the substance of the lawyer's tale; and we had a good laugh over it, and contrived together what might be done. I told him it was a hopeless case, pretty

much, unless we could find Mrs. Seymour, and these things in her possession, which it was absurd to expect, unless, by inquiring of the parties who suffered the loss, I could learn more about the things taken. We both resolved that the watch was too valuable to be destroyed, and there might be other things saved, and sold, perhaps, here and there. Accident might give a clew to the whereabouts of Mrs. Seymour and the things.

The lawyer visited the parties, and got their consent to take me into the case, and I visited them — learned what things were taken; examined the box, and found on it a peculiar mark, which I copied exactly; and I also got an accurate description of the watch, with the maker's name, the number of the watch, and so forth. This was a superb affair for a lady's watch, and was worth, at least, with its chain and diamonds, eight hundred dollars. I concluded that it was not probably destroyed. It had perhaps been sold or pawned; and I made close search in many jewelers' establishments and pawn shops for it in New York, and not finding it, advertised for it in the Boston and Philadelphia papers, stating that the subscriber had such and such a watch, and would give a thousand dollars for its mate, "No. 1230," if in good condition, and added that it was known to be in this country. I signed "Henry Romaine Brown, Agent for the Earl of Derby," and made an address in Liverpool, England, and in New York. The object of this the reader can readily see. I soon got a letter from Baltimore, and in consequence found the watch. It had passed through several hands to the owner, the wife of a Mr. Hurlbut, a large merchant. He had answered the advertisement out of respect to the Earl of Derby(!), with no suspicion whatever that the watch had been stolen. Mr. Hurlbut required the property to be thoroughly proven as that of the old gentleman in New York, which it was fortunately easy to do, as the bill of it from the importing house had been saved. Still it was necessary to prove the theft, for it might have been sold;

and here was a chance for a lawsuit, which the New York man did not want.

But Mr. Hurlbut was willing to advance some money, while he held on to the watch, to ferret out Mrs. Seymour. "Perhaps she could settle the matter, or had some relatives who could," he said. My client, too, took courage, and resolved to spend some money in the matter, and I went to work to find Mrs. Seymour. Meanwhile, through the peculiar mark on the bottom of the box, I managed to find out where Mrs. Seymour had purchased it, and learned, as I supposed before, that she had bought two on the same occasion; and, fortunately, I found that she had, when selecting the boxes, occupied a good deal of time, giving the clerk a great deal of vexation, and he felt sure he should know her. Besides, she had offered a counterfeit bill in payment for them; and when informed that the bill was bad, had declared her surprise, and rummaged her purse for good money, without finding enough into twenty-five cents, which she said she would call and pay next day, and so was allowed to take away the boxes. So the clerk thought he should surely know her, although the lady did not call the next day. I tracked Mrs. Seymour from her place in Grand Street, where her sign still remained, and business was carried on by a younger medium, who assumed her name, and divided the spoils with her, probably, over to Brooklyn, down to Philadelphia, where she sold the watch, and up to Boston.

Brady, her husband, had gone the rounds with her. I searched every possible place in Boston, and engaged a detective there. I had been able to secure several photographs of the woman, and of her husband, in New York; and with one of these, the Boston detective was able to make her out, he thought, one day. He followed the woman, and at last abandoned the "game," when he found that she was in company with people of high character, and entered with them one of the finest residences in Vernon Street; and, moreover, was told by a servant of the

house that she was a Mrs. "*Bradley*," from Portland, Me. He concluded that he was mistaken. We finally learned Brady was not like "*Seymour*," an assumed name, and that the husband had wealthy relatives in Boston; and then conceiving that the detective might not have been mistaken in supposing he recognized "*Mrs. Seymour*," we laid siege to the Vernon Street house, till we satisfied ourselves that "*Mrs. Bradley*" and "*Mrs. Seymour*" were one and the same. But how did she get there? Boston is full of people, in high rank, who are spiritualists, and who keep "*mediums*" for themselves, and do not visit the advertising mediums, to be found there in such numbers, even to this day.

We traced Brady out too, and found him a chief clerk in a house on Washington Street, in which his brother was a partner. My friend, the detective, made his acquaintance, and managed to learn from him that he was worth several thousand dollars. He had two building lots in New York, which he had bought for a song, some four years before, but which would be worth, he said, fifty thousand dollars in less than ten years. My friend, the detective, wished to buy these, and they got on such good terms that Brady, in the course of a few days, accepted his invitation to "go down to York," on his, the detective's, expense, and when there showed him the lots, and told him confidentially that they stood in his wife's name, as he had failed in business some years before.

We thought we had enough materials together to commence the attack, and my friend, the lawyer, managed to bring a suit in such a way that the building lots were attached, and then wrote me at Boston to "go ahead." I proceeded at once to the house in Vernon Street, and inquired for Mrs. Bradley. She had, meanwhile, moved her quarters to the residence of a distinguished clerical gentleman in Hancock Street, whose wife was a spiritualist, and a "*medium*" besides. I called upon Mrs. Bradley there, and having a private "*seance*" with her as a "*medium*,"

until I thought I had studied her enough, told her that I was very much pleased with the communication she had brought me from my "deceased wife" (who was then living in New York, one of the healthiest and jolliest women in the land, and likely to live, perhaps, till the "spirits" are all dead); and that now I had a communication to make to her; and that I did not wish to disturb her peace, or expose her conduct in life, and should not do so if she kept quiet. She wanted to know "what in the name of goodness" I talked to her in that way for. I told her it wasn't I that was talking, that I was only the "medium" through whom Mrs. Mary —— (using the full name now), of New York, was speaking, and that she had come to ask her what she did with that little charm box, and its contents, for which she substituted the box of stones and iron.

"Mrs. Bradley," *alias* "Seymour," turned pale as a sheet, and *tried* to swoon. She was a little too quick in the play, and hadn't declared, as her true rôle was, that she didn't know what I meant; so she waked up, and declared it; and I told her to be tranquil; that we had got the property all attached; knew where the watch was, and had her properly identified on the day she bought the *two* boxes at such and such a store. I looked her calmly in the eye while I said this; and she was not at a loss to discover that I knew what I was saying.

"Now madam," said I, "all that we want is, that you save us the trouble and time of a suit. We shall arrest you, and have you taken to New York, and tried criminally, as well as prosecute the civil suit, unless you are willing to settle the matter quietly; and I can't give you any time. An officer is awaiting my call close by here;" (indeed, he was in the porch of the house at the time) "and unless you are willing to get your bonnet and shawl, and accompany me at once to Mr. Brady, and settle this matter, we will arrest you, and take you where you'll be kept safe till we get a requisition for you from the governor of New York."

"Mrs. Seymour" had had, as I knew before, more or less to do with legal matters, and she saw the force of things at once. She accompanied me to the store where her husband was engaged, the officer following at a proper distance; and I managed to cool the husband's assumed wrath when I came to tell him of the charges against her, he asseverating her virtue and innocence in terms that savored of Milesian profanity.

"Mr. Brady," said I, "I am glad to see a man so brave a champion of his wife; but you are only making matters worse. *She* don't deny the charges; the property is under attachment, and the officer is at hand, and she will be arrested in less than five minutes" (taking out my watch to look at the time), "unless you cool down and come to terms. You, too, know all about the business, and would probably prefer to escape arrest also — wouldn't you?"

He looked at me for an instant, then at his wife, and said, —

"Well, I suppose we'll have to give in for now; but I'll carry the matter under protest, up to the United States Supreme Court before I'll be trampled on."

This boast seemed to relieve him, and we all left the store and went to my friend's, the detective's, office on Tremont Street, where the preliminaries of a settlement were entered into. The watch we wanted back at any rate; the rest of the jewelry was scattered here and there, only that Mrs. Seymour had preserved a nice string of pearls, worth some three hundred dollars. There was not much "higgling" over the estimate of value of the various articles, and the two thousand in money, of course, went in at its value. In all, the bill footed up about thirty-six hundred and fifty dollars, besides five hundred — (which was too little) — for the expenses we had been at. Suffice it that those building lots in New York changed hands soon after, "in due legal form," and that a thousand dollars in money besides left Brady's pocket, and found its way where it could pay "expenses," etc. The building

lots have sold since for far more than Brady's estimate of "fifty thousand dollars in ten years." The old gentleman and his wife Mary were delighted with my success: of course Mr. Hurlbut delivered up the watch for the price he paid for it, which it was proper he should ask, inasmuch too, as Brady had given us the money, or its equivalent for it, and more too, and Mrs. Mary said she should carry it till her dying day, "to ward off mediums and sorcerers, as the Puritans nailed horse-shoes to door-posts as protection against witches"; and I venture she's faithfully wearing it now for that purpose, and as a souvenir of the old gentleman, her good husband, who is now dead.

I was so much pleased with the cunning and skilful address of Mrs. Seymour, that I cultivated her acquaintance, and by "close study" managed to learn a good deal of her art, and came to a knowledge of the great extent to which mediums are consulted by people of the first classes; and was astonished to find how readily they fall, through the superstitious element in their composition, victims to the sorcerer's arts. It would require volumes to cite the instances which occur yearly in New York city alone. Boston is not a whit behind in this, notwithstanding she boasts herself the Athens of America; but, perhaps, she so boasts because she worships so many different idols — has as many gods as the Greek mythology embraced. In proportion to her population her dapes of superstition are more numerous than those of New York.

THE DISHONEST CLERK, AND THE FATAL SLIP OF PAPER.

IN AN UGLY MOOD WITH MYSELF — A VISIT FROM A CINCINNATIAN — A LOSS DETAILED — THE FATE OF A BANKING-HOUSE RESTING ON “COLLATERALS” STOLEN, WHICH MUST BE RECOVERED — A LAWYER FIGURES IN THE MATTER AND IS BAFFLED — THE THIEVES SPECULATING FOR A SETTLEMENT — THE SCHEME LAID FOR THEIR DETECTION — A BUSINESS VISIT TO THE BANKING-HOUSE — THE CHIEF CLERK SENT TO CHICAGO ON BUSINESS — A SEARCH REVEALING LOVE LETTERS, AND A LOVELY LITERARY LADY — ON TRACK OF MYSTERIOUS “PARERS” — THE FATAL SLIP OF PAPER — THE WAY THE STOLEN BONDS WERE RECOVERED — THE CHIEF CLERK, AND HOW HE WAS “ENLIGHTENED” — A NOVEL AND QUIET ARREST IN A CARRIAGE — THE CLERK’S CONFEDERATE CAUGHT — THE PROPERTY RESTORED — THE SCAMPS DECAAMP — THE INNOCENT LITERARY LADY’S EYES OPENED.

I WAS sitting in my office one day, meditating over a case I had had in hand to work up, for some four months, off and on. An hour before one of the parties interested in the matter, and who had furnished considerable money to press the investigation of the affair had left my office in a state of dissatisfaction, evident enough to me, although his interest compelled him to express in words his pleasure at the course I had taken, and his hope that my theory of the case would soon be worked into practical demonstration. But I fancied, nevertheless, that he had secretly resolved to abandon the matter, or to abandon me, and procure some one else to undertake the job; and I was conjuring in my mind who this might be, whom he would secure to aid him; and resolving myself into a happy state of mind that this point, namely, that he could find nobody who could or

would for the like slight encouragement I had had, undertake the affair, and into a somewhat unhappy state of mind on this other point, namely, that I had been induced to enter upon the work upon too slight amount of facts, and accusing myself of stupidity in so doing, I had resolved that I would never undertake a like case, involving so much work, with such little probability of success, for there are some things which may baffle the oldest detective's skill as surely as the simplest peasant's brain. I was in an ugly mood with myself, when there entered my office an excited looking man, who accosted me — "You are Mr. ——?"

"Yes, sir."

"The very man that worked up that case for Coe and Phillips, two years ago?"

"Yes, sir; I suppose I am *the* man," said I, emphasizing the article "the;" "but what of it, what if I did?" said I, in a mood which I was conscious was not very attractive, and with a look, I suppose, not over-enticing, for the man "hitched" unpleasantly in his chair, and seemed confused. "What of it? Why do you ask?"

He still looked disconcerted, but taking from his pocket a file of papers, carefully thumbed them over, and drew out from them a letter of introduction to me from Mr. Coe, in which Mr. Coe said that his friend had an affair on hand in which he thought I could serve him, and he had commended me to his friend.

"Ah, you are a friend of Mr. Coe? Well, I see this note is dated over a month ago. Why have you delayed to bring it to me before?"

"O, I'll explain. I live in Cincinnati, and was here on business at the time, stopping at Mr. Coe's. I told him my story, got this note from him, and intended to see you in a day or two; but a telegram called me home," — (or "telegraph message," as he said, for this was before the days when some happy genius coined the felicitous word "telegram"), and I have come again on business, and so have brought the note."

"Is it in Cincinnati that I must work, if I enter upon the matter you may have to relate to me?"

"Yes, sir, I suppose so; in fact, yes, of course, for there the robbery was committed."

"O, a robbery, eh? Well, I don't think you had better tell me of it. It's too far away, and I have enough to do here; more than I wish I had of the kind which falls to my lot these days, and you can get detectives in Cincinnati who can afford to work for you cheaper than I could."

"There you are mistaken," said he; "I cannot get any detectives in Cincinnati who can do me any good. I tried the best, and they were baffled, and so I had told Mr. Coe when he recommended you."

"I am greatly obliged to Mr. Coe for his good opinion, but your case is a desperate one, if the best detectives of Cincinnati have had it in hand; and I suspect I could not do you the least good. You'll waste your money, I fear."

The man looked for an instant as if he were shot; and then, suddenly recovering himself, he exclaimed, with an energy and fierceness of purpose which pleased me, "But, sir, something *must* be done, and we must spend all our ready money or go to the wall, at any rate; things are getting complicated in our business, and we must fail in more than one way, *if* we do not succeed."

"You say 'we.' Are there others involved besides yourself?"

"Yes; my partners, two of them."

"I see that Mr. Coe has not told me your business, merely calling you his 'friend.'"

"Yes, I suppose he thought best to let me tell you my whole story myself; and I would like to do that, although you seem unwilling, sir."

I smiled, and said, "O, no, sir, not unwilling, for it is my business to listen to all such things; but you found me in a grum mood when you came. Have you never passed days in which you wished you were out of your present business, and in some other that you envied,"

"Yes, yes," said he excitedly; and of late I've wished so and the while, for reasons I shall give you."

"Well, go on with your story, I am a good listener."

"The whole matter is in a nutshell," said he, "so far as the crime committed is concerned, and I'll tell you that first. We are bankers, and have lost out of our safe ten thousand dollars in money, and negotiable paper, securities, collaterals, and the like for over thirty thousand more. We have obligations maturing; some have matured already, and we have been pinched to meet them, and the rest we cannot meet without these securities;" and then he went on to tell me when the loss was discovered, etc.

"Well," I broke in, a little impatiently, "if you have *lost* those papers, what do you propose? To find them?"

"Yes, to get them back; that's what we want. The money has gone, of course, — we don't expect that or any part of it, — but we must have the papers — the collaterals; and here I must tell you, that about a week after our loss we received a note from a lawyer in Cincinnati, saying that he had been visited by parties claiming to reside in Kentucky, asking him to communicate with us, and saying that they were ready to deliver up 'those papers,' which they knew to be valuable to us, upon our coming to the terms which they left with him to communicate to us orally; that he did not know whether the story was all a hoax or not, but if we knew what it meant, we might call on him, and he would narrate the rest. I hurried to see him on receipt of note. He was a stranger to me personally, but I knew him by repute as a lawyer of fair standing, and a man of good social status. When he came to tell me the offer which these parties made, which was to deliver up the papers through their attorney — himself — for fifty per cent. of their face value (for at this point I had only told him that I knew what the parties meant, and had come to hear their offer), I asked, 'Do you know for whom you are dealing? Do you know how these papers came into the possession of the parties?'"

"No ; I know nothing of them, more than I tell you. But explain to me how the papers came into their possession."

"By robbery," said I ; "those parties are burglars or worse."

"Robbery !" he exclaimed, "and the villains wished to make me a middle-man in the transaction ! Tell me all about it, and we'll see if we can't turn the game upon them. Consider me your attorney ; it shall cost you nothing, — the scoundrels !" — and he brought his fist down upon his table with a blow that made it quiver. "If I've got to that pass," said he, "that scoundrels dare approach me in this way, it is time I give myself a close examination, and reform, if need be. Please to tell me all about the affair."

"I told him the facts of our loss, and our situation ; how the money and papers must have been taken out of our safe by some one who had obtained knowledge of the numbers of the permutation lock ; and he asked at once, as you will do, about the clerks, my partners, and so forth, and said some one of them was the villain. But no matter for this now. We laid plans which failed ; and he concluded that after all, it must be the work of some one in the office, but how to catch him, was the question ; and I cannot think that any of my partners or my clerks is the man, for we have exhausted all schemes in trying to fix the crime on any of them, and failed signally."

"Well, is that all you've got to tell me ?"

"No ; I've not told you my story yet but in part. When shall I begin again ?"

"When you please ; but first tell me, perhaps, about your partners, and your clerks, each by himself ; who he is, how long he has been with you, and what his age, his habits, — all about him."

So Mr. Redfield — (the reader understands always that assumed names are given in these narratives, where there exists a proper reason for so doing) — Mr. Redfield, as we

will call him, went into a minute description of the men, each by himself, and I confess I was baffled. I said to him that it must be that some one of those was the guilty party, yet that nothing he had told me would allow me to suspect one of them for a moment; that my impression of the guilt of one of them was solely the result of the common-sense reflection that somebody who understood the safe-lock, with its numbers, must be the man who took the money and papers: that was all. And in fact I suppose it was, because the case at this point became so desperate, or difficult of solution, that I undertook it all; for if I could have hit upon some expedient which would seem to me likely to work out the problem, I should, in my state of mind at the time, have given Mr. Redfield the advantage of it, for a small counsel fee at most, and declined to go on; but it was just enough unsolvable at this point to vex me, and pique my pride. I did not wonder that the best detectives in Cincinnati had failed, for I could easily see that the scoundrels had only to keep these papers hid in some unsearchable spot, and exercise ordinary care — indeed be quite careless — and never be found out, unless their greed should at last betray them.

It was evident to me, from what Mr. Redfield said, that the parties had become suspicious of the lawyer they visited, for some reason; for they never visited him again, and neglected to answer a rather ingenious advertisement that he published in one of the papers. But they had again managed to communicate with Mr. Redfield, and repeated their offer; and had sent him the form of an advertisement to put in the paper, if he concluded to accept. But he delayed beyond the day they named, unwilling to accept, and still hopeful of detecting the villains, and getting back the full papers for nothing; and thinking better of it, a day or two after, he had published the advertisement, but they had not regarded it; probably, as I judged, because they thought he had laid some plan to trap them. So when he went, "armed to

the teeth," he said, out to a lonely place, as indicated in their letter, about five miles, to meet somebody, there to make further arrangements, nobody came.

They were very wary then, and it was evident that they would, as they threatened in their note, — for the writer represented that there were two of them, — destroy the papers unless they got their price for them, and in a manner, too, secure to themselves. They could "afford," — the wretches! — to lose the papers, for they had made ten thousand dollars in money, at any rate, they kindly wrote.

I insisted that this mode of proceeding on their part indicated an acquaintance with the bankers' business, — showed that they knew the great value of these papers to the firm, — and that this was a further reason for suspecting some one in the office. But Mr. Redfield persisted in believing that the Cincinnati detective had settled that point against my opinion.

Well, it was agreed that I should go on and take my own way to work up the matter, and Mr. Redfield left. I followed him in a day or two, with my first plans matured, and with all such implements, clothes, etc., for disguises which I thought I might need, and met him at a place appointed. My first course was to go into the banking office, with papers in hand of business to be done with the chief, Mr. Redfield; to be delayed there with him talking a long while over the matter of loans on some Western lands, and to engage his assistance in raising capital for a manufacturing concern to be established at Minneapolis, Minnesota. His partners were to be kept profoundly ignorant of my real character, and one of them was to be called into our conference regarding the lands, etc., whenever I indicated. This was the plan I made for getting a chance to slyly study the clerks and the younger partner — for it was out of the question that the older partner could be engaged in the theft.

I went to the banking-house as arranged, called for Mr.

Redfield, gave him my name ; "made his acquaintance," etc., rather rapidly ; and while I was doing so, cast a listless glance around me, and chanced to find the chief clerk's eyes staring at me in a manner not merely of ordinary curiosity. There was a gleam in them which I did not like, and in an instant I changed our plan of operations, and said, "Mr. Redfield, can't I see you in private?" — taking an easy-going look about the room, and not neglecting to take in the clerk in the sweep of my eye. He was writing, and there was a nervousness about the shoulders, a flush in the face, and his lips seemed much compressed. "Guilt there," said I to myself, as Mr. Redfield stepped into the private room.

The door was closed by Mr. R——, who asked, "Why do you change the programme? What have you seen?"

"Enough," said I; "and now the question is how well can you play your part? I know that a man in your office is the guilty party."

Mr. Redfield looked a little astounded at my rapid operations, and replied, "Well, you are to work up the case according to your own methods ; but you surprise me."

"Well," said I, "let me alone, then ; let's talk up the Western lands, etc.;" and we did — I laughing outright, immoderately at times, telling Mr. Redfield a story or two, which made him laugh in real earnest ; and after we'd fixed up a plan, he went out smiling, asked his older partner to come in to see me, saying, "He's the queerest speculator I ever saw ; come in, and see if we can do anything for him." And the man came in. We talked, could not get near a bargain, and I finally left the bank, saying to Mr. Redfield that I'd "write in a week or so ; perhaps they'd think better of the offer."

I was not at a loss to see, by the clerk's countenance and manner as I went out, that he was at ease again — which was all I wanted to then effect.

Mr. Redfield and I met that night in a place appointed. He told me they'd had much fun in the office over the

"queer speculator," and that his partner had no suspicion of my real business at all; and we entered into a serious conversation. I told him that the chief clerk was the guilty man in my opinion, and that I should proceed upon that theory, and pursue it till forced to give up in that direction, and then drop the matter; that there was no use of attempting anything without the clerk in the programme.

We talked over the matter, and I learned where the clerk kept his private rooms — for he boarded at a hotel, and roomed in a block of business offices and dormitories; and what at first surprised me was to learn that he had left much better rooms within a month or so, since the robbery, and taken up with poorer ones. Mr. Redfield could give me no information as to his habits, save what he judged and what the detectives had reported — all good. But somehow I suspected that there must be a woman involved in some way — a mistress, perhaps, whose extravagance had led astray the clerk, whom we will call Childs, to need more money than he could legitimately make. So I told Mr. Redfield that we must search Childs's room and private papers, if he had any; and it was arranged that Childs should be sent on business to Chicago for two or three days. Mr. Redfield had no difficulty in arranging that, and Childs departed, highly honored with his chief's confidence.

We managed without much trouble to get into Childs's room, where everything but his trunks were first searched, — not excepting the minutest scraps of letters in a wastebasket, — where I found evidences of female correspondence. Further search among some books, on a little shelf at the top of a clothes-press or "closet," revealed some more in the same handwriting — sweet little *billets-doux*, longer letters, etc., — all passionate, very, — sometimes complaining, etc.

None of these had envelopes, and I therefore judged that they were written in the city, and sent through the post office, and that Childs probably always, at once, destroyed

the envelopes. I should say that none, except some evidently old ones, had envelopes. There was no date or place, save "My little room," — "Our dear boudoir," or something like that, — and sometimes a further day, — "Thursday Morning," — "Monday Evening." It was evident to me that the charmer lived in the city somewhere; and I had already made up my mind that she must be tracked out as the first step, when, turning over a letter from this female, the rich, passionate, burning language of which, well-expresssd, had led me on, I came to the conclusion, and found — "I have not received pay yet for that article. R — must not think that he can neglect me as he did Hattie; I will be paid for what I write — something, at least. I guess we shall have to visit him together;" and with very affectionate words of parting, the letter closed. And then came a P. S. "Every day I grow more uneasy about *those papers*. I wish you would take them away. What if I should suddenly die, and they should be found with me? You said they were very valuable — and you may lose them. I should regret that. Come *to-night*, dearest."

Ah, ha! here was a literary lady, — a contributor to the story or other papers, — wrote a good hand, and in good style of composition; was evidently on loving terms with Childs. I was in doubt whether mistress or only ardent lover; could not tell that till I should see her, if then. She must be seen. How to find her? Easy enough, perhaps, but maybe not. We left Mr. Childs's room in good order, and separated for the night, I giving Mr. Redfield no more insight into the modes I intended to pursue next day than necessary.

The next morning I started for the newspaper offices with a portion of one of the letters I had found, made a proper story of wishing to engage the literary services of the writer of the letter if I could find her, but that I knew not her name; as her friend, who had given me the portion of the letter to show her style, and had not yet

given me her name, had been called off to New York by telegraph, I found, — wanted to find her that day.

At the first office I entered nobody could tell me anything. But on entering the second one, and finding the associate editor, and asking him if he recognized that writing, he looked up and smiled, as if he thought I had a joke for him.

“I guess I do,” said he.

“Well,” said I, “there’s a dispute about it.”

“Let’s see,” said he, in a hasty, nervous way, snatching it from my hand, and glancing at it again. “No dispute about it; that’s our —— ——” (using her *nom de plume*, which I won’t repeat, as she is probably living, and many old friends might recognize her in this tale, and learn more than they are entitled to know).

“Where can I find her?” said I; “I want to see her about some writing.”

“All right,” said he, making some marks on a paper, which I found to be name of street and number of house. “There’s where she was the last I knew of her, two months ago. I think you can find her through that.”

“Would you give me a note to her, as I am a stranger?”

“Why yes, such as I could. I don’t know your name; but stay — no,” said he; “give me that paper again;” and taking it, he put his initials to it, and the name of office and date of day. “That will be enough — good as a more formal note,” said he; and he caught up his pen, and proceeded as if something was on his mind. “You must excuse me, sir; I have a great deal to do to-day. Can I assist you any further now?”

I replied, “No; I thank you for your courtesy;” and bowed myself out. I was as confident now that I should trap Childs as if the thing was done; but there were two of them, and they must both be caught. Childs could not be carrying on this correspondence with the lawyer and writing to Mr. Redfield, that was patent. I would watch Childs that night, and see if he went to the lady’s resi-

dence. He did go, and as they took a walk out, I saw her, — got a good view of her face, and made up my mind that she was innocent of any intelligent complicity in the matter. I liked her looks very much. She was one of those impulsive, earnest creatures, who, when they love, love desperately, but who know not how to hate, as some women know, who also know how to love intensely, — a miserable class of women, in my opinion, although novelists love to paint them, and these women themselves are ever boastful of their twofold power of love and hate, — a mean boast of a mean character of soul. I saw that she loved Childs, and I was sure she respected him, and what I should do I knew not exactly; but following them in their walk and back, and waiting till he left her, and went on his way to his office, had given me much time to think, and I had resolved upon a course which I thought the next day would see consummated; when, returning to my quarters, I found a note from Mr. Redfield, begging me to meet him at a certain place that night, — by no means to sleep without seeing him. He would be there at such an hour, and at such other hours till he met me. Something important had happened.

I sought Mr. Redfield as requested; found that he had that afternoon received a note from the parties, again requesting him to meet them, or one of them, next day, at a place near Covington, Kentucky, and to come prepared to “take up the papers, according to our offer,” in the afternoon, at six of the next day. Mr. R—— was greatly excited; said that this was their “last call,” as they expressed it; that the papers would then be destroyed; “and that will be the last of our house,” he tremblingly muttered.

I had been looking the letter over carefully meanwhile, not at all disturbed, for I felt that Childs would not long be out of our hands, when I chanced to reflect that the paper on which it was written was like some of that on which the lady’s letters to Childs were written; and I said to myself, probably he has supplied himself and her some

time with the same kind of paper; but this is not his or her handwriting. "No, she's innocent," I muttered to myself; "I am satisfied of that;" but the paper was like, and that, though a slight thing, helped to steady me in my opinion of his guilt. I handed the letter to Mr. Redfield to replace,—he having taken it from the envelope before giving it to me,—when, placing it back, a small slip fell out of the envelope as he turned it upside down.

"What's this?" said I, as I picked it up; "we must scan everything."

It was a narrow strip, and on it was written, "My dearest A——." (It was the lady's name, as it proved.) I was astounded, for I had seen Childs's writing, and this was like it for all the world. It was his, indeed—so Mr. Redfield decided. But how came it in there? When Mr. Redfield opened his letter it had not fallen out. He had cut the end of the envelope. I took the envelope, and rounding it out, peered in, and satisfied myself, from its shape, that the writer had done what I frequently do, with the old-fashioned envelopes especially,—put in a piece of paper to keep the gluten from sticking to the letter, as it will, when wet and sealed, in many kinds of envelopes. In handling the envelope, and opening it a little to put back the contents, this paper, if stuck at all, had "chipped off." But how came the address there in Childs's hand? Either the letter had been written in a poorly-lighted place, or a careless or drunken confederate had slipped the strip we found into the letter, without noting both sides. But really *how* it came there I did not care—it was there.

"Mr. Redfield," said I, "that clerk's game is up. Give me the letter; ask no questions, but to-morrow morning, as soon as he comes in, make occasion to send him off on business which shall detain him till into the afternoon, if you can; or provide business for him here that shall occupy him beyond noon-time. Better send him out of town. I want to get over to-morrow noon."

Mr. Redfield said that fortunately he could send him

out of town to see parties about a mortgage, and he would send somebody along with him, — his servant, — and tell him to be sure to not get in before two or three. The boy will do what I say, and ask no questions and tell no tales. My word is law with him, and Childs will have to walk back twelve miles, or hire somebody to bring him in, for the boy won't come till I tell him to."

Next morning I was up betimes. Childs was out early before going to the office, taking a morning walk with his lady. He carried no bundle away from there, and I tracked him to the office. I felt safe now: and now for the final work, I thought, for I was sure that Redfield would pack off Childs duly, and the coast would be clear. I had gotten possession of the lady's name meanwhile, and proceeded to her boarding-place, called for her, introduced myself, talked with her about literary matters in my own way, not at great length, and was delighted with the innocence of the girl. I had formed no fixed mode of procedure when I entered the house, but I was resolved to wait till I saw her, and the longer I talked with her the more convinced was I that she was innocent and artless, and that a pretty direct way was the best to approach her by.

So I said, "Well, you'll pardon me, Miss ——, but Mr. Childs told me I would be pleased to chat with you, and I have —"

"What! you know Mr. Childs? He's always saying flattering things of me."

"O, is he? Well, perhaps he didn't say anything especial to me, then; but I was going to say that I called on business. He's going out of town to-day, and he had to start earlier than he expected; just gone; wasn't going till afternoon —"

"Yes, he told me he was going over to Covington in the afternoon," she broke in.

"Yes," said I, "and he said that he wanted you to give me *those papers*; said you'd understand what he meant. I am to meet him, and this, he said, would be enough

word for you" (handing her the slip of paper, 'My dearest A——.') He was in haste." She took it, blushed, and said, "Yes, this is his writing. He writes nicely — doesn't he? Excuse me, I will be gone but a moment," and she hied up stairs to her room, as unsuspecting as a dove. I was surprised at the success of my simple stratagem, but I had others behind it, which would have worked had that failed. She came down stairs, bringing a nicely sealed package.

"That is what he wants," said she. "You will be careful of it, of course, or he would not have sent you. You are his friend — a mysterious man I've heard him speak of; and I must tell you," she said, laughing heartily, "that I've told him I did not like that friend very well, keeping him away from me so much."

"O," said I, "no harm I hope. Men have their business arrangements together, — their speculations, — and can't always be as gallant as they would."

"O, I know it," said she. "I don't complain. I was only joking him."

It was evident to me that that woman had not the remotest thought of Childs's being aught than as noble and pure as she; and as I took the package, folded it in a newspaper, and left the house, I felt for her to the bottom of my heart, so much so, that I at first resolved to not tell Redfield how I had obtained the package, but to give him up the papers, tell him to dismiss the clerk, get my pay, and leave; for I thought it would break her heart to find Childs so great a scoundrel; that perhaps he, finding himself foiled, would never be guilty of a crime again; would seek some other spot, reform, and marry her, and make her ever happy.

These thoughts I revolved in my mind as I passed on to my lodgings, and when I got there I opened the package. Lo! all the papers, so far as I could judge, and something more, — a letter or two, in a scrawly hand, with some rude drawings of roads, a sort of diagram, on a

page of one of them. I deciphered the letters, and found that Childs's correspondent spoke, in one of them, of that "little fool of yours," evidently meaning Miss A——; and said something else, which I knew he would never have said had not Childs given him occasion. In short, I saw that Childs's respect for her was feigned; that he was only fooling her, and my mind changed towards him; besides, there was his confederate, and we must have them both. I hurriedly repacked the papers, proceeded to the bank, called Mr. Redfield into the private room, and showed him what I had got. He was confounded, of course. I said, "What shall we do with them?"

"Seal them, and put them in the safe for to-day. I want to arrest that villain Childs now," said he, "for I understand how you've come by these. We've no time to lose."

We went out after sealing the papers, and leaving them in the safe, properly marked with my name — a deposit. As soon as we got out of the office we made our plan. It was to take an officer, ride out on the road on which Childs had gone, and wait for his return. But this would take too long. No, we'd ride right to the place he had gone to, all of us. We found the officer, took a two-horse carriage, and were on our way very shortly — drove to where Childs was.

"How do you do, Mr. Redfield?" said Childs, surprised to see him. "Couldn't you trust me to do the business? And so *you've* come out? Ha! ha!"

"No," said Mr. Redfield; "some friends of mine wanted to take a ride, and I thought I might as well ride this way as any. Getting on well with the business?"

"Yes," said he, "all finished; but I couldn't find that boy of yours. He's gone off somewhere, and there's a part of the harness gone. Gone to get it mended, I suspect, for coming out here he said it was weak in places."

I gave Mr. R—— a wink, and said, quietly, "That boy would make a good operator — wouldn't he?"

"He'll do his duty," said he.

"Well, he won't be back yet," said Mr. Redfield to Mr. Childs. "Get in here, and we'll all take a short ride. Mr. Wilson," said Mr. Redfield, "you proposed to ride on the front seat when we returned; perhaps you'd like to now?"

"Yes, I would," said I.

"Well, please get out, and let Mr. Childs take your place. Mr. Childs, these are Mr. Wilson and Mr. French, friends of mine, looking about Cincinnati for speculation."

I got out, Childs took my seat in back, under the carriage top—a sort of half buggy and half coach. The officer was considerably disguised, (because he thought he knew Childs, and that the latter knew him), with a pair of blue shaded glasses and false grayish whiskers and hair.

We chatted on together, rode off a mile or two, when Mr. Redfield said he guessed we'd return, and leave word at that place for the boy to come as soon as he got his harness mended. "And you can ride back with us, Childs," said Mr. R——.

Childs expressed his pleasure to do so. We returned to the place, left the boy, and proceeded on a mile or two, telling stories, looking at the land, etc., when Mr. Redfield gave me a touch with his elbow, and looked into my eyes, as much as to ask, "Shall we not arrest him now?" I gave the proper sign, and Mr. Redfield, stopping the horses, turned deliberately around, and said, "Mr. French is an officer of the law, Mr. Childs, and would like to have you give yourself up without any fuss about it—wouldn't you, Mr. French? Do your duty."

"Yes, Mr. Childs, I am sorry to disturb the pleasure of such a ride as we've had, but it is my duty to arrest you."

Childs was overcome with surprise, and said, "Yes, he would give himself up, but he didn't know what for—anything to oblige Mr. Redfield," and he gave himself up, and the officer thought best to handcuff him, at which Childs turned very pale, with mingled anger and fright.

"Now, Childs," said Redfield, "since you are secure, and the papers are all back in the safe, and your lady,

Miss A——” (for Redfield knew I must have gotten the papers from her in some way), “has turned upon you, you’ve nothing to do but make a clean breast of it. We want your confederate, and you must help us to take him, or suffer alone. If you wish to escape, you must turn state’s evidence—that’s all. He probably has put you up to crime. You are not too old to reform, and may be allowed to go, and suffer nothing but the penalty of dismissal from our office; but you’ll have to return the money you took, for I find that you are regarded worth considerable property, and I presume your confederate is.”

Childs was so utterly taken aback that he had not a particle of courage or address left. He consented to everything we demanded, and said he would write to his friend whom he was to meet at Covington that night, but for some reason he could not come, and ask him to come over at night or next day to Cincinnati. When we got into the city, Childs was taken to a private room by the officer, who had taken off his manacles, and then manacled him again after writing the note, and telling us where to find his messenger.

The man came over, and was under arrest before he had time to think, and was taken to another place, and told that Childs had turned state’s evidence.

“I always thought Childs was shaky,” said the fellow, evidently not quite so subdued as he might be; but we threatened him with the extreme ends of the law, and he agreed to get money, and see that the bankers were paid back all that had been taken if Childs would do his part, and to clear out “down the river” (meaning to N. O.), and leave Cincinnati together. It appeared that he had done the *work* of the robbery, Childs having provided him with a key, of which he had procured a counterfeit, and having told him of the changes of the lock, and selected a time when there was a good amount of money in the safe. He said he could “work” better alone than with Childs.

I needn’t lengthen out the story, except to say that Mr.

Redfield got back all the money too, and enough besides to pay him and me for all our trouble ; that Childs and his friend left for parts unknown, for Mr. Redfield said it would hurt his bank, shake faith in it so much, to prosecute the rascals, and expose the affair, or it would gratify him otherwise to punish them : on the whole he would let them go.

I took care that Childs had no opportunity to see Miss A—— before his departure, or even to write her, I think ; and as I spent two or three days more in Cincinnati, I thought, on reflection, she ought to know the facts, and in a delicate way got opportunity to disclose them to her, for which the innocent, sensible lady expressed her gratitude in tears. She felt that she had escaped a villain's clutches ; confessed her ardent love for him, but told me that sometimes she felt as if there was something bad in his nature ; that he had given her much pain from time to time ; and though they were engaged, she sometimes had thought he did not intend to marry ; and now she could see that he had, at times, taken advantage of her love to require her to do things for him quite disagreeable.

"Why," she exclaimed, "if I had known that package contained stolen things, I could not have slept in the room with it. He said they were private business papers of his, and he did not wish to ask to have them put in the bank safe, and thought they would be more secure with me than at his rooms, for everybody could get in there in his absence who liked ; so I was glad to oblige him, of course."

But my conversation with this lady need not be detailed. She was not informed how the slip, with "My dearest A——" on it, came into my hands. Probably it did not then occur to her to ask. If her eye happens to light on this article, she will now come at last to know how.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR LESSON.

CHARLES PURVIS: TAKING HIM IN CHARGE AT A DISTANCE — HANGERS ON AT THE ST. NICHOLAS AND OTHER HOTEL ENTRANCES — A COLLOQUY, SPICED WITH REMINISCENCES OF "OLD SAM COLT," OF THE "REVOLVER," IN HIS GAY DAYS; A PARTY AT THE "OLD CITY HOTEL," HARTFORD, CONN., AND OTHER THINGS — TRINITY COLLEGE BOYS — "GEORGE ELLSWORTH" — PURVIS AND HE START ON A WALK — "WHERE CAN THEY BE GOING?" — GOING TO SEE ELLSWORTH'S "FRIEND" — AN EXCHANGE OF COATS — A SURVEY TAKEN — A FIRST-CLASS GAMBLING SALOON — A NEW MAN IN THE GAME — PURVIS DRUGGED — HIS "FRIENDS" TAKE HIM "HOME," BUT WHERE? — PURVIS IS RETURNED TO HIS HOTEL IN A STATE OF STUPEFACTION; IS AROUSED; MISSES A THOUSAND DOLLARS — PLANS LAID TO CATCH HIS LATE FRIENDS — WILLIAMS FOUND BY ACCIDENT, AND QUIETLY CAGED — THE OLD IRISH WOMAN'S APPEAL — WILLIAMS "EXPLAINS," AFTER PROPER INDUCEMENT — MOST OF THE MONEY RECOVERED — SUPPLEMENTS.

I HAD just returned from a trip to Detroit, and failing to find my chief partner in town, strolled up to the St. Nicholas Hotel one night, in July, 1863, and while sauntering about there, came across a gentleman whom I had, a few days before, remarked in the cars, on the Shore Line Road. He got on board at Painesville, Ohio, and by sundry peculiarities of his dress, which was a particle "flashy," but still neat and elegant, he attracted my attention. I was at a loss where to place, or how to classify him. Sometimes I took him for a merchant, then I thought he might be a lawyer, and again a young man of wealth and leisure. Suffice it, I allowed myself to study him — I know not why — so much that I was not likely to forget him.

Among the first persons I chanced to come across that day at the St. Nicholas, was this young man, and curiosity

led me to learn from the bookkeeper his name, which I found to be Charles Purvis, of Louisville, Kentucky.

"Purvis?" I said to myself, "Purvis? The name is familiar, but where have I known anybody bearing it?" and so I cudgelled my brains to awaken memory, and at last called to mind a story told me by a brother detective, in my way, on a time, up the Mississippi River, in which the name of "Purvis" figured largely in a criminal transaction. "Perhaps," thought I, "this is the chap in question," and as I had nothing on hand to do for a day or two, I thought I would take the young gentleman in my charge — at a distance.

I left the hotel, determining to return early in the evening, and keep an eye to the young man. I did so, and I found that he was not a little "cheerful" in his ways about the bar, — treating, quite extensively, apparent strangers, but evidently, after all, not much given to making acquaintances. Finally, he left the bar-room, alone, and walked slowly through the hall, with the air of one who has nothing to do, and was reflecting how to amuse himself.

Near the front entrance of the hotel stood three men chatting, — men whose characters the experienced are never at a loss to know at once; a gentlemanly looking class, well dressed, of affable manners, and of the greatest shrewdness of address; men whose colloquial powers are very great at times, but who know how to measure every word, and adapt it to the precise wants of the individual whom they may happen to address. These were of a class always infesting the hotels, especially the better ones, of the city, and whose business it is to "rope in" strangers into the various gambling saloons.

Upon the approach of Mr. Purvis, two of these worthies, bidding the other a cordial adieu for the evening, and addressing him in a style to indicate that he was a man of unusual importance, withdrew up Broadway. Still this courtliness was evidently intended to bear upon Mr. Purvis, who was in hearing; and as he drew nearer the distin-

guished gentleman, the latter addressed him, in a mild way, touching the weather, —

“A very pleasant evening, sir.”

“Decidedly. You seldom enjoy a finer one here in New York, I suppose?”

“O, I don’t know about that. The weather here is usually pretty fair. Are you a stranger, sir, in New York, allow me to ask?”

“Not a stranger exactly, but not a resident. I have been here considerably, off and on — enough to know the city pretty well, I reckon.”

“That’s my case exactly, for the last few years, though I formerly resided here for a while. A pretty stirring place to get into, if one knows all the avenues of business or pleasure, sir.”

“Surely, but I have never had occasion to learn much of these.”

“Well, I too have only a limited acquaintance here, yet I always find my way around without much difficulty — generally going about with some friends, of whom I have a few here, formerly from my native State, Connecticut.”

“Ah, Connecticut? Do you know anything about Hartford? Perhaps you are from there?”

“Yes, sir, that is my native place, and a pleasant little city ’tis. Great deal of wealth and refinement there, sir.”

“Yes, I know it. I had a cousin from Arkansas there, at Trinity College, some years ago, and a gay boy, too, was Bill Sebastian” (if I rightly remember the name he gave). “I visited him there during his collegiate course, and spent a delightful week. Old Sam Colt was a trifle gay — wasn’t he? Well, we had a jolly time with him one night, and several more of the jolly men of Hartford, in rooms at the old City Hotel. You know where that is?”

“Of course; and it has witnessed many a festive meeting. The Trinity boys always go there for their fun.”

“I am glad to learn that you are from Hartford. I’ve

thought I should visit that town before I return. Do you intend to return there soon?"

"Yes, I may go up to-morrow, but I may remain here a day or two more. Should you be going up when I go, I should be pleased to have your company."

"Well, stranger, I hope it will happen that we go up together, if I go at all. And now let us exchange cards. My name is Purvis, as you see, of Louisville, Kentucky."

The lounge fumbled in his pockets for a card to give to Mr. Purvis, but finding none, half-blushingly announced that his cards were out, but that his name was George Ellsworth."

"Ellsworth? Well, sir, you rejoice in a right honorable name. I've heard my Uncle Throckmorton talk a great deal about one of the Ellsworths of Connecticut."

It was evident to me that "Ellsworth" was making fast inroads into the good graces of Purvis, and of the latter's character I was beginning to be at a loss; for though I had from his name connected him at first with a criminal transaction, yet his manner, in conversation with "Ellsworth," did not seem to sustain my early suspicions.

Their conversation now assumed a lower tone, as Purvis had drawn nearer up to Ellsworth, the two acting very like old acquaintances by this time; so I managed to draw nearer them, fumbling over the envelopes of some old letters I had taken from my pocket, and assuming to be in a "brown study" over something.

"Well, isn't this a little dull, Mr. Purvis? I've been waiting here an hour or so, expecting a particular friend along, with whom I was going out for a while to look about. But he has been obliged to disappoint me, I suppose," said Ellsworth.

"Yes, it is a little dull, as you say; a stranger, especially, is apt to be very lonesome in a big city. Do you ever take wine, Mr. Ellsworth?"

"Seldom, sir, especially when away from home; but I don't mind a glass now and then."

"Come, sir, accompany me, if you will. I would invite you to my room to take wine, but unfortunately they're so crowded here they've been obliged to put me far up. Suppose we go to the bar?"

"Well, if you please; but you'll pardon me when I say that I must not indulge but once now. The night is long yet, and we shall have other occasion, perhaps, to drink. I know how generous and impulsive you Southern gentlemen are."

"O, surely, I know we are apt to 'go ahead,' like Davy Crockett, when we are right, and when we are not, too; but come along, please," and the trusting Purvis carelessly locked his arm in that of Ellsworth, and they moved towards the bar-room.

My first intention was to follow them, but I hesitated, and waited their return. They were gone a far longer time than necessary to take one glass, and when they came along down the hall, rested but a moment at the door, and stepped out down Broadway together.

"Ellsworth has his victim in sure training," thought I to myself. "Where can they be going?"

Feeling confident that some mischief would be wrought ere the night was passed, I followed on at proper distance, and saw the two lingering for a moment before No. 477 Broadway. Ellsworth seemed more in doubt what to do than Purvis, or less decided. By this time I had, by mingling with sundry pedestrians, managed to approach near enough to Ellsworth and Purvis to hear the latter say, —

"Well, if you think we won't obtrude, let us go up to see your friend for a while."

"No, we shall not obtrude," replied Ellsworth, "but I was thinking if we might not find some more agreeable place," — but he turned and went up the stairs, followed by Purvis.

In 477, at that time, was a half gambling hell, kept as the private rooms of a worthless sporting son of a distinguished surgeon. I had never been in the place, but had

heard that many fast young men gathered there to play cards for fun, and that sometimes a faro-bank was run there for "amusement." Fearing that by some possibility Ellsworth might notice me as the individual having stood near him in the St. Nicholas so long, and suspect something if I went in alone, and undisguised, I was resolving what course to pursue, when my friend, Henry W——, a detective, came along. He was just my size, and wore a blue "swallow-tailed" coat, while I had on a black frock. I took Henry into the small hall-way, and said, "Business up; swap coats with me in a minute; and if you've a pair of false mustaches with you, let me have 'em, Henry."

"I haven't mustaches," said Henry; "but here's something as good," said he, pulling from the skirt of his coat a paper containing a fine long-haired wig. (My hair was cut extremely short for the then prevailing fashion.) The changing of coats, and assuming of the wig, was but a moment's work, and with my promise to Henry "to report in the morning," we parted, and I mounted to the sporting-room in a trice. Walking in coolly, I proceeded quietly to the "bureau," and helped myself, as is the custom in such places, to a small glass of wine, and while drinking, took a survey.

There were my friends Ellsworth and Purvis, the former evidently instructing the other about the ways and habits of such places. This night the faro-bank was in operation in one room, and in another several parties were playing at cards.

After a while I overheard Ellsworth say, "I never play for money, but some one here, I dare say, will take a hand with you if you wish a little amusement," and they sauntered into the card-room, where, without trouble, parties were found to "make up a hand" at an unoccupied table — Ellsworth declining to play, but taking a seat near Purvis, to watch the game. The stakes were small, but during the play Purvis lost a little more than the loose change which he had about him, and was forced to draw a well-

filled wallet from his side coat pocket. I noticed a peculiar smile on Ellsworth's face as his eye rested on that wallet; and from that moment I felt that I had work to do. I took an apparently listless interest in the game, and kept my eye as much on Ellsworth as I could. He seemed to be restless. Persons were coming in and going out of the other room especially, and Ellsworth's face always reverted to the door when he heard new footsteps or a new voice. Presently his face brightened, and he got up, went into the other room, took a glass of wine, and on returning, affecting to just then discover a friend, exclaimed, "Ah, Williams! how do you do? How did you get here? I was waiting at St. Nicholas for you for over an hour."

"Well, I was delayed — did not know where to look for you when I got there, and dropped in here, I hardly know how; but, old fellow, it's all as well now — isn't it?" giving Ellsworth a gentle pat on the shoulder. All this was said in such a manner that Purvis might have heard it if not too much engaged in his play; and he probably did hear it; and the two worthies went arm in arm into the card-room.

"Let me interrupt the play for a second, gentlemen, if you please," said Ellsworth, taking Williams directly up to Purvis. "Mr. Purvis, allow me to introduce to you my friend, Mr. Williams, the gentleman we were waiting so long for to-night. Lucky — isn't it, he dropped in here?"

The usual courtesies of introduction were passed, Purvis assuring Mr. Williams that he was very glad to make his acquaintance, and that the game would soon be over, when he would be glad to learn more of his "friend Ellsworth's" friend.

But who was this "Williams?" you are apt to inquire, right here. I did not know Ellsworth, but I had seen Williams before. He was elegantly attired, more so than Ellsworth, indeed, and nearly as mannerly; though, to the practised eye, there was discernible in his face a lower

range of character than in Ellsworth's. He had more low cunning, and was fitter to do deeds of positive criminality. He belonged to the higher class of pickpockets, and I had known him under the name of "Billy Seaver." I saw that the two were well met to work together.

Purvis and his party's game ending, Williams proposed to take a hand; and a party being made up, Purvis continued to play, not neglecting to take wine occasionally. On one occasion Williams, accompanying him to the sideboard, I noticed the former turn suddenly about, as he said, "Mr. Purvis, join me in claret this time,—an unfashionable drink, to be sure" (with a most graceful smile). "I see that you take sherry generally," and having suited the action to the word, had poured out a glass, which he handed to Purvis, who took and drank it. I had no doubt that Williams had skilfully "drugged" that dram; and my interest began to deepen now that my observations would have to continue for several hours. At length I united in a game with several new in-comers, and posted myself at the table where I could easily watch Purvis and his friends. He played on well for a while, but by and by I saw he began to grow a little stupid. At this time Williams, who was a good talker, entered upon the recital of many curious tales ("good stories," as they are called among his class, but which were not so "good" as to bear repeating here), and tried to keep up Purvis's waning spirits with laughter and jokes. And so Purvis was kept at the board, while the drug was constantly doing its sure and secret work. Purvis lost considerably, and occasionally reverted to his wallet for supplies.

An hour or so went on, when Ellsworth, who took no practical interest in the game, said to Williams, "Isn't it about time for honest people to be a-bed? Hadn't we better go?"

"Just as you like; and I presume Mr. Purvis would like to go to his hotel. I declare," said he, turning to the clock on the mantel, "it is later than I thought."

Presently the three sallied out. With some difficulty was it that Purvis moved. They reached the sidewalk, and Ellsworth said, "Mr. Williams, let's go up to the St. Nicholas with Mr. Purvis," taking Purvis by the arm in a quiet way; and they started. The distance was so short, that on reaching the walk from the stairs, where I overheard the proposition, I thought I would not follow too speedily. They had not gone on their way over a minute at most, when an alarm of fire on the corner of Howard and Broadway arrested my attention, as I thought but for a minute or so, — but time flies on such occasions, and it might have been five minutes, — when, turning to look after my men, I could not see them, but rushed on to the hotel. Not finding them there, I sought the clerk, to learn if Purvis had taken his key and gone to his room. He had seen nothing of Purvis at all, "since early in the evening," he said.

Where could the scoundrels have taken him? O, they must have dropped into one of the coaches standing at all hours of night near the hotel; that was my solution of the matter, and I knew it would be folly to attempt to follow them farther; and I had nothing to do but to withdraw to my rooms and go to bed, and await the issue — clew to which I felt sure to get next day.

I took the night clerk into my confidence sufficiently to tell him that I suspected Purvis would be victimized, lose his money, and perhaps his life; but conjured him to keep still, if he should chance to return before morning; watch those who might come with him, and be sure to get the number of the coach and name of the driver, if he should be brought back in a carriage, and then find out if and how he had been "played with," and to send me word; all of which he promised to do, entering with spirit into the enterprise. I went home, feeling sure that the clerk would give me an intelligent report if anything wrong happened.

Next morning, about seven o'clock, I was awakened at my rooms by the clerk, who told me that, an hour before,

Purvis had been pitched into the entrance way of the hotel, in a state of stupidity so great that, after a half hour's attempt to arouse him, they had sent for a doctor; that instantly on hearing the noise of his advent, he had rushed to the door, only to see a tall man running down street, while a coach, at some distance off, was driving rapidly up; but whether the coach had any connection with the matter he thought was doubtful. But he had examined Purvis's clothes, which were much stained and soiled, and found a cut in the right side, over his wallet pocket, but "not large enough to let out much of a purse," he said. As the wallet was large, I fancied that this cut had been made, possibly, as they left the gaming-rooms, and not succeeding with that, had taken Purvis away to "finish" him, — which was doubtless the case.

I dressed myself rapidly as possible, and hurried to the hotel. Purvis had been carried to his room, and a doctor and his student, a tall, good-looking, sympathetic fellow, were attending him. The doctor administered some medicines as well as he could, and then performed some quite vigorous manipulations of Purvis's body. The student said that he was a native of Louisville, and knew Purvis's family very well, and that he'd give five hundred dollars himself for the detection of the scamps who had ill treated Purvis. He warmed up to great height on the occasion, in true Southern style, generous and ardent. I took a great fancy to him, and when the doctor left urged the student to remain, which he gladly did. We watched by Purvis's side for an hour and a half before he sufficiently recovered to recognize his Louisville friend, and to answer me as to how much he had lost, — which was what I most desired to know. Where he had been he had no memory of. All was a blank to him; but he knew that the evening before he had a thousand and sixty dollars with him — a thousand in his wallet, in the side coat pocket, and the sixty in various pockets. He had paid a bill a day before for parties in Louisville, and had so much left, only about half of

which belonged to him, the remainder belonged to the Louisville parties; "which makes the matter a heap worse," as he said.

When I had learned so much, I set about laying my plans, within myself, for catching Ellsworth and Williams. I had no doubt that they were still in the city, so secret had been their operations, as they probably supposed; and thinking I might need help, took into my counsels, as far as I thought best, my young friend, the stalwart student. He was all on fire for the work, if we should chance to come across the enemy; and we started forth, he to arm himself at his rooms, I to prepare myself, and we to "rendezvous" at the St. Nicholas in an hour.

Coming together, I bethought me that perhaps Purvis's wallet might have some private mark by which it might be identified; and we went up to his room to inquire, and learned that the wallet was the gift of his brother, and bore, under the principal clasp, in faded gilding, the letters, "C. H. P., L'ville." The letters were quite obscure now, he said. And we started on our search. I fancied I could readily find Williams's lodgings, and that he would likely be there, in a state of more or less sleepiness, and his compeer Ellsworth with him. But I had counted without my host that day; and though we were constantly going from point to point, in our investigations, nothing had we learned when nightfall came, and we were very weary. Passing up Roosevelt Street, having had occasion to go down to the Williamsburg Ferry, a tall man brushed rapidly by us, whom I at once discovered to be Williams, who suddenly dropped into a little filthy cellar oyster saloon, and we followed. Williams had taken a seat at the remote corner of the dirty room, and called for a stew. He looked haggard, as if he had, not long ago, been on a tremendous spree. We called for oysters roasted in shell, as likely to be the most cleanly in that dirty crib.

Williams was quite "nervous," and spilled the broth over himself considerably, and I half conjectured that he, too,

had been drugged. I knew he must have taken the wallet, and that perhaps he had it about him then; but I had no warrant to arrest him on the spot, but must follow him farther. He arose, having finished his meal, and started straight for the door, and opening it, was going out, when the dirty Irish woman who kept the shop exclaimed, "Look here, mistur, is that the way gintlemens trates ladies? Don't yer pay for yer vittals when yer takes 'em?"

Williams, who hardly knew what he was about, had not, I presume, intended to "beat" the woman (to use the slang phrase for cheat), but he was maddened by the woman's gross manner, and turned upon her with an oath.

"Be jabbers," screamed the woman! "Gintlemen," turning to us, "will yees see a poor honest woman, so there!" (the tears coming into her eyes) "chated by the likes o' that dirty blaggard? Ketch him, and hould him!" (flourishing a big spoon, like a sword, in air).

My impulsive student friend needed no more encouragement, and quickly catching Williams in his brawny arms, exclaimed, "Here, you scamp! pay this woman before you go, or you'll stay here all night," pulling him at the same time up to the little dirty counter, behind which the woman stood. Half drunk, Williams, finding himself in a strong man's grasp, was instantly quiet, and began fumbling for his money. In his search he pulled out a silk sash — as it proved, a stolen one at that — from his inner side coat pocket, when out tumbled a plethoric wallet with it.

"Be jabbers, that's a fat one, indade!" said the woman; "the gentleman has money enough to buy out old Astor and all his kin."

Williams, more intoxicated than I thought at first, seemed to take no heed of this, and after he had managed to fish out of his pocket money enough to pay the old woman, I took up the wallet, and said, "Here, don't leave this; you'll want it."

He looked in amazement, as he started towards me, as he saw me deliberately opening the clasp. There were the



"KETCH HIM AND HOULD HIM." -- WILLIAMS' ARREST. -- "Here, you scamp, pay this woman before you go!"

self-same initials Purvis had told us of. "I will keep this, Mr. Williams," said I; "this is what I am after.—Old woman, this man is a pickpocket.—Bolt the door!" I exclaimed to my student friend, which he did instantly. "Take charge of Williams while I examine the wallet; and you, old woman, keep quiet; and, Williams, don't *you* dare to make the least noise, or we'll finish you here."

I made rapid search, and found in the wallet nine hundred and thirty dollars (some of it Kentucky money), a lady's elegant gold enamelled watch, and a chain which could not have cost less than two hundred dollars, but which had been cut in some of the links—evidently a recent prize of Williams. He would never tell where that watch came from; and I advertised "A lady's watch, taken from a pickpocket. The owner can have the same by identifying it. Call at No. — Broadway," for several days, in the papers. But no one ever came to claim it, and I gave it to a lady, who still wears it, subject to the owner's reclamation at any time.

Williams saw that it was all over with him, but he protested that he did not abstract the wallet; that the whole "job" was Ellsworth's; and I was willing to believe this in part, for Ellsworth was the prime roper-in. More anxious to catch Ellsworth than to punish Williams, I agreed that if he would tell me the whole story truly, and where Ellsworth could be found, I would, on finding the latter, let him, Williams, off.

He told me the story in detail. They had taken Purvis, that night, over to a place in Williamsburg, occupied by Ellsworth, and his "family," as he pretended. Purvis was so stupid when they arrived there that the coachman had to assist them to bear him into the house. Of course the process of robbery was easy after that. But not having a good place to keep Purvis, and that matter being dangerous, too, they had hired another coach near morning, and brought him over to New York, Williams coming alone with him. He would not tell me the coachman's name,—

the one of the night before,—but said he had “bled” them to the tune of fifty dollars for his services.

He had been over to Williamsburg, and was on his way back, taking with him the money, which he was to divide the next day, at a certain hour, in a place he named in the Bowery, with Ellsworth, who would be there.

I did not credit his story, to be sure; but still I was there duly, and found Williams, who pretended surprise as he came in with an officer (into whose keeping I had given him,—having called him before we left the shop,—on a charge of forgery, not telling him I knew the real state of the case), at not finding Ellsworth up to his appointment. But my story is running into too much detail. Suffice it that we got back to the hotel as speedily as we could, and a more delighted man than was Mr. Purvis, on the recovery of so much of his money, can hardly be imagined. He gave the watch, of course, into my keeping, and in spite of all my protestations, compelled me to receive a much larger sum than would have amply satisfied me.

I pursued Ellsworth somewhat afterwards, visiting his “family” in Williamsburg, but I could not get track of him for a long while, when he turned up in another city, and I chanced to make him available in the detection of sundry other rogues. But that story is *sui generis*, and I must not mar it by a recital of a part here.

As for the brave medical student (whose name I have purposely withheld), he became a fast friend of mine, and afterwards we had several adventures together, some of which I purpose to relate, should I at some other time feel more in the spirit to do so.

Enough to know now, that he is, for his years, an eminent physician, with a large practice, in a district in the South, and married to a most beautiful woman, whose acquaintance he made while once playing the amateur detective. In some of these papers, perhaps, his name, if he permits, will be disclosed. Had he given himself to the

business, I conceive that he could not have had a successful rival, as a detective, in the world. The same knowledge of human nature which the detective needs, cannot but serve the physician to great advantage.

Mr. Purvis said that if he had wholly lost the thousand dollars, the lesson he had learned would have been cheaply bought.

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING.

THE ANTIQUITY OF THAT SHEEP'S SKIN AND ITS PIOUS USEFULNESS — A LARGE LOSS OF SILKS, SATINS, LACES, AND OTHER GOODS — A CONSULTATION — A LONG STUDY — THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS OF SEVERAL CLERKS, WHAT THEY DID, AND HOW THEY KILLED "SPARE TIME" — INFLUENCE OF THE CITY ON MORALS — NEW YORK CENTRAL PARK — A MOST WONDERFUL SERIES OF THEFTS — THE MATTER INEXPLICABLE AT FIRST, GROWS MORE SUBTLE — A GLEAM OF LIGHT AT LAST — A BRIGHT ITALIAN BOY PLAYS A PART — A LADY FOLLOWED — MORE LIGHT — AN EXTEMPORIZED SERVANT OF THE CROTON WATER BOARD GETS INSIDE A CERTAIN HOUSE — SARAH CROGAN AND I — HOW A HOUSE IN NINETEENTH STREET DELIVERED UP ITS TREASURES — "WILLIAM BRUCE," ALIAS CHARLES PHILLIPS — A VERY STRANGE DENOUEMENT — A MEEK MAN TRANSFORMED; HIS RAGE — A DELIVERY UP, WITH ACCOMPANYING JEWELS — A "WIDOW" NOT A WIDOW REMOVES — WHAT SARAH CROGAN THOUGHT.

It is an astonishing thing to a detective, and ought to be to every person of sense, it seems to me, that after the experiences of ages "the-wolf-in-sheep's-clothing" still keeps on deluding people. Everybody ought by this time to know the animal, and everybody does, in a sense; but everybody has heard of him, and seen him somewhere along the path of life, and either been bitten by him, or sorely frightened, or something of the sort. Yet forever he is playing his wiles with success with everybody; and his sheep skin is the same one he has used ever since historic time began, and perhaps long before that. But I did not take my pen to descant upon the blunders and stupidities of my fellow-mortals, or to adorn this page with a lecture on morals and hypocrisies, but to tell a tale in which, perchance, a "moral" will be better "painted" by the facts it discloses than by my discursive pen.

I was called upon one day by the confidential clerk of a

large mercantile house in this city, and informed by him that he had been sent by one of the partners of the house, — the other partners being abroad, one in Europe, and one in the South, — in regard to the matter of extensive robberies from their store ; and it had been thought best that I should be made acquainted with the chief facts before visiting the house — as they supposed, of course, he said, I should wish to. I told him (and here, for sake of brevity, let me give him a name, which is correct only in the initial letters — Charles Phillips) — I told Mr. Phillips that his policy was quite right, and that I would listen then and there to his story. He went on to recount that, probably for a long while, the house had been robbed of various kinds of goods, but that of late, particularly, they had been greatly annoyed by missing large quantities of the highest priced goods : their best silks, satins, laces, etc., which, being costly goods, amounted, as nearly as they could calculate, — in one month's loss, too, — to some eighteen hundred dollars ; “and of course,” said he, “the loss may be more, for perhaps we do not know all we have lost. He told me of plans which he and the partner at home had devised to find out the thief or thieves, and the watch that had been set, all to no avail. He had a different opinion about it, he said, from the partner, who thought some of the clerks must be the guilty parties ; and it did seem so, sometimes, he said, for the store was well watched nights by a trusty watchman, whom he himself had watched as well, and felt confident that he could have no confederates ; and, besides, the things taken were not usually in reach of customers — only the clerks could get at them. So he thought his employer excusable, perfectly, for his suspicion that some of the clerks must be the thief. Yet for his part he could not believe it, inasmuch as he had known all the clerks so long, — five years, a majority of them, and the rest of them, save three, who had been but from two to six months in the house, for from one year up to three and four ; and he thought he knew all about them, and could

not allow himself to suspect any one of them. But, nevertheless, his employer, who could not in his own mind fasten suspicion upon any specific person, had fully made up his mind that some of the clerks were guilty, and they were now going to wake up the matter, if possible, and "bring things to a focus," as he expressed it.

I listened to what Mr. Phillips had to say, and inquired how many clerks there were in the establishment, when he informed me that, aside from himself, there were thirty-seven.

"Thirty-seven?" said I; "and you are not able to say that any one of these is more innocent or less guilty than another, eh?"

"No."

"Well, then, we've a job on hand which may last for a good while, and require not only time, but patience, and a good deal of money to work out; for we might hit on the thief the first thing, but we might not be able to identify him till we had been through with all the rest, and satisfied ourselves of their innocence, you see, and it may cost your house more than it would to suffer the losses, and let accident, perhaps, hereafter disclose the guilty party."

"I have talked this very point over with Mr. Redding," (the partner), said he, "and he says the firm must go to any necessary cost to find the thief, and put a stop to peculations; that the house cannot, in fact, long do business at this rate of loss, and he's made up his mind to go into the matter thoroughly, and when he gets *his* head set, there's no moving him. The house must go ahead in this business, and let you have your way about it."

I learned from Mr. Phillips that many of the goods taken were of a peculiar kind, but after all, not to be readily identified, if the private marks of the house were removed; "and any thief," said he, "shrewd enough to steal from our store, at the rate the thefts have been going on for the last few weeks, is wise enough, I dare say, to leave nothing of a story-telling nature on the goods. He's probably removed our private marks at his earliest convenience."

After our conference was over, and I had agreed to call at the store the next day, in the capacity of a wholesale customer "from Buffalo," and Mr. Phillips was gone, I set myself to work at some theory in the case, and found myself quite baffled at every point. I had not facts enough yet in my possession to form an opinion; and as I prided myself in those days, more than I do now, on my unerring skill in detecting a thief by his countenance, I resolved to theorize no more till I had gone through the house, and scrutinized each clerk's face. But that night I talked the matter over with certain of my brother detectives, for it was evident that there was work enough to be done, if we wished to save time, for several of them. Each of my men thought the matter could be easily solved. Some of the clerks were, of course, the thieves, and they only needed to be "spotted" for a few nights at once, and sure as fate the guilty one would be brought to light 'twas agreed; but it didn't prove so easy a job, after all.

The next day I called upon Mr. Redding, it having been understood between me and Mr. Phillips that he was not to recognize me before the clerks, until after I might have been presented to him by Mr. Redding, and then only cursorily. I handed Mr. Redding a note which I had prepared, and as he did not know me personally, and was a little taken aback at what I said in the note, I giving him sundry orders and directions therein, his strangership to me was quite evident to the clerks who chanced to be about when we met. Mr. Redding showed me all the distinction that I required, and himself showed me through the establishment. It was a long list of goods, indeed, that which I prized, in every department; and we took our time, in order that I might have the amplest opportunity to study each clerk's face, which I did to my satisfaction, but to no certainty as to which one if any was the thief. I thought that either my usual sagacity had fled me, or else that the clerks were a singularly honest set of young men, and withal exceedingly well chosen and clever.

I was at times tempted to suspect one or two of them; but I could not tell why, and came to the conclusion at last that this temptation resulted rather from my anxiety to "spot" some one, than from good judgment; and I concluded that part of the business without having arrived at any conclusion whatever as to the guilty parties. After this Mr. Redding called his chief confidential clerk, Mr. Phillips, into the counting-room, and we quietly talked over the matter. At Mr. Redding's request, Mr. Phillips produced such a list as they had been able to make of the goods lost, which amounted in all to quite an astonishing sum; but of these things they could inform me of nothing which was very peculiar in its nature — nothing the like of which other stores had not. But I finally requested to see some of the richest silks, such as those they had lost, and was taken by Mr. Redding to see them. I have a pretty accurate eye for forms and colors, and I paid special attention to a piece of silk, the like of which I had never seen, and the cost of which was more than that of any other piece in the store. It was a heavy silk — would stand alone, and had in it "ribs," after the fashion somewhat of a twisted column, the pattern of which was perhaps borrowed from a column in the court of some old convent, such as I had often seen in Italy, where for a year I was occupied in that country ferreting out some scamps who had fled there from Philadelphia, and who were badly wanted to settle sundry accounts. With the association of the "ribs" and the column, I was not likely to forget that piece of silk. But other houses had the like, and I might not be able to identify the piece as coming from Mr. Redding's store, if I should chance to come across it in some retail store, at the pawnbroker's, or anywhere else. Yet it might prove a clew, and I put my faith in it; with what result, will be seen further on, for I cannot mar my narrative by introducing it here.

It was quite evident to me that the thief must be some one or more of the clerks; and I could not, on inquiry into

the habits of the clerks, so far as Mr. Redding understood them, or in any way, fix upon any one of the clerks as more likely than another to be the thief. These young men had been well selected; were smart fellows, each in his way. Indeed, Mr. Redding thought that, on the whole, his house had the best set of clerks of all the houses in the city, and although he was convinced that some one or more of them (and he as well as I inclined to the notion that there must be two at least) were guilty, yet he said he would gladly give a thousand dollars if the guilt could be fastened upon somebody without the store; for the house had always treated its clerks as if they were the partners' own children in many respects, and given the clerks rather better wages than they could get anywhere else, and some unusual privileges. They had nearly all been long with the house, and I thought that Mr. Redding seemed to suffer as much from the fear that some of the clerks would prove to be the guilty party, as from the loss of the goods themselves. In fact, he confessed that he felt "chicken-hearted" about the matter, as he expressed it; but his partners' interests as well as his own must be looked to, and so he was resolute.

I returned to my office, and set about immediate preparations on the work. I was going at it that night, and I saw that there was no other way than to take matters coolly, and work systematically. I sent for some of my men, having apprised Mr. Redding that it would "cost something" to work up the case, and that to do it within any conscionable time I must set several men at work. He had given me quite a wide range for expenses, saying that it would not do to be guilty of any laches in the business for want of means; because, at the rate they were losing property, with all their eyes open at that, they would soon have to give up business.

I set my men to keeping their eyes on certain of the clerks whose places of residence and names Mr. Redding had given me. He had not procured the streets and num-

bers of all of them, but was to do so next day. The clerks designated were carefully watched and followed, to find out how and where they spent their nights, for it was my conjecture, that whoever stole the goods was under the influence of some demon passion; that he either gambled, and was deeply in debt, and stole the goods and sold them, or that some wily woman had him in her power, or some fiend of a man was driving him on in crime; and it was necessary first to find out all about where these young men spent their time out of the store.

I took my own place in the work, and having been so much about the store that day, it was necessary that I disguise myself, as I did; and I took my station on Broadway, near the store, and waited for the young men to sally forth, directing my men to the boarding-places of some of the clerks, with as accurate descriptions of them as I could give.

I had not long to wait before some of the clerks passed me, and I selected two, whom I followed. Darkness was just coming on. They stopped on a corner to lay out their programme for the evening, and concluded to not go home to tea, but to go to a restaurant, where I followed them, and remained there till they left; and when they came out they went up Broadway, and stopping before a billiard saloon, seemed to be debating the question whether they would go up or not; but finally they went up the stairs, and I remained behind a few minutes, and then followed them. Somehow, as I entered the room, and my eye fell upon the face of one of them, something seemed to tell me that he was the guilty fellow. The young men had already commenced a game, and were busy with the bewitching balls. I lounged about, and finally got a partner for a single game. The young men did not bet — only played for sport, and at a seasonable hour left, not however, till I, having observed that they would soon depart, had gotten down on to the pavement before them. When they came down, they set off together, walked some distance togeth-

er, turned down a side street, and on the corner of it and another street bade each other good night. One of them went on to his boarding-house, and so I suppose did the other.

The next night I gave my particular attentions to those same young men. They went over to the Bowery Theatre, and like sensible fellows, too, had seats in the pit, in which part of the house I also secured a place. They seemed to enjoy the play greatly, and one of them threw a quarter of a dollar on the stage in lieu of a bouquet, in testimony of his appreciation of the splendid representation of a mock Richard the Third by the leading actor, and I fancied that perhaps I had found out the young man's leading passion — his besetting sin.

When they left the theatre they proceeded to an ale-house, and after taking a mug apiece of somebody's "best pale ale," sallied out, and wended their way together homeward, till they came to the parting-place again; and I followed the one whom I did not pursue the night before, only to be led on a long distance up into Hudson Street, when the young man applying his night-key to the door of a very respectable-looking house, entered and vanished. I had begun to make up my mind that this sort of work would not do; that these clerks were but like ten thousand others, who, wearied by their day's work, sought recuperation in slight dissipations, and, perhaps, questionable pleasures, such as billiards, and comedies, and ales give. But I followed up some other of the clerks, reporting every day to Mr. Redding or to Mr. Phillips very ill success. The latter was particularly anxious to have me "go on, and make thorough work of it;" and as the days went on I became much attached to him.

My men, too, brought me their accounts daily, with as little success towards the desired end as I myself had, and we were frequently on the point of giving up the job. We concluded that perhaps several of the clerks were engaged in this robbery; that they might have formed a secret

society among themselves, and that they probably had a safe place to send their goods to, and a skilful "receiver," who would pay them perhaps half price for the goods, but we could find nothing to sustain this hypothesis. Two or three of the clerks were quite literary in their tastes, and belonged to some debating club, I forget the name now, but it was quite an institution at the time, and thither my men had followed them, and quite fallen in love with the spirited manner and eloquent speech-making of one of the clerks. Of course they followed these wherever they went, and nothing could convince them that these young men were guilty. One of the clerks was an inveterate theatre-goer. He went every night to one theatre or another; but my men found out that he usually had passes, and was, to some extent, a dramatic critic, furnishing the reporters of sundry papers with notes, and that in this way he probably got his passes, and so did not in this way waste much of his slender salary. He neither smoked nor drank liquor, and seemed to be always alone, careless of companionship; so he was dropped as "not the man." Another of the clerks had, it was found, a strange fancy for old books and antique engravings. He spent, evidently, as little money on his person as would suffice to dress neatly and well enough for his position, and put all he could have into old books and engravings; and we found that he was well known by all those strange men, who in these days mostly collect in Nassau Street, and live among the rubbish and dirt of old, and for most part, worthless books, driving keen bargains, giving little, and asking much for some rare old folly of a book, or some worthless volume in which some lord of the blood, or some royal sovereign of literature, like Johnson or Addison, had chanced to write his name. The young clerk had a business man's as well as an artist's eye for these things, we found, and was said, by the old book-men, to make such excellent assortments of engravings, etc., which he bound together, as to be able to realize in their sale quite an advance on the

original purchase. And so we found merit instead of crime in him, and felt very sure that he could be "counted out." But we had some singular experiences. One of the clerks, as did indeed three of them, boarded in Brooklyn. This one was a Sunday-school teacher, but he came over to New York one Sunday night to attend a religious meeting, and being particularly followed that night, he was found going into a disreputable "ladies' boarding-house." Some of the clerks were Sunday-school teachers, especially certain of them who were middle-aged, and married; but we discovered, in our scrutiny of these clerks, that these older ones especially, had a habit of taking their country customers and friends to see the sights of the city at night, and that in order to beguile these persons, in other words, to "show them proper attentions," they were not scrupulous about forgetting their Sunday-school teachings, and taking these customers into the most questionable dens in the city. In those days the vulgar phrase "seeing the elephant" was more common than now, and included participation in all sorts of small and impure vices. In my opinion, this greed for trade, which impells the competing clerks of different houses to show every possible attention of this kind to the young men (as well as old, for often the old are worse than the young) who come to the city to buy goods, has led to the downfall, the moral and financial ruin, of thousands who would otherwise have led honorable, and perhaps noble lives. But things in this respect are better now a days than they were many years ago in New York. The great advance which the fine arts have made in this country, even within the last ten years, has had much to do with this improvement. The theatre is "a thing of beauty" and attractive in comparison to what it used to be; and everywhere scattered throughout the city are many matters of the higher arts to attract and interest the stranger or frequent visitor even, and so in a measure keep him out of harm's way. The Central Park has been a great educator of the city people out of vices, and has an elevating influ-

ence upon country people coming to the city, many of whom "luxuriate" in a visit to it, instead of "dissipate," as in years ago, in the dens of the crowded city; for in winter even, when the cold is intense enough to make ice, joyous nights are spent in skating on the Park pond, or in beholding the witching gayeties of the accomplished skaters.

But the days went on, — I almost daily conferring with Mr. Redding, or his accomplished chief clerk, Mr. Phillips, whose sagacity and inventive genius pleased me greatly. He would have made — in fact was, in one sense — one of the most shrewd and capable of detectives. There was no avenue for the slightest suspicion which his keen brain could not discover when Mr. Redding seemed disposed to give up in despair, as from time to time I faithfully reported to him the empty results of my own and my men's constant watching, or drew on the house, on different occasions, for current expenses. Mr. Phillips stimulated him to further endeavor, feeling, as he said, and as an honest man, in his capacity, could not well but feel, that the responsibility on his part was morally as great as if he were the pecuniary sufferer, and he continued to bravely and nobly work in the interest of the house. But constantly the peculations went on; and so mysteriously were they conducted, that I believe it would have required no great amount of argument to convince Mr. Redding that invisible hands took part in the thefts; that the spirits of some old merchants, perhaps (not having forgotten their greed of gain in the other world), were the authors and doers of this wickedness; for he was half inclined to belief in modern spiritualism, and the partner who was in Europe was an avowed spiritualist, his daughter, a sickly young lady of eighteen or twenty years of age, being a "medium." It was partly for her health's sake that the father had taken her to Europe. Mr. Redding was confounded, as from time to time, something more of much value, often of great value, was missed. Finally he took up his lodgings for a few nights

at the store, with an inside and an outside watchman, and with an ugly watch-dog for a companion; but this did no good, for valuables were still missed, and what was the most perplexing thing, were apparently taken in the night. Mr. Redding became sensibly weak, looked haggard, was restless and nervous, and his family physician ordered him to suspend work. Mr. Redding had great pride about this matter, and all the clerks were put under an injunction of secrecy in regard to the losses, and I have reason to think they faithfully respected the mandate. This secrecy was suggested as a matter of pride as well as prudence, for Mr. Redding would not have had his brother merchants in the city know of the troubles in his house for anything. It would have led, he thought, to the financial injury of the firm.

Finally, Mr. Redding was taken sick, and remained at home for three days. On the second day he sent for me, and showed me an advertisement he had caused to be put in the Herald, calling for twenty clerks of experience in the dry goods business, etc. "None need apply who cannot produce the best certificates of character, and come recommended by all parties in whose employ they may have ever been." He named a box in the Herald office as the place of address, and he already had sent his servant to the Herald office, and when I arrived was opening one of over fifty letters received. He showed me the advertisement and responses with an air of pride.

"I have made up my mind that our salvation is in a change of clerks," said he. "The innocent and guilty must go alike. I will first dismiss twenty,—fortunately, we make our contracts with clerks in such way that I can do this,—and after twenty new ones are worked in, and know our modes of doing business, I will dismiss all the rest, and fill their places with new men. What do you think of my new plan?"

I told him that, as a *dernier resort*, it was probably wise, but that fruitless though had been our work heretofore, I

nevertheless wanted to try further; and I proposed that he go on and make the acquaintance of the new applicants privately, examine their credentials, and get ready to receive them, if wanted, in due time; but that so great and sudden a change of clerks could not but tend to confuse his customers, especially as many of their clerks had been with him for years, and they would inevitably take many of the customers with them; while he could not be sure that the newly-incoming clerks would bring him any trade at all. There was a wildness in Mr. Redding's eyes that day, which looked to me precursory of insanity, and I felt that anything like full espousal of his plan would excite him, and perhaps hasten the wreck of his intellect. But Mr. Redding got better, and reappeared at his store, and he told me when I next met him thereafter, that he had no heart to turn away some of his clerks who had been so long his companions, and he found it impossible to select the first twenty for decapitation.

Mr. Redding communicated his plan to Mr. Phillips, and the latter, with his usual sagacity, opposed it, suggesting several reasons, among which was one which weighed much with Mr. Redding, to the effect that he could be no surer of the honesty of the new clerks than of that of the old, and that it was by no means certain that like losses were not being suffered in other houses, and that some of these new clerks might have been dismissed under like circumstances to those which suggested the dismissal of his own clerks, and he added, "If you were to dismiss the clerks, you would be obliged, in honor, to give each one of them the best commendation for faithfulness in business, and you could not conscientiously refuse to add, 'for honesty and integrity.'"

"No, no; I could not do less; that is true," said Mr. Redding; "and perhaps the new comers would bring certificates from employers situated just as we are. I had not thought of that."

There was the greatest respect on the part of the under

clerks manifested towards Mr. Phillips, and I doubt not that if he communicated this matter of the proposed change, and his opposition to it, to them, that he won upon their gratitude and regard still further. Mr. Phillips was indeed a model man in every respect. He had not only great business tact, but he had the refined manners of a cultivated gentleman, and was evidently considerable of a literary man withal, and was, I was told, a very happy public speaker. He was, as I have before observed, a man of ready expedients, of fertile inventive genius, and it was difficult to see how the house could well get on without him. But as the difficulties of the situation increased, Mr. Phillips began to evince much wear and tear of mind, and he told Mr. Redding, that though his contract called for two years more of service (it had been three years before), he thought he should be compelled to ask that the contract be rescinded, and he would withdraw from business for a while and get rest.

Mr. Redding would hear nothing of this ; but, of course, he could not oblige, nor would it have been expedient if he could, Mr. Phillips to remain, and so, to cheer him up, and secure his inestimable services longer, he agreed to advance his salary from the beginning of the next month by fifty per cent., and insisted that Mr. Phillips should give up the old contract, and enter into a new one to that effect. This was an unexpected turn of affairs for Mr. Phillips, and of course stirred his deepest gratitude, and he entered with renewed vigor into the matter of the detection of the thieves — himself offering, as he did, to forego the pleasures of his nights at home, in the bosom of his charming family, and occupying a couch at the store with the watchman. But this lasted only a week, for the robberies were no less frequent during that week than before ; and Mr. Phillips began obviously to experience something of the despair which had afflicted Mr. Redding when he slept at the store. Mr. Phillips abandoned this course, and retired again to his home for his nights' lodgings, "giving up all

hope," as he expressed it, and sorely vexed that he had entered into a new contract on any terms.

Mr. Redding, waiting for his partner, who was at the South, to return, and greatly tried that he could get no word from him, had resolved, finally, to carry out his plan of dismissing all the clerks, and obtaining new, when the partner suddenly came back, and being made acquainted with the state of things, and feeling that Mr. Redding had not pursued the wisest course, undertook to manage affairs himself, by making each clerk responsible for all the goods within such and such spaces, or in such and such lines of wares. This scheme worked well for a few days; but the clerks revolted at it, as one after another suffered losses, and his partner became as much perplexed as was Mr. Redding. It was evident now that if one clerk was to be suspected of creating the "losses" which occurred in his department, several were to be suspected, and the partner finally coincided with Redding and Mr. Phillips, who had finally given his judgment in favor of the plan of thorough change, and they proceeded to put their plan in execution, by dismissing ten clerks at first, and employing ten new ones in their places, which was done.

The parting with some of the ten was quite affecting; but each bore from the house the best possible written commendation, and all were able, as I was afterwards told, to secure good situations in other houses. But Mr. Redding and his partner, seconded by Mr. Phillips, wished me to continue my investigations as I had opportunity, and settled with me up to the time, and I must add, generously, thanks to Mr. Phillips, who suggested that though we were all foiled, I was entitled to more than I charged, for I had, he said, actually kept the house on its legs by the moral support I had given Mr. Redding and him.

I tried to dismiss the matter from my mind, but the chagrin I felt at having actually discovered nothing kept it constantly in memory, although I was as constantly perplexed with other and pressing business. I had by no

means given up the matter finally, however; for I had known too many cases before, where the desired knowledge or evidence came only in accidental, or some most unlooked-for ways, and that a long while after it was most wanted, to give up all hope of solving this problem; and finally, some three weeks from the time to which I last refer, light began to dawn. I was on a hurried mission in a Fourth Avenue horse-car, on my way to the New Haven depot at 27th Street, in order to identify, if possible, a man there held in temporary custody, as the man whom I was seeking, charged with the commission of a crime in New Jersey, when two ladies entered the car at 8th Street. Both of them would have been elegantly dressed, only that they were "over-dressed," and sparkling besides with an abundance of jewelry, which suggested vulgar breeding and sudden accession to wealth.

The car was already full, and as no one else stirred, — mostly travellers with their bags, on their way to catch the train Boston-ward, — I rose, and made place for one, which was immediately taken, with a bow of grateful recognition of my courtesy, for a wonder, by the better looking of the ladies. I do not know whether there is such a thing as magnetic attraction or not in the world, but sure it is that somehow I felt that lady to bear some important relation to my business before I observed her dress particularly, and nothing could have been further from my then present memory than that dress, and at first I could not at once call to my mind where I had seen anything like it; but suffice it that on slight inspection I discovered it to be of the same pattern with the one I had seen at Mr. Redding's store, with the twisted-column "ribs." I felt that, perhaps, here was a clew at last to the whole matter, but I was on business of equally great importance. The ladies, perchance, might be going out on the next train, but probably not. They might stop short of 27th Street, and I *must* go there, and what should I do? I surveyed the passengers, stepped to the front platform,

and cast a look at a man there, and saw nobody whom I could address, and we were making more than usually rapid progress up.

I had half resolved in my mind to send word up by the driver to 27th Street, and get him to stop, by giving him a dollar, and run into the station-house, and say I would be up before long, and to follow the ladies myself, when, at the next crossing, there came on to the rear platform of the car as bright a black-eyed boy, of Italian parentage, I saw at once, as could have well been found in the city. He had with him a basket, in which he carried some valuable toys for sale. I took a fancy to the lad, and asked him how old he was. "Thirteen," was the reply, though he did not look over ten years of age. I asked him if he wished to earn five dollars that afternoon. His eyes sparkled, as he replied, "Yes." I inquired of him where he lived, the number of his house, his name, that of his parents, and so forth, and took them all rapidly down on my diary.

"Now," said I, "here's my card. I am one of the officers of the city, and could find you out in any part of the city in the darkest night, and I want to make an officer of you for a little while" (and the boy looked up with proud wonder). "I will take your basket; you can come for it to-morrow to my office, and here are two dollars for you to begin with. I will give you the three dollars to-morrow, and you may bring your father along with you, if you like. I should like to see him, and may be, if you do well in the matter I am going to tell you of, he'll let you go to live with me, where you can make a great deal of money."

I had hit the right chord, and the boy was all ears. In a low voice I told him of the two ladies in the cars, sent him to look at them, without their seeing him eye them, and come right out. I told him that I wished him to follow them, keeping at a distance behind, not let them suspect him, and if they separated, to follow the larger one (the lady with the peculiar silk dress), and if she stopped

in stores or houses, to wait till she came out, and not give up watching her till he was sure she had stopped for the last time that day, and was at her home, and to take the number and street, so as to be able to go and point out the place to me. "Could he do this nicely, and not be suspected?"

The little fellow's pride was all aroused. He knew he could do it "all right," and he would follow her into the night, he said, if necessary. Then I told him where I lived, and put the number on the back of my card, and told him if he got hungry or benighted to come and stay over night at my house. The little fellow had probably never been treated with such distinction before, for the tears came into his eyes. I had hardly got my arrangements with him made when the bell announced that somebody wished to get out at 22d Street, and forth came the two ladies. I clapped his cap over the boy's eyes, that the ladies might not get a glimpse at those wonderful "orbs" of his, and took him on to the next street, when I let him off, with the injunction to "stick to it, and give me a good report." I had told him to use his money for rides in the omnibuses or cars, if necessary, and I would pay him; and this seemed to make him still prouder.

I felt that that boy, whose name was Giuseppi Molinaro, — or what would be plain Joseph Miller, in English, — would do his duty. The wares in his basket, which I held, were worth considerable more than two dollars, and I was sure he would come back to me, and that he had too much pride to come back with a poor report; — and I went on to 27th Street, and fortunately identified my man there. Had I sent up word by the driver, as at first I thought to do, the fellow would have been let go, and would have soon been in Connecticut, beyond our reach. A search, which revealed a peculiar scar on his left thigh, the result of a successful combat with a couple of officers years before, revealed the villanous bank robber and wily scoundrel in the general way, beyond question, and notwithstanding

he almost made me believe, by his protestations of innocence in spite of my fine memory of forms and countenances, that I had not known him eight years before. He, being properly taken care of, I returned to my home, thinking that the boy might come there in the night, as he did, and with an excellent report. The little fellow had followed instructions to the letter, and I indulged him in a detailed narrative of his exploits, which he gave with all the spirit of his race. The ladies had led him a long chase, but fortunately they had only resorted to cars and omnibusses, had not taken hacks, and he had managed to keep them in sight; and, to cut the matter short, he had tracked the lady in the peculiar silk evidently to her own home.

I may properly stop here to say that Giuseppi's experience that day gave him such impulse in the way of a detective's life that he finally became an officer, and is to-day one of the most efficient young men in his calling to be found anywhere in this or any other country. Indeed, he has become rich in his profession—a thing not usual with detectives.

I had half suspected that these over-dressed ladies might be traced into a house of ill-fame,—not that they looked altogether like prostitutes of the most “respectable” class, but there was enough in appearance to warrant a suspicion,—and I had rather dreaded such a result of affairs, because such people are so facile in the expedients of lying, etc., that if that which the lady wore were indeed the very dress-pattern stolen from the store, it would be difficult to trace it into the hands of the thief. But the boy had followed the lady into the respectable quarter of 19th Street, near 8th Avenue, and I felt at loss. I wanted him to stay, and go with me early in the morning to the place, but he could not. He said his father might punish him, although he brought home five dollars and should tell him his story. So I went home with him, and told his parents,—he interpreting in parts,—what the boy had done, and what I wanted. Mr. Molinaro was a very re-

spectable looking man, and followed the business of an engraver on wood, as well as that of a lithographer also, and I took such an interest in the family as in time brought the boy quite exclusively under my charge.

Giuseppi returned home with me, and very early the next morning, before but a very few in the city were stirring, he and I had taken notes of the house in 19th Street. It was an easy matter, some two hours thereafter, to learn from the nearest grocery-man, and a druggist in the vicinity, the name and character of the occupants of the house in question, and before two days had passed I had seen Mr. William Bruce, — said to be an operator in Wall Street, — the gentleman who occupied the place, enter and depart twice from that house, and had recognized in him an old acquaintance. But I had not possession of facts enough to warrant my making complaint against him, and so I proceeded to Mr. Redding's to burnish my memory as to the kind of articles which had been stolen from the store, keeping the secret of my special desire from Mr. Redding. His partner, together with the faithful clerk, Mr. Phillips, had gone to Cincinnati, to settle with some house which had just failed, owing them quite an amount, and would not be back under two days or so, and I had not the advantage of Mr. Phillips's assistance in instructing me in what style of goods had been taken; but I got as good descriptions from Mr. Redding as he could give me, and the next morning found me at the house on 19th Street, properly arrayed, with tools and all, in the character of a servant of the Croton Water Board, wishing to examine all the pipes, faucets, etc., in the house.

Sarah Crogan, as she gave me her name, — a buxom, laughing Irish girl, — heard my story, and let me in. I told her to tell the mistress that I should be up stairs after examining matters in the basement; when she informed me that her master, Mr. Bruce, had gone off travelling somewhere, and that her mistress went off the afternoon before, to spend the night with a lady friend, — perhaps the one

with whom I had seen her in the horse-car, — so I took things easy; and with a good deal of joking and merry-making with Sarah, managed to go all over the house, and flattered Sarah with showing me a great deal of her mistress's wardrobe, which was splendid indeed. (I confess I thought of it with some degree of envy, when I reflected what poor dresses, in comparison, a certain handsome and honest woman, who was the mother of my own dear children, was obliged to get along with.) And better than all, I identified, on some unmade-up dress-patterns, two of what I took to be, and what proved to be, of the peculiar cards which Mr. Redding's house attached to its goods, with secret cost-marks in ink. I had no difficulty in securing these without exciting Sarah's suspicion, and having made all the research I cared to, left the house, not without, however, taking a cosy lunch with Sarah in the basement, and flattering her, to such a degree, with the hope of future attentions from me, that she agreed not to say anything about the pipe-repairer's having been there. Finding a pair of scissors in Mrs. Bruce's bedroom, I had made a few sly clippings from some of the unmade-up goods, and encountering the peculiar silk dress, hanging in a large closet with a dozen more of other styles, I had jokingly shut myself in, in a frolicsome way, with Sarah, long enough to make a clipping from a broad hem in the inside of a sleeve of the dress. I felt quite satisfied that Sarah would say nothing of the Scotchman's having been there, for I assumed the rôle of a Scotchman with her, which was by no means a bad dodge, as Sarah was a North-of-Ireland lass, and no Catholic.

Duly in another garb, I was at Mr. Redding's, and told him my story. I took him into his private office, and told him to be perfectly reticent, — to say nothing to anybody, not even to his partner, or to his faithful clerk, Mr. Phillips, when they should have returned, until I should see him again; "for," said I, "the thief was one of your old clerks, and Mr. Phillips's heart is so kindly and soft, and he evi-

dently thinks so much of the man, and will be so overcome with astonishment, that his sympathies may become aroused to the extent of interceding for him, or giving him a timely hint to 'clear out.' "

Mr. Redding could not comprehend this, but promised to obey me, upon my saying to him that it was better always that there should be just as few to keep a secret as possible, however tried and trusted any might be.

I knew that I should have to take things by storm, so, accompanying myself with a policeman, in the proper badge and dress, I called on Mrs. Bruce the next day, and sending for her, she came to the parlor, when I told her that I had business with her husband, and asked where I could find him. She produced the card of "William Bruce, Dealer in Stocks, etc., 64 Wall Street," from a little pile in a basket near at hand, which I took, and rising, thanked her, and started for the door, as if about departing, my friend doing the same; but reaching the door, I closed it. A slight pallor had been discernible upon Mrs. Bruce's face, on her entry into the room, evidently caused by the sight of a policeman, and it deepened as I closed the door, and said, —

"Mrs. Bruce, I am here with my friend, as an officer of the law, to search your house. Your husband is not what his card purports here, as you well know, but he is a clerk in the employ of" — (naming Mr. Redding's house), — "and is a thief. The most of your splendid wardrobe, which I had the pleasure of inspecting in your absence day before yesterday, is the result of his thefts; and I am here prepared to take possession of it — preferring to do so quietly rather than make any noise in the neighborhood. I do not suppose that you have a guilty knowledge of his crimes. He probably does not tell you of them, — and I have no desire to do you any harm, or him either, — but the firm must have back their property, or as much as they can get; and as I see you possess a great deal of rich

jewelry, I shall ask you to put the most of that into my hands till your husband can settle with the firm."

She was perfectly stupefied through all this; declared that she had no belief that Mr. Bruce was any other man than he pretended to her to be; said she had had letters from his sisters living in Pennsylvania, and that she believed he was an honest man, and would gladly give up to officers of the law anything in her possession, if it could help him, to do so.

The upshot of the matter was, that several large trunks left that house that day, filled with rare goods and wares, and under the charge of the Mayor's clerk (for I had arranged it with her that she might name anybody to take charge of the goods). Sarah helped pack the trunks, and rendered us great aid, all unconscious that I was the pipe-repairer, her *quasi*-lover,—until just as I was leaving, catching her alone, I whispered something in her ear, which brought her astoundedly to her senses. She clasped my hand with a convulsive "squeeze," and looked unutterably into my eyes, quite as tragically as a fashionable lover, with her heart just a little broken for the twentieth time might have done, and said "Silence!" in response to my utterance of the same word.

The goods were taken to a proper place of deposit, and Mr. Redding was sent for, and succeeded in identifying some of them as surely having been in his store,—the unmade-up ones in particular,—and a peculiar shawl, of great value, only three of which his house had imported, and he knew where the other two had been sold. Mr. Redding was very anxious to have me proceed at once to unmask the clerk; but I told him that I preferred to await, for some reasons, till the return of his partner, and that just as soon as he returned I wished him to send me word, and a carriage to take me, and say nothing at all to his partner till I arrived. Two days elapsed and the message came. I was fortunately at home, and took the carriage instantly, and was off for the house. I found that the partner and Mr.

Phillips had returned but an hour before from a very successful trip to Cincinnati, and Mr. Redding and they were in the counting-room congratulating themselves on their success.

"Well, Mr. Redding," said I, "I suppose it is time to tell you my story. I am ready —"

"Stop," said he; "and turning to his partner and Mr. Phillips, he said, 'I've some good news to tell you, also. Our friend here has been successful at last, and discovered the thief, and we've got back many of the goods. Go on, and tell us the story, for I don't know yet myself who the thief is.'"

The partner and Mr. Phillips looked in wonder into our and each other's eyes, and simultaneously said, "Yes, yes, let's hear; and first," said Mr. Phillips, "let us hear the scoundrel's name, if you have it, and then the rest of the story."

"Ah, yes, sir," said I, "that is the point first. His name, Mr. Phillips, is 'William Bruce, dealer in stocks, etc.' (so his card says), '64 Wall Street.'"

Mr. Redding and the partner looked confused at the announcement (for I had told Mr. Redding that it was "an old clerk" of his), and Mr. Phillips, for a second, looked confused for another reason, which confusion was somewhat deepened, when I turned directly upon him, and said, —

"But Mr. Bruce has an alias, another name, and that is Mr. *Charles Phillips*; and you, sir, are the scoundrel you inquired for!"

Phillips turned pale as a ghost, and tried to say something, but his voice failed.

"Mr. Phillips," said I, "the house in 19th Street has delivered up its treasures. They are all in my possession, together with your mistress's pearls, diamonds, and watches, and everything valuable which she, as your 'wife,' would permit me and the officer to take, and you are now my prisoner, without the slightest possibility, on your part, of escape from the full penalties of the law; and now I propose

to send a carriage at once for 'Mrs. Bruce.' She, I am sure, don't know of your guilt, and would be happy to encounter her returned husband here in the person of Mr. Charles Phillips, the time-old, confidential clerk of this house."

Phillips reached out his hands imploringly to me, and begged that I would not send for "Mrs. Bruce," — said he was justly caught, and was ready to confess all, without our going to the trouble of a trial, and then commenced crying like a girl — hysterically.

The astonishment of Mr. Redding and his partner can better be imagined, perhaps, than portrayed here. I never saw such a change come over a man as that which Mr. Redding evinced. All his old strength seemed to come back to him at once. He was inflexible and severe. He said but few words, and these always to the purpose. His disgust for Phillips was something sublime. "O, you pious hypocrite!" said he; "you d—est of all 'whited sepulchres' that ever disgraced our common humanity! I am more angry that I have been so deceived by your pious villany, than for all the anxiety and sickness you have brought upon me. But, in your own pious cant, as you have meted it to others, 'so shall it be meted unto you,' you thief, libertine, and saintly class-leader!"

Mr. Redding's partner, on the other hand, was differently affected. He cried, and said to Phillips, "O, Charles Phillips, how could you? I know you must have had dreadful temptations. It was all that woman: she spurred you on."

Phillips was silent for a moment; and I, who believed the woman innocent of any knowledge of his crimes, waited anxiously to hear what he would say in reply; and the hardened man had the magnanimity to not shield himself behind the woman, but said, "O, no; she knows nothing of my guilt. She has not prompted me to it directly, but it was to support and to please her that I, without her knowledge, pursued my career of crime. I am the wickedest 'whited sepulchre,' as Mr. Redding calls me, that ever



THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING. — A thief, libertine, and saintly class leader.

walked Broadway, or disgraced the inside of a church. But I have got my punishment, in part, now, and I am ready, if you demand it, to suffer the penalties of the law ; but for my wife's and children's sake, I could wish that I could compromise with you, and go away from New York forever." (His family resided in Brooklyn.)

To cut the tale short, I will only add, that Mr. Redding unbent, in the course of a day or two, sufficiently to let Phillips off, on his promise to go at once to New Orleans, where he had relations, and never show his face again in New York.

The goods were returned — made and unmade dresses, and all ; and the jewelry amounted to nearly enough to cover the best estimate of the losses which we could make. Phillips made a full confession of how he did things. He was sly and wily, and easily abstracted such goods as he desired, and doing them up himself, sent them off by the porter, when sending out other packages. One of the porters remembered to have gone many times with packages for Mr. or Mrs. William Bruce ; and he also, he said, sent packages to various hotels, to impossible names, and marked on the corner, "To be called for ;" and being able to describe the goods, if any query arose as to the propriety of giving the package to him, always succeeded in getting it. It was thus he managed.

The house, at my suggestion, very generously furnished Mrs. Bruce with three months' support, out of compliment to her giving up the goods without resistance, and in order to give her time to turn about and find something to do ; for, though unmarried, by legal formula, to Phillips, as Mr. Bruce, she supposed herself his legal wife under the laws of the State, and was by no means a bad woman. Indeed, she was a good woman at heart ; and after in vain trying to get together a little private school, as the widow of William Bruce, — for she insisted on being called Mrs. Bruce, — she turned to dressmaking, and did very well ; and being a fine-looking, indeed, a showy woman, succeeded, in the

course of two years after Phillips's flight, in winning the affections of a much older man than Phillips, but a wealthy and honest one ; and was duly, and this time, with much ceremony, married.

I did not meet Sarah Crogan again for over five years from the time I last saw her at 19th Street ; but she had not forgotten the Croton Water Company's man. She had married meanwhile ; but she vowed that it came "nare breakin' her heart, so it did," when she discovered that the "bould officer of the law" was her sweetheart of a day or two before, and had but "thricked" her into letting him go all over the house, "like a wild rover !"

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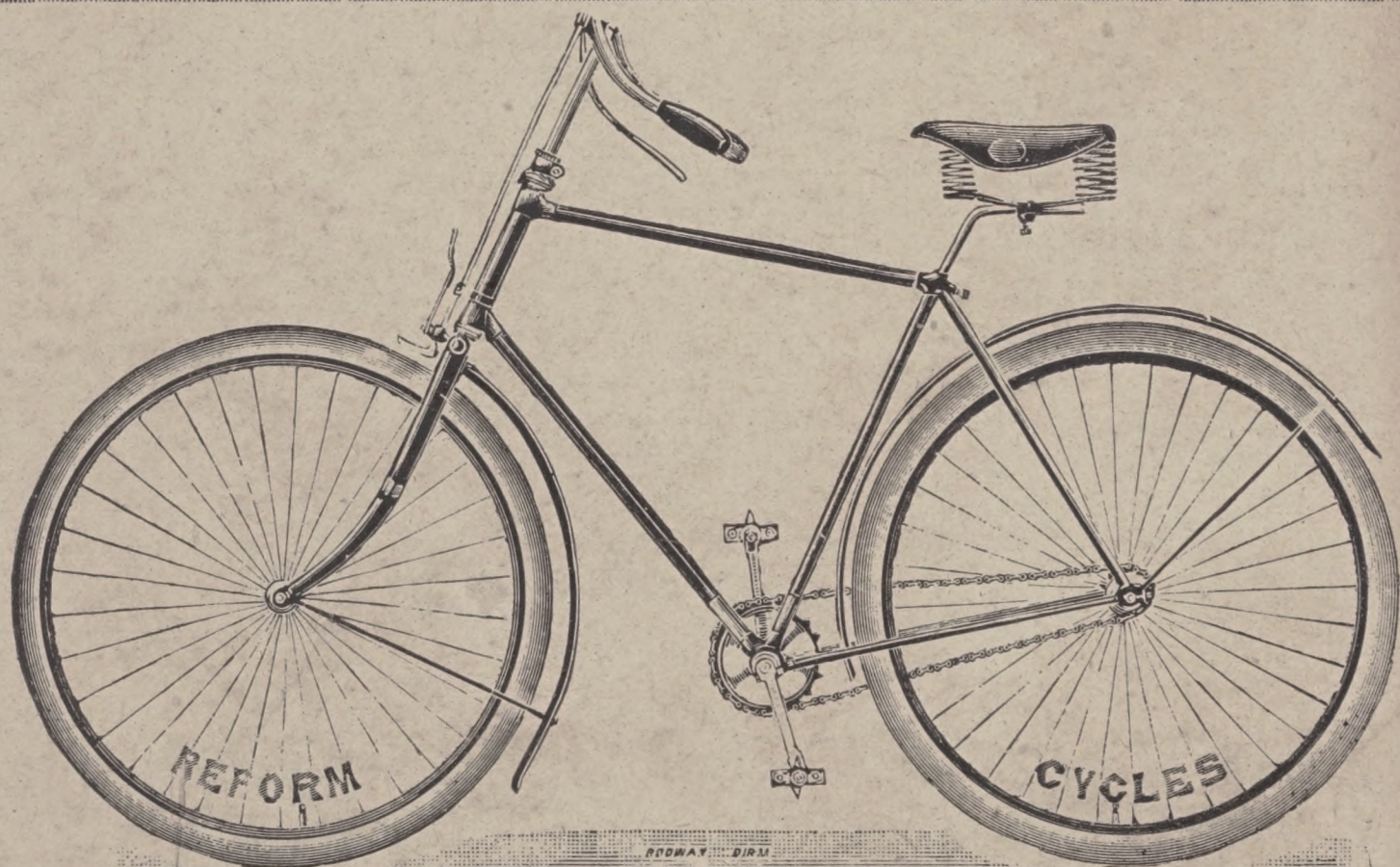
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